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METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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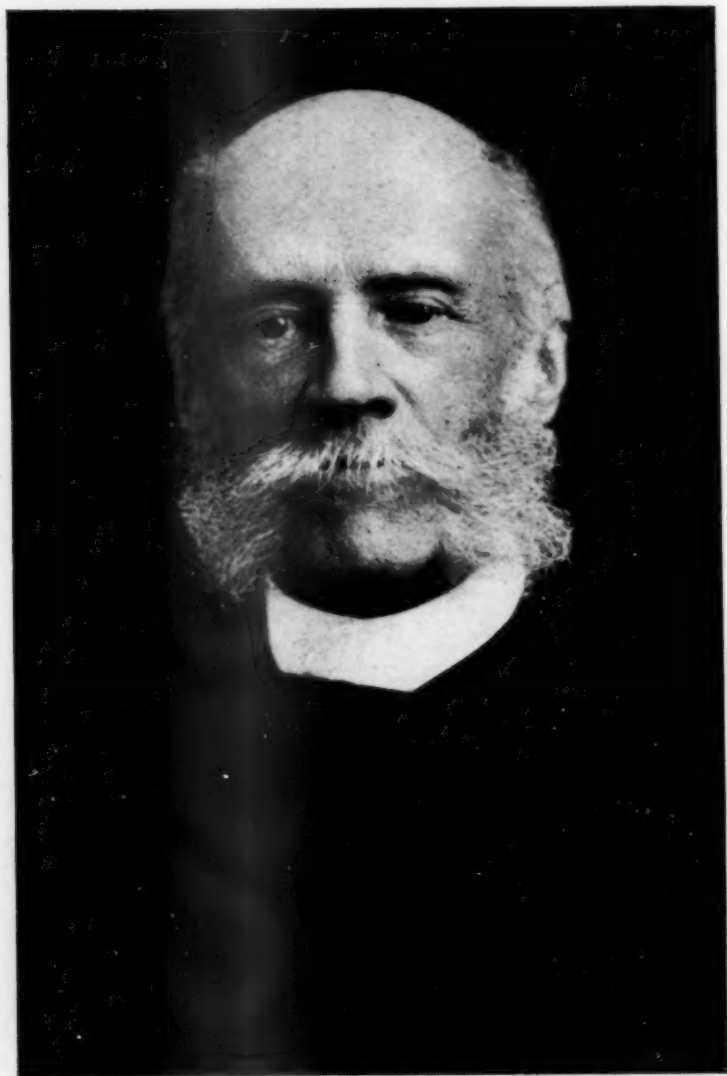
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J. M. Buckley

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1920

JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY

AFTER a meeting of the Liberal Association in a certain English town, during the period of Gladstone's political supremacy, an independent member of Parliament who had spoken was chided by the chairman for having made an unfortunate reference to the great statesman. "Why," was the defensive reply, "I only said that Gladstone was not infallible." "I know; and perhaps he is not, but our people don't like to be told so," was the cautious rejoinder. This almost fanatical devotion to a leader can be matched by the complacent reliance which thousands of Methodists in America and elsewhere placed on the authoritative utterances of James Monroe Buckley. If they had no opinion of their own touching a mooted question of morality, social propriety, political sanity, ecclesiasticism or religion, they remained mute till his pronouncement had arrived. If they had convictions they held them in abeyance, subject to rectification as soon as the arbiter had committed himself. No greater tribute to the man's imperial personality could be imagined. It witnessed not only to his keen intelligence, but also to that indefinable thing called character. His wide constituency believed in him. The father of Daniel Webster was in the State Convention of New Hampshire which ratified the Constitution of the United States. He had come pledged to oppose its adoption. He soon secured release from his obligation, and before voting said, "I have followed the lead of Washington through seven years of war, and I have never been misled. His name is subscribed to this Constitution. He will not mislead us now." A similar charm held multitudes to the guidance of Dr. Buckley, particularly during the middle period of his public career.

What is here set down about this man must, in the nature of the case, be such an exposition of his worth and work as springs from a friendly acquaintance and a sincere admiration. Even this modest attempt is beset with unusual difficulty. No more elusive personality ever tried the ingenuity of a conscientious student of psychology. At the moment one feels the essentials of a correct estimate have been discovered, he turns a new facet toward the observer, and the appraisal must be commenced anew. He was himself a searcher of the human spirit, whose penetration enabled him to write with amazing accuracy of other men's characters. Rembrandt and other artists of renown have given us paintings of themselves. Cartoonists and caricaturists have in moments of humorous candor struck off the salient characteristics of their own countenances. Occasionally a man has professed to give an honest disclosure of his inner life. Dr. Buckley was not prone to dissect his character for publication. But no one could have described him as he might have etched his features in a few incisive words.

One of the cleverest pieces of portrait painting in the English language—it is rather a series of pictures—is found in the last chapter of Dr. Buckley's book on the Constitutional and Parliamentary History of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is a gallery of celebrities more interesting to Methodists than any collection of portraits in the art museums of the world. Every bishop from Thomas Coke to Henry Spellmeyer is delineated with respect to his ability as a presiding officer, while other phases of his personality are incidentally revealed. A single paragraph is devoted to each portrait. No characteristic indispensable to a right understanding of a man is omitted, even when it subtracts from his dignity. Yet all deficiencies are handled with a delicate touch. Where the artist cannot praise he does not blame. Contemporaries of some of the bishops portrayed can scarcely repress a smile as they look. Still it was a serious business for the painter. These are free-hand sketches. A few strokes and the picture is done, the likeness perfect. But when Dr. Buckley wished to be less impressionistic, and more faithful to detail, he wielded an equally facile pencil. He made editorial portraits of hundreds

of distinguished Methodists and not a few immortals outside the church. If they could be brought together they would constitute an invaluable collection of biographical miscellany. Here again his absolute fairness and striking precision were illustrated. He told whatever was determinative of his subject's character. He ignored or treated lightly what was of minor significance. Laudable traits and admirable achievements were effectively presented. Delinquencies were not cast aside, but they were not permitted to mar the picture. They were a part of the shadings which the observer knew were there, but which were counted as incidental. His was a rare art; it had the charity of a clean mind and a pure heart. Now, if there were some parallel genius to do a like thing for James M. Buckley, how gratefully he would be hailed! But the man probably does not exist. He who is commemorated in this article was many-sided and unique. He was like no one else in appearance; the processes of his mind were apart from those of most men; sometimes it seemed as if he did not feel as others do.

Here are the bare facts of his life in their chronological order: He was born in Rahway, New Jersey, December 16, 1836. His father was the Rev. John Buckley, of Lancashire, England, who came to this country in 1827 at the age of twenty-two, entered the Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1831, and eleven years later died of pulmonary consumption. His mother was Abby Lonsdale Monroe, daughter of a judge in Mount Holly, New Jersey, a woman of much refinement, piety, and energy, who reached nearly fourscore years. James Monroe Buckley was her first-born, and being bereft of his father at six years of age, owed his early training almost exclusively to his mother. At fourteen he went to Pennington Seminary in New Jersey, where he remained but a short time. Casting about to find his way in the world, he tried various occupations, and finally returned to Pennington and fitted himself for Wesleyan University. Meanwhile, he had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and entered college in 1856 with the intention of preparing himself for the profession of the law. Ill-health interrupted his scholastic plans. He had inherited the disease which shortened the life of his father. Finding that public speaking

was beneficial to his lungs, he began to avail himself of every suitable opportunity to use his gifts in that exercise. He had gone on the stump in the Fremont campaign, and later while teaching school delivered addresses on moral and religious subjects in the towns where his services were required. He now began to supply churches in the neighboring rural communities which were without settled pastors. Feeling called to the ministry of the gospel, he fulfilled an apprenticeship in a Wesleyan Methodist Church in Exeter, New Hampshire. In 1859 he was admitted to the New Hampshire Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was stationed at Dover. In 1861 he removed to Manchester. In 1863 he traveled in Europe and on his return was appointed to the pastorate of the Central Church of Detroit, Michigan. In 1866 he was transferred to the New York East Conference, of which he continued to be a member the balance of his life. His subsequent pastorates alternated between Brooklyn and Stamford, Connecticut. He quickly became a leader in the Conference. In 1880 he was elected editor of *The Christian Advocate*, a post which he held for thirty-two years. Eleven times successively he was chosen a representative of his Conference in the General Conference, leading the delegation in the majority of instances. He soon became one of the most conspicuous figures in the great law-making body of the church. He traveled widely in America and the Eastern Hemisphere. He published many books, delivered hundreds of lectures, occupied himself with a diversity of investigations in the realm of science and philosophy, became the most famous Methodist preacher of his day, and died full of years and of honors at Morristown, New Jersey, February 8, 1920. When he retired from the editorship of *The Christian Advocate* in 1912 thousands of subscribers were inconsolable, and when he departed this life after eight years of quietude, only infrequently broken by some literary work or public appearance, a wave of sorrow swept over the entire church.

It is evident from the dates mentioned in the foregoing outline that the public activity of Dr. Buckley covered the most vital and dramatic epoch in our national history since the adoption of the Constitution, and the most productive era in the development of

Methodism in the United States since the hour of its organic genesis. When he began his ministry the war between the States of the Union was opening, and when he laid down his work the war of the world for the defense of democracy was about to break upon the astonished earth. Between these pivotal conflicts stretches a course of events which forced a republic uncertain of its own integrity to become a nation held in an indissoluble unity, and which drew a people isolated from the old world both by political principles and geographical barriers into a world-power without whose interest and consent no international policy can prevail. Our industrial, social, and moral advancement in the same period was no less remarkable. We passed from simplicity of manners and customs to the complexity of life which wealth and luxury invariably bring; from homely and crude social and domestic usages to the adornments and extravagance of culture and opulence; from a submissive form of popular government to an aggressive and constantly fermenting democracy; from the easy industrial conditions common to a new country to the conflict of interests which increasing prosperity entails. In intellectual change the marks are equally clear. The nineteenth century saw portentous movements in science and philosophy. Religion could not escape the influence of these upheavals. The raw infidelity of a former day gave way to the subtle materialism of a keener intelligence, but this in turn has been mastered by spiritual idealism. Despite the follies which spot our speculations, we are a better people than our forbears.

It is not too much to say that among the personal forces which contributed to the upward reach of the last generation in moral and religious development James M. Buckley must be reckoned an outstanding factor. He fought the enemies of the evangelical faith with resolute fearlessness, and wherever his words were carried he created sentiment in support of sound doctrine. The denomination of which he was the best known leader during the period of his public life multiplied its numbers and increased its activities as never before. It had but one theological seminary when he began preaching, a mere handful of colleges, and not a hospital in America. When he laid aside his pen the church

of his choice had attained eminence for centers of theological training and institutions of advanced scholarship, and had planted philanthropic agencies far and wide. It was by the inspiration of his words that the first hospital of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country was built, and the educational expansion of the denomination owes much to the efforts of his genius. When one reflects on the part he played in the evolution of Methodist polity through his commanding influence in the General Conference and his vigorous articles in the church press, one realizes that our current place among the Protestant bodies cannot be accounted for without taking into consideration the services of this extraordinary man. He saw African slavery go out of America, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic come in, and he contributed to the triumph of both reforms. He saw sectarianism attain its climax and then culminate in the federation of denominations, having aided both processes. He participated in critical transitions in the life of his own church. He witnessed the triumph of lay representation in the General Conference, having battled for its establishment. He saw the traditional view of woman's position in state and church pass into the broad acceptance of woman in all departments of public service, though he sturdily resisted the movement. Women were admitted to the General Conference despite his earnest protest. During his ministry the pastoral term of two years was gradually extended till all time restrictions were removed, while he opposed the change and warned the church of the injury which would probably follow. The Methodist system of general superintendency underwent great modification in his day, and he gave consistent support to a series of alterations which are not yet completed. He labored to place the episcopacy under restraints deemed necessary to the welfare of the church, and to render more flexible the adjustment and more dignified the retirement of men elected to the bishopric. The policy of stationing the bishops, not according to their own choice in the order of their seniority in office, but with due regard for the needs of various cities and their contiguous territory, and in conformity to the aptitudes and abilities of the bishops themselves, owes much to his influence and direction. For five successive General Con-

ferences, from 1892 to 1908 inclusive, he was chairman of the Committee on Episcopacy, before which body of more than two hundred ministers and laymen come all questions relating to the administration and the personnel of the bishopric. He guided the movement which developed our system of general superintendency from a plan of genial accommodation to the preferences of the bishops to an order of strict surveillance of the episcopal office by the General Conference and a quadrennial accounting of the great stewardship not uniformly agreeable to those who occupy it. If the attempt were made to trace Dr. Buckley's hand in the evolution of our constitutional and parliamentary history as a church from the time he entered the forum of discussion, it would be found that no ecclesiastical statesman among us had touched and shaped so much of our vital legislation as passed under his vigilant inspection and cautious review.

Here we meet a problem in his personality which has baffled many inquirers. Dr. Buckley's conservatism is the one element in his public work which is most difficult to understand. He was by nature and disposition inclined to radicalism. In his youth he seemed likely to swing toward dangerous extremes. Possibly the recognition of this tendency admonished him to be wary. His determination to follow reason in all things was a corrective in moments of temptation to inconsiderate action. His sense of responsibility as he acquired leadership also restrained him. Hence he rarely championed a new departure. He customarily ranged himself at the head of those who refused to be hurried into change. His habitual temper is well illustrated by his position on the admission of women to the General Conference, as declared by himself in 1900 at Chicago: "I took two grounds: first, to convince the church that it was wrong, if I could; secondly, to see if I could, that it should be done so as to silence all critics." That describes his invariable policy on proposals which did not have his approval. If the church voted to adopt what he had antagonized, he submitted to the decision without complaint, but labored to prevent the introduction of the new legislation by any methods which could be questioned by a future investigator however fastidious or captious. The welfare of the church as he con-

ceived it was his supreme objective in every attack he made on experimental policies and in every defense he offered in support of well-proved expedients. That he was sometimes mistaken in no sense affects the indisputable fact that by retarding the action of the ultra-progressives he frequently saved the church from ill-digested schemes, and prepared it for the gradual acceptance of changes which were demanded but could not have been made without disaster if suddenly thrust upon it.

He was born to be dominant. His will goaded by his intellect conquered disease, mastered infirmities, corrected deficiencies, overcame limitations, disciplined his talents, developed his elemental powers, and made him victorious over himself and his circumstances. How could such a manipulator of his own resources fail to be authoritative in the tone of his utterances or self-assertive in his approach to the problems he was set to solve? Until he was nearing threescore and ten years many persons called him an egotist. They professed to be scandalized by his insistent thrusting forward of himself in every speech and editorial. They were irritated by the air of certainty with which he promulgated his views. They were even exasperated by the frequency with which his bold declarations of wisdom were justified by the demonstration of events. After forty years of expert service he was less often charged with self-conceit. He had proved that he was worthy of deference whenever he claimed special knowledge. He was sixty-four years old at the General Conference of 1900 and, though he did not have his way in several decisive contests, he was by all odds the greatest figure on the floor. Only men of inferior caliber publicly resented his repetitious appearance on the tribune or his oft-expressed consciousness of superior wisdom. It never occurred to him that, if he knew a thing better than another person, there was any reason for him to conceal the fact. It was his duty to set people right even though they resented it and chose to rest in complacent ignorance. As he approached old age he became the acknowledged mentor of the new race of preachers and laymen, and the alleged egotism of middle life was obscured by the unquestioned sagacity of a brilliant mind arrived at maturity.

The Buckley legend will in time undoubtedly grow to large

dimensions and acquire features quite apart from reality. This is the common fate of all forceful personalities in public life. Dr. Buckley could not escape the fictitious glamour which enswathes the brow of every man whose individuality is marked by distinction. Before he was forty stories of his idiosyncrasies were bruited about which bore the flavor of verisimilitude, but which in many instances were mere inventions. Numerous other tales of like character were substantially true. They were based on his reputation for intellectual agility, ready wit, biting sarcasm, and extraordinary memory. An old man in Connecticut told the present writer while a freshman in college that young Buckley once described in his presence the famous steamship *The Great Eastern* from stem to stern, from keel to top-mast, omitting no least detail. When some one asked the speaker when he had inspected the huge vessel which was then an unparalleled wonder, he replied, "I have never seen it. I once read an account of it." The anecdote reminds one of Von Humboldt's description of Jerusalem, which he had never seen, forty years after he had prepared himself to visit it. Stories of this kind multiply easily after a man has established his fame, and on the death of Dr. Buckley the press and platform issued many well worn examples of his versatility in speech and action. Such illustrations will be bandied about at dinner tables and in assemblies of ministers so long as anybody survives who had an acquaintance with this remarkable man, and then pass into prolific traditions for later generations.

Those who knew James Monroe Buckley even slightly require no picture of his unique personality. But for all who failed of an opportunity to study him at close range because of his withdrawal from public life before they were old enough to be interested in the leadership of the church, there is need of as faithful a representation as possible of his physical and mental characteristics. It is a misfortune that no description can give the reader a just understanding of the bodily presence of any man. One is often shocked to discover by accident that the picture of a great personage which one's imagination has framed is seriously at fault. Even paintings and photographs are often misleading. No portrait of Dr. Buckley is satisfactory to those who were most in-

timately associated with him. There is a certain mellowness and serenity in his latest photographs which, while true enough to his declining years, is utterly false to the type of his manhood at the zenith of his powers. He was of medium stature, yet no observer thought him a small man. His figure was lithe and his carriage erect. He stood squarely on his feet, which turned outward, and were encased in broad-soled, comfortable shoes. His head was large and domelike. He was bald and while sitting in public assemblies he often wore a black silk skull cap, which he doffed when addressing an audience. He was attired in a long black frock coat. His shirt front was concealed by a clerical scarf. He wore a straight standing collar of good height. In these respects only did his appearance suggest the ministerial vocation. In all else he looked more like a physician, a lawyer, or a college professor. His eyes were dark, clear, luminous, and piercing, though frequently softened by humor, or made scintillant with earnestness. His movements were dignified but not slow. He never relaxed into an indolent attitude. His action on the platform or in the pulpit was rapid without leaving the impression of haste. In his most intense moments of public discourse he never stamped, or made violent gesticulations. He did not swing up and down the platform. He usually stood within a circle of comparatively small circumference. His voice was a sonorous bass, which by sedulous cultivation had become the obedient instrument of his will. Its pitch sometimes rose to uncomfortable heights as he became absorbed in a heated argument. Then he would abruptly drop it, and begin a new paragraph with a wholly altered tone. To some hearers the effect was startling. It came to the verge of the ludicrous. But the majority of his auditors were refreshed by the expedient. Their mental poise was restored, and they took hold of his discussion with renewed zest. He had saved his life by breathing properly, and he proposed to relieve the nerves of those who heard him by speaking properly. He was a trained elocutionist, a master of vocal expression. His gestures were graceful, following the curved line of beauty even when confined to a small arc. A characteristic action was the turning of his wrists by the opening of his extended palms, as if to signify

the conclusion of a logical demonstration which must be convincing to all his auditors. He had learned to use the fittest words for his purpose, and he never sacrificed plainness of speech to rhetorical ornament. He exercised great care of his body, but was not a valetudinarian in any disagreeable sense. He was very particular about the ventilation of his sleeping apartments, the food he ate and the clothing he wore. He had several grades of underwear for each season. He developed his body by suitable exercise. Sawing wood he found very helpful to physical reinforcement. Walking was his favorite recreation. He kept numerous pairs of shoes for the purpose, and was as fastidious about them as any golf-player over his sticks. Some one who was impressed by his habitual pedestrianism asked him: "Do you expect to walk to heaven?" "Enoch did," was the instant reply, and without another syllable he trudged forward.

He was easy to meet if the interviewer had any justification for interrupting the work in which he was engaged, but he could drive a bore from his presence with consummate skill. He was capable of profound and prolonged silence when the occasion required it. In cases of extreme difficulty, he would sit down, throw one leg over the other, and fix an abstracted gaze on the point of the extended shoe, remaining mute till the absorbed stare and the intolerable stillness awoke his tormentor to the realization that the conversation was ended. Dr. Buckley could ask more questions—and every one of them relevant—than the shrewdest philosopher could answer. He seldom waited for a full reply. He divined the conclusion from the beginning, and sprang at the next query. The individual thus interrogated would often feel that he was being turned inside out. The searching glance of the questioner's eye never wandered from its objective. He would have been a terror as a cross-examiner to a witness on the opposite side and a delight to those who relish the grueling of others in a court room. Yet only when he was puncturing the flimsy pretenses of a braggart, or exposing the shams of a false philosopher, were these questionings intended to embarrass his victim or gratify his own liking for the discomfiture of an opponent. He was learning something every minute and packing the information away for future use.

He once told the author of these lines that he never repeated an illustration which he knew had appeared in print. Historical allusions, biographical items, and reports of current events were not rejected, but illuminating examples were drawn almost exclusively from his personal experience and observations. This method demanded that ceaseless asking questions which marked his conversations with people of every sort, and supplied him with an enormous fund of original illustrations with which to adorn and vivify his speeches. These were humorous, pathetic, quaint, curious, homely, tragic, as the immediate argument required, but they were always effective. Some of his critics said that he occasionally drew upon his imagination for his facts, especially when he staggered them by an array of instances to the point of which they had never heard. But no scientist ever more scrupulously gathered data from the widest survey of nature in order to make a safe deduction, than he collated facts to create a general rule or establish a principle he had already glimpsed. His memory was in the main as reliable as it was capacious. He had studied all the systems of mnemonics he could lay his hands on. Yet he compiled material for future reference with as great care as if he never expected to remember anything. Pointing to a mountainous pile of scrapbooks he said to a friend one day: "If I were beginning life over again, I would make more scrapbooks." Such an affirmation throws a strong light on the importance which he attached to general and specific preparation. He had a deserved reputation for unusual ability as an extemporaneous speaker. But of all famous men on the American platform he depended least on "the inspiration of the moment." He could meet the demand for impromptu speech, as he often did with astonishing deftness, because he had qualified himself by assiduous application. On an ocean voyage in his early manhood an elderly clergyman urged him to read an average of fifty pages a day in books of permanent value. He adopted the course, and in late life said: "For twenty years I carried out that suggestion to my satisfaction both in the consciousness of knowledge gained and its ready utility." His antagonists were sometimes surprised at the ease with which he would confront them with the record of their own previous utter-

ances. There was no magic about this feat. The General Conference journals and the verbatim reports of *The Daily Christian Advocate* for considerable periods were studied for weeks in advance of the great quadrennial session. Every conceivable subject that promised but faintly to appear on the horizon was rehearsed in his mind. He was fortified against any supposititious emergency when he walked into the General Conference with his bag full of memoranda, and his brain stored with useful knowledge. Many years ago in Pittsburgh the writer saw him rise in a deliberative assembly and begin to revolve a question which had just been tossed into the circle for any one to catch. It was evident that as he started he had no convictions on the matter. But he kept turning it over, all the time speaking his meditations in ingratiating sentences, until he had reached an opinion, and then said with magnificent impudence: "Mr. Chairman, the longer I talk on this view of the case, the more I convince myself it is the right position for me to take." He had occupied the time of the body in making up his mind out loud, but he had also given a fine exhibition both of the processes of his thinking, and also of his power to speak without previous reflection. Yet long years of study and practice were focussed on that precise exigency.

At fourteen years of age he casually met Daniel Webster on a railway train. Having acknowledged that he sometimes recited the great statesman's speeches, he received this admonition from the orator: "Go on; speak as well as you can, but don't try to imitate people." Both parts of the advice were faithfully followed. He became a speaker of distinctive qualities. Having been censured in his early days for a political speech which ran to interesting but unfruitful extravagance, he immediately thereafter turned to the opposite extreme, and was equally condemned for the gravity and dullness of his address, being warned that he did not know how to mix his liquors. From that day he strove for a judicious blending of the solid and the diverting, with the result that few men in any country have ever matched him in the ability to captivate popular audiences. Having in his first pastorate returned to his home town for a short visit, he was invited to preach, which he did under such embarrassment and with such absurd

swiftness of utterance that a hearer said to him: "You have spoiled a first-rate auctioneer to make a poor preacher." By these and other criticisms not less severe he was spurred to make the most determined effort to acquire a style which should be effective under all circumstances. He so far succeeded that whether he was addressing hostile crowds in England, as he did in 1863, or Ecumenical Conferences of Methodists here and abroad, or academic audiences in colleges and before learned societies, or groups of the lowly in mission halls, or cultured congregations of any sect, he held his course without faltering and both interested and profited his auditors.

He was possessed by the debating fever from childhood. He wrestled in discussion with his school fellows at Pennington. He fought the beasts of heresy in Connecticut towns where he taught young people the elements of a practical education. He hurled Arminianism against Calvinism in personal encounters on the field of controversy. He measured weapons on the floor of his Conference with the mightiest warriors of his day. He became the foremost debater of his denomination, and probably of Protestantism. Aside from the knowledge his brain carried and his tongue could always command, and the discipline of his intellect which worked like a complicated but accurate machine, his chief qualification for debate was what may be called *nimbleness*. The name is not precise, but it will serve. Unless one saw it in him, and accepted it as determinative of his power, one did not know the man. It was not physical agility, but the mental pliability which is symbolized by the suppleness of the gymnast. Let it be called *alertness* also, if we have certain swiftly moving creatures in the animal world as the type, or the quivering of the magnetic needle as a still more vivid emblem of his quick responsiveness to the instant call of forensic exigency. No man ever excelled him in that indispensable endowment for the brightest triumphs in debate.

In brilliant repartee, in easy humor and caustic wit, in the power to turn an enemy's shaft into the breast of him who wielded it, in the capacity to overwhelm a critic with the humiliating consciousness that he had released an indefatigable hornet, Dr. Buck-

ley was unsurpassed. Broadly speaking he exemplified Beaconsfield's counsel, "Never complain and never explain." Among all his recorded speeches in the General Conference there is none which reveals petulance, cheap apology, plausible extenuation, or whining subterfuge. He practiced the course advocated by Lyndhurst when Lord Chancellor of England: "Never defend yourself before a popular assembly, except with and by retorting the attack. The hearers, in the pleasure which the assault gives them, will forget the previous charge." Dr. Buckley would have gone to the stake for his convictions if fidelity to truth required the sacrifice. But he would have argued out the charge with his executioners before submitting to martyrdom, if permission were obtainable; in which case he doubtless would have secured a reversal of the verdict, and escaped destruction. Had he failed at this—an unlikely contingency—he would have perished without a whimper of weakness.

He passed into the ministry through an experience which inevitably affected the style of his preaching. His early struggle with doubt, the practical bent of his mind, the successful effort to vanquish transmitted disease, the conflict with hard conditions in gaining a livelihood, developed in him the spirit of combat whatever the field of activities. Teaching brought him into fellowship with the young. He observed the reliance they placed on his words. The necessity of serious-mindedness deeply impressed him. A revival of religion in the community where he taught intensified his feeling of responsibility. He tested the growing suspicion that he ought to preach by taking a temporary pulpit. He was convinced of his further duty. He determined to win young men from infidelity. He joined a Conference, received ordination to his holy task, and started out to battle for righteousness.

Theology is the most fascinating of the sciences. Over a mind like his it could not fail to exercise compelling power. As a boy he was arrested by the problem of God and human destiny. In his young manhood he convinced himself of the immortality of the soul in a debate against a defamer of humanity's glorious hope. He reasoned himself into faith in the central doctrines of Christianity. Even the sacred influences of a pious home and a

religious school would have been insufficient to make him a Christian, had not the logic of his own investigations forced his assent to the teachings of the Church. If he had become an agnostic, he would have been a serious protagonist of unbelief. Having been driven to Christ by the command of his reason, he brought all the resources of his mind over to the defense and furtherance of the gospel. Religion was an experience of the soul, and the final test of its authority was the consciousness of eternal life which it awakened. But its claims required justification in the very constitution of things. Hence he argued for religion as he argued for a question of ecclesiastical polity. It has been affirmed by some of his warmest admirers that he was not a theologian, but a logician; that he lacked the philosophical temper and genius; that he was more the debater than the thinker. With this criticism he would not have agreed. He had an ambition to teach systematic theology in a great seminary, if the fortunes of life ever shifted him from the editorial chair. He coveted the privilege of lecturing before students in divinity schools. His course on the Quintillian foundation at Emory College, reproduced in a book entitled *The Fundamentals and their Contrasts*, would seem to vindicate his judgment. If in a strict technical sense he was not a master theologian, at least no one could speak or write more convincingly or impressively on those aspects of theology which most appealed to his intelligence and imagination.

A practical man of sense was James Monroe Buckley, who sought to deliver himself and all others who would heed him from illusions and delusions. He saw things in their right relations and tried to set forth every matter he handled in a reasonable way. He fought with merciless vigor every species of imposture, until he became a celebrity among the dissectors of freakish cults and psychological vagaries. His attitude toward fanaticism, announced in his first lecture on the subject, is yet valid: "There is a central ground between apathy and fanaticism, and that ground is a blended courage and common sense, which is the true position for the citizen and the religionist." His study of morbid mentality made him an authority among alienists. As to apparently inexplicable things, like the phenomena of spiritualism, he

gave this formula which is pertinent at the present hour: "Before endeavoring to explain *how* phenomena exist, it is necessary to determine precisely *what* exists; and, so long as it is possible to find a rational explanation of what unquestionably *is*, there is no reason to suspect—and it is superstition to assume—the operation of supernatural causes."

His preaching was calculated to give his hearers a working philosophy of life on which they could fall back in times of crisis when they were uncertain of their way, and had no leisure to think themselves into safety. Her sermons drew professional men and other thoughtful persons to his ministry. They relished the tonic of his intellectual achievements in the pulpit, and they came away with a spiritual invigoration which stood them in good stead in the turmoil of life. His pulpit prayers were utilized not only to lead the congregation to the throne of grace, but also to afford the people instruction in principles of a devout life. When he was invited by the pastor of a church he happened to be visiting to make the main prayer, he invariably inquired what event of the past week in the community or what special need in the membership of the church required consideration. He then built up a series of reflections and advices in the form of an address to the Lord of hosts which was framed to be helpful to the afflicted and of inspiration to the tempted. Sometimes this habit produced strange impressions. A wag in Morristown, where Dr. Buckley lived after he became editor of *The Christian Advocate*, recalled a prayer he made on a certain Memorial Day, and said: "When he had concluded the orator of the occasion had not much left to be said; Buckley had covered the ground." Still it must not be assumed that he was lacking in tenderness, sympathy, or spiritual grace. No better pastoral counselor ever blessed a parish by his ministrations. His funeral discourses were filled with strong consolations. He lived with God, and was a pure-souled prophet of the Eternal.

Every great possession which gave Dr. Buckley distinction in public discourse and in the comradeship of men shone with luster in his work as an editor. For the time of his incumbency in *The Christian Advocate*, the paper was the embodiment and expression

THE DEAD MASTERS OF LIFE

How mysterious and moving a fact it is that the chief masters of life are the dead. Death blows its wind in the face of life to make life more vital. The mighty living hands are dead hands. From beyond the grave come those voices whose mystic music lifts the tune for the living world.

To an extemporaneous opinion it appears that life must be ministered to by life, and by life only. Their schoolmasters must be flesh and blood, color and speech, visible and obtruding and journeying along the busy thoroughfares where life makes laughing way among the multitudes. That is how things plainly seem at the first intake of the breath of thought. How else? Who could be our rowers at the oars of the boat of life save living hands of sinewy fingers and gripping palms? We must see, hear, feel the hot breath of our preceptors in the majestic episode called life.

We cannot extemporize on the main matters of the soul. We are bound to go to school to know how things are. *A priori* has been taught modesty in part; and *a posteriori* is yet to be taught modesty. Experience must not be so loud in its table talk as to drown out the voices of dreaming. That is true. As is usual, truth lies somewhere between. Even poets must shake hands frequently with life before they can stammer out the drama of living. You cannot wholly prophesy life nor can you wholly experience life. The vastness of the thing is its impediment. How entirely reasonable that those landscapes which shall impress us and compel us must be those whose skies bend very blue above us and those whose fields lie very green around us and whose waters fling back cloud for cloud of the high, bending heavens. This self-evident consideration is battered to pieces like a German offensive by things as we find them. The River Duddon, over which Wordsworth has expended such a wealth of sonnet sequence, cannot compare with Shakespeare's Forest of Arden. The River Duddon fades from the landscape of hill and stream while the Forest of Arden blows playful shadows across our faces and our hearts undy-

ingly. Things we never saw are more visible than the things we always saw.

By an unanswerable logic we shall be led by hands warm at the palm and palpitant. And when we come to take the path and wind across the lea to neighboring worlds we find our fingers gripped by hands dust so long ago the marble monument must be invoked to tell when they dwelt under the azure sky and felt the passing of the wind and viewed the wide-eyed daisies looking wonderingly at the sun. By the appeal to life, our chief masters are the dead. And if any should shudder at this, as if the thought were uncanny, let that one pause and recall how the father, long since passed into the spacious silence named eternity, is not less present to the heart than when in the fields or along the streets he worked to earn his family a livelihood. That sweet mother who sang about the house at work in other days sings now a sweeter song about the heart though she has years ago invaded the territory of eternity. This is no uncanny consideration. Rather it is a consideration which links life and death in a beautiful fraternity which may well be called immortality. The dead are still kinsmen of the living. No alabaster bowl of precious ointment is broken when death saunters past. With his rude clutch he did but let the precious fragrance out to sweeten all the air. What is History save the land of the dead? It is the Land of Things That Were. And when we need to walk in the To-day of things we scan the Yesterdays of things. Perforce 'tis so. We do not read history grimly: we read it entrancedly. It is that place where voices which ought not to be silenced remain unsubdued; where the rasp and squeak are taken from the chariot and all we perceive is the chariot racing toward its goal. The things that stay are the things that count. Action is perpetually vital. I was the other day reading a volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, selecting a volume at random; not as reading the series as I had done before, not beginning at a beginning and passing wisely through to a conclusion, but picking a volume up to drink from as from a sudden wayside spring. And, familiar as I am with that really noble historian, the thrill upon me by rushing into the thick of things (the Revolutionary War), where we were busy telling

England to stay away from our shores and vex us no more with its peremptory policy, was like fire running its naked fingers over my naked body in these days when England and France and America are grinding bloody shoulder against bloody shoulder for the rescue of the world from infamy. This bleeding experiment is tutored by a bleeding yesterday. Dead as regards all participation, alive in calculation as the fierce oratory of battling guns. And the thing we learn from this Bancroft battle volume is that right will win the war. Temporary defeats are trivial things when weighed in the balances of God. He wants and means well by this world and will not sit a calm, careless spectator while evil weighs down with its infernal bulk and crushes the world and smothers it. We must shake hands with the dead to know the touch of the hands of the living. These times making faces at the future, like grim gargoyles from a roof, become less fearful and fearsome when viewed at long range; and so viewed they are perceived to be specters of things which suffer no reincarnation.

The parallel, the fussy little German reincarnation now making faces at the whole world, will in due time become a perpetual grimace which will scare nobody and will mainly serve to make everybody laugh. This is the prince of *The-Things-That-Ought-Not-To-Be* and *That-Must-Not-Be* and *That-Will-Not-Be*. George III and his minions who assented to his crazy, despotic, and distracted word were then a menace, now only an infelicity. What George III never dreamed to do he did; namely, enfranchise America and make the United States a co-custodian of the liberty of mankind. The words of men dead give an information totally different from their living intent. And those dull strategists of the king's cabinet, the Lord Norths, the Earl Butes and the Lord Howes and Cornwallises, seem now the fussy blotters of a page which in our day England would wipe clear by an alliance for perpetual freedom. Once these paraded showy and periwigged as the clinging tapestries on the walls of a palace. Now, discriminating descendants desire to hang some tattered finery over their faces so they may be forgot.

Plainly, the dead days are very vital days. We shall steady our nerves by an appeal to those programs of battle and defeat

when men tramped stolidly to defeat, like Washington's retreat from Long Island, not knowing into how hard a pass they were to come. Their ignorance is our enlightenment. We may well learn from them not to be scared but to be awake. They will keep us from neurotics. They steady us by the sense that there is an Overruler of rulers. The great deeds last; and Hunism then or now has no power to frustrate the grace of things. Some crossing of the Delaware will bring their frightfulness to catastrophe and they shall whimper back into some fierce jeopardy to try to cleanse their hands of the horrid blood, not of battle but of murder.

As I consider the way my life has taken through these years it is an astonishment to perceive how much my mind and career have *companied* with the dead. While the touch and glance by the way have kept the laughs alive in my soul, and while I knew my contemporaries were the living folks among whom I dwelt, I now perceive how I was constant contemporary of the dead. Not those I met on the street were my familiars as those I met at night with the lit lamp among my books. Longfellow died when I was just come to college, but dead and buried he was seen a friend as when at Craigie House we saw the River Charles go mutely by. His voice lost none of its sweet wistfulness by death.

I recall once when speaking in New York city at a banquet I was co-speaker with Richard Watson Gilder, that slender reed which the winds blew upon to create sweet melody and illustrious music. Then a brief time after he passed to the Land of Peace, of which he had never before been citizen, though I never felt to weep at his death, for his autographed Poems in my library wear the touch of his hand like the lingering of a kiss on our lips from one greatly loved. God's Acre is not only the most popular city of our world, but holds the most vital population. They have no sick nor tired days, they know no bleak east winds nor foggy coast, they encounter no burning day of summer drought-winds; their leaf also shall not wither and whatsoever they do shall prosper. If I or any were to chart the immense intrusions on his soul, those mighty moods like the vast sea at tide, he should be compassed about by voices which in the tables of mortality were scheduled among the silences. Their voices trumpet most. Their bugles

are not as Tennyson's, "horns of elfland" faintly blowing, but as those trumpets set to blow the reveille of Resurrection.

What this amounts to clearly is argument for immortality. Death does not quiet things down: death tunes things up. It tones things up. Genius dies, and when his living face vanishes from the ways he often trod then are his lineaments hung out on the wall of the sky so all persons along their busy ways may, without stopping to look, behold them. Who goes out to the graveyard may label his excursion "A visit to the deathless." Life is so prodigal an exploit as to be impossible to be got rid of. Job of the desert spoke of things leaded in the rock forever, and my lord Horace Flaccus, poet friend of Mæcenas, talked of tables of brass. He of the desert and he of the city had a mind on the continuing of one-self, a grave endeavor in spite of things, whereas the scheme of things seems to be fashioned to preserve self by the nature of self. Grant endures solely by being Grant; soul endures by being soul. Such as stammer out cachinnatory words about "We cease from life" do slight credit to themselves, seeing they have fattened themselves on dead immortals. Those who read Shakespeare to marvel at him and rejoice in him are poor arguers for a day of death. The dead who being dead yet speaketh is the dead who did not die. They fooled us by a funeral into stolidly believing them dead. A funeral is a theatrical specularity, a bit of gaudy pantomime, which gulls the gullible who bromidically rehearse, "What I have seen I know." It is a pity to be so witless and dupable. Does not the firmament of the world's majesty continually resound with the diapason, "The immortal dead," which, when we weigh the meaning of words, expresses a contradiction? "Immortal" belies "dead." The deathless dead. Yet think what a cavalier way to accost death. Really we should be more polite to so ancient a potentate as King Death, though, now that we think of it, he has never been other than unmannerly with us; so rub his name off the page of the Doings of the World. Read the births and omit the deaths. They do not count—only births count.

It is a thing to make a soul delirious with joy to consider this continued springtime of life, and to elucidate it with ourselves is getting down immortal helpers to our souls—father, mother,

daughter, son, husband, wife, whose wings made momentary breath upon our cheeks as they fared forth as going from where to where. And we shall not write far but that as we turn eyes back over the page of our lives we shall find page after page scribbled over with the names of the dead, the dear and sainted dead. What high thing have I set quiring on the choir loft of my soul which has not been told me or been illuminated for me by the dead deathlessnesses?

Have we recalled that our American Emerson—our American solitary—had thousands of quotations on his lips? Yet had we counted him original. He was out under the sky when the comet passed over and the dust of that far passage sifted on his speech. He talked much with the dead when he walked alone in the woods, and in the wandering Concord ways the yesterdays took liberties with him. What he took to be a pine tree's melancholy harping was the vesper murmuring of the celestial dead. John Burroughs is alive, Richard Jefferies is dead—I speak after the manner of men—yet do we know it or imagine it? Jefferies's voice sounds as near and as clear as Burroughs's. No rasp of death is in the throat of *The Story of My Heart*. Both lovers of wild things are hearty, and both out of doors—where we wish to be with them.

Tiplady's books of battle, *The Cross at the Front*, and *The Soul of a Soldier*, are not more voices of battle than Hankey's *A Student in Arms*; and Tiplady is Methodism, and here in the flesh, and Hankey was Church of England man and dead in the flesh, slain on the windy field of war but lustily immortal in the spirit. And that extraordinary chapter in Empey's *Over the Top*, entitled "The Coward," which records a great soul tragedy leaping into the very noon of a great soul conquest, and the writer thereof must be set down as a servant of all in the writing of it, nevertheless not more resonant with the rich tones of life than Hankey's *The Black Sheep*. Both stories laugh out loud, shout out loud with redemption. They clamor hope like a company of angels.

Clearly, we are kinsmen of the dead. Our playfellows are the children of eternity. This radiant springtime, where no autumnal tears drip on the cheeks but only vernal youth, and shaping of new leaves and the putting forth of fresh blossoms beautiful as im-

mortelles of the peaceful land which lies past all stormy waters and rude winter winds. Counting our rosary, one will tell off the beads which have the spring beauty of the fadeless amaranth, the dead who are the surest of our contemporaries.

Andrew Lang has a volume entitled *Letters to Dead Authors*; only they are not dead. Dickens is not dead. Thackeray is not dead. Tennyson is not dead. We must have noted how in our passing days these men start out on the open road in the most unexpected places and call us to a standstill for sheer delight in the meeting of them. I defy you to say to their faces, "Ye are dead," for should they not be able to retaliate, "Ye are the dead, we be the ever-living"? Jan Ridd is not dead, nor Lorna, nor dear Mr. Lorry, nor Miss Pross, nor Lucie Mannette, nor Sydney Carton; Henry Esmond is not dead, nor that sweet love who became his wife. Laura is not dead, nor Beatrice. Chaucer is not dead, nor Dante, nor great, grave Milton. They died, but abide the great dead Masters of Life; which means they are not, in the great way, dead at all. They are triumphantly alive. They seem so greatly alive as that beside them we lesser men in life seem peripatetic corpses.

I have as a birthday gift from the woman I love most in the world *The Stones of Venice* in three volumes, dignified, edifying, and they lie on my library table one on one like Venice stones, wrought majesties, grown old; and each volume is autographed by the great master who penned the esthetic and ethical story recorded here. John Ruskin's hand has traced this name and his hand, his writing hand, has pressed this page, and his name perfumes the page like "rosemary for remembrance" (Thank you, Will Shakespeare!). I cannot feel Ruskin dead, with these tumultuous books in my sight and at my touch, any more than, years ago, when as a lad I met this genius of soul and heard his challenge for the seeing heart and the radiant delight in things visible and tangible. He haunts me now as he did then; and I opine he will forever. He seems so alive and well and wonderful. I thank God for him when I pray. He still loves the sea and the cloud mid-sky and the running water and the moody sunset and climbing mountain, unafraid of dawn, and the gray cathedral walls and mute tower smitten with a hurricane of bell-voices full of

prayer. Ruskin has no past tense; he dwells in a resistless present. No living master's voice thrills me now as the dead Master of Life. All the living poets, great and greater and less great (and I fault them not nor flout them)—Noyes and Peabody and Bridges and Oxenham and Lindsay and the rest—I cannot reckon equal to one triumphant blast on his gold trumpet which Robert Browning gave when he wrote "Prospice," which for sheer triumph over death in these days sown to death, and beyond death, and glorious vistas shining away into eternity, out-sings all present voices. And the dead? Lord, thou knowest. I get them mixed so, these living and those dead. The breath of the dead is hot as fire upon my cheek and heart and their voices haunt me like the trumpeting of stars. So vigilant, so masterful, those men of old who refuse to grope along the crypts of death but walk like shining waves across a shining sea under a summer sky. In a twilight hour, when the day's voices were becoming inarticulate, if a body were to begin to con over with a lifetime friend of his heart his friends of a lifetime, dwelling on names lovingly and loiteringly, as if he kissed lips he loved, would he, enumerating his friends, omit the names of those who had passed out bare-footed and silent as the footsteps of stars? Nay, he would include them. His heart would make no mistake nor fumble once. If he recalled afterward his twilight conversation, his head might mistake some name then uttered, but his heart would correct him. His heart would not permit the crude editing his brain would give. The heart is right—it has that habit. Our friends are all in the summer land of those who wander to and fro by stream and sea and search of mountain for the dawn. Sunlight or starlight, it matters not to those dead Masters of Life. So, thinking vagrantly and very tenderly about our soul helpers, loving them as a man might love his birthplace, we find how little odds death makes; for we think them gone but to find them here—and a sweet and wistful company they are, who help us now as they helped us then and smile the while. This quest for the awakeners of the soul casts a noble shadow. I know not any Alp or Rocky or Himalaya to fling shadow so preeminent and conducive to adventure. The shadow death casts is life. We are compelled by the high compulsion of the undeniable vitalities to affirm the

masterfulness of the dead. So vital they are, they will not taste death. They spit it out as a bitter herb. As they were at their best when they were with us, they stay. Charles Lamb, and Sam Johnson, and gaunt Lincoln, and ocean-voiced Tennyson, and calm Whittier, with his vesper sparrow sadness in his throat, are not dead nor sleeping, or dead—and Masters of Life.

The putting of the thought is inconsequential. The thought is consequential, and owns all the skies above the soul. And out of this comes the conclusion that, dying, we shall not disappear but shall step out in a ministry immortal; shall walk by wings, as angels have learned to do; shall gather no dust of passage on the garments of journey. We shall go far journeys on smiling wings and bear in either hand a lit lamp to put at any unlit door where children sleep afraid a little of the dark.

W.A. Ingle.

THE PERSONALISTIC METHOD IN PHILOSOPHY

TEN years ago Borden Parker Bowne ceased teaching in the halls of Boston University and began what he used to call his post-graduate course in another world. It is fitting at this time to consider some aspect of the thought of that profound philosopher, stimulating teacher, noble personality, who made the university where he taught famous at home and abroad, and whose loss her friends and his have never ceased to mourn. We shall therefore seek to interpret and to defend Professor Bowne's fundamental philosophical method.

His conception of method was an essential part of his "personalism," an idealistic system that interprets all reality in terms of consciousness and asserts that consciousness can exist only as personality. At bottom, the secret of Bowne's personalism lay in his conviction that the moral and religious values are the most real and the most fundamental aspects of experience. If moral and spiritual values are ultimate the universe must be a society of persons. And if the universe is a society of persons, moral and spiritual values are grounded in the very structure of what is. In defending his personalism Bowne employed a type of method that has been used in some form by many theistic philosophers. In his writings, especially in the first part of the "Theism," it has found an already classic formulation, so that it may well be called the personalistic method. In his own words, "Instead of doubting everything that can be doubted let us rather doubt nothing except for reasons. . . . In all investigation we make more progress if we assume the truthfulness of the universe and of our own nature than we should if we doubted both. . . . The mind makes a great variety of practical postulates and assumptions which are not logical deductions or speculative necessities, but a kind of *modus vivendi* with the universe. . . . Whatever the mind demands for the satisfaction of its subjective interests and tendencies may be assumed as real in default of positive disproof." In short, philosophy should start with the hypothesis that the universe is full of value.

One great task of philosophy is to interpret the relation between the two typical attitudes toward life embodied in the sciences, on the one hand, and the values of morality and religion on the other. Philosophy sometimes cleaves to the one and despises the other of these attitudes; and sometimes attempts a synthesis of the two. The major philosophies have almost without exception resembled personalism in attempting the synthesis. But at the present time the intellectual atmosphere is surcharged with the demand that philosophy shall choose, and that the choice shall be in favor of the scientific and against the moral and religious attitude. The slogan of the day was voiced by Mr. Bertrand Russell in the Herbert Spencer lecture five years ago, "Scientific Method in Philosophy." Scientific method may be regarded as the experimental testing of hypotheses which seek to answer the questions, What sort of antecedent condition of things is the cause of the condition under investigation, and what is the precise law according to which the changes occur? Mathematical analysis is a most important instrument of this method. The current demand for scientific method in philosophy is not intended to emphasize the aspect of hypothesis and experiment (as pragmatism had done), but rather its mathematical-analytical aspect; what Professor Bowne called a "method of rigor and vigor." Over against this method of science stands personalistic method, which holds that analysis, invaluable in dealing with phenomena, is not fitted to deal with reality as a whole. Any interpretation that would carry us beyond our mere states of consciousness requires assumptions or hypotheses that find their only possible verification in their capacity consistently to satisfy the fundamental principles, demands and needs of our nature. Personalistic method insists that the facts of logic, mathematics and sense experience are not the only nor the most important facts. The moral and religious experiences of men are also facts. Personalism postulates God as their explanation. This postulate is accepted not because it is a good thing to accept every hypothesis that occurs to us, but because, when critically defined, rationally related to the whole of life and tested by all the data at our disposal, it explains more facts and gives a deeper meaning to life than any other philosophy.

Exponents of the scientific method, however, are unwilling to grant that any other method than their own is legitimate. If mathematics is good for falling bodies it must be good for aspiring souls; if analysis can reveal molecules and atoms, ions and electrons, points and instants, it can also fathom the purposes and values of life. Thus they argue; and for personalistic method they assume a fine contempt, conveyed by "a nice derangement of epitaphs." Personalism and its allies are said to be romanticism, Protestant philosophy, faith, sentimentalism, theology, mere assumption, mysticism, the philosophical Sunday school, the genteel tradition, and all else that is evil. Although the personalistic interest in morality and religion has been shared by the greatest of philosophers that interest has been, Mr. Russell informs us, on the whole "a hindrance to the progress of philosophy." Yet Mr. Russell himself once admitted that "all knowledge . . . must be built up on our instinctive beliefs"; and the best-known American realist has been criticized for addressing his appeal to the religious reader.

The cleavage on the issue of method is real, but should not be made to appear wider than it really is. There are senses in which personalism uses scientific method. It recognizes that analysis is a valid and essential instrument of thought. It reasons from the data of experience instead of from abstract and barren "closet speculations" and *a priori* theories. But it asserts that the mathematical-scientific method cannot serve to interpret life as a whole. That method abstracts from all considerations of value. It inquires as to the constituents of existing complexes and the laws of their relations. But this inquiry sheds no light on the supremely vital problem that every human individual and society must solve as best it may, with or without philosophy; the problem, namely, as to the true meaning and value of life. Science may indeed analyze values disinterestedly, as she analyzes motion or sulphuric acid; but the result will always be in terms of constituent elements, not in terms of the meaning of the whole. We may therefore justly assert that pure science is properly indifferent to every value and obligation save the value of scientific method and the obligation to follow it. We should, however, warn against

the misunderstanding that our position implies that scientists are indifferent to the value and meaning of life. Such an inference would be as absurd as it would be libelous. Men of science, almost without exception, are unselfishly devoted to the welfare of humanity; and many of them share a reverently religious world-view. Their belief, however, that human life is worthy of their devotion and the Supreme Being of their reverence is not logically derived or derivable from their science or its method. That belief is grounded on ideals, on assumptions, which normal personality in some measure always makes, but which scientific method systematically neglects as irrelevant to its purposes. Only because there can be such abstraction out of concrete life is science possible; but let scientists not forget that it is an abstraction, and one which they themselves transcend in every application of science to the service of any ideal. We need to return, as Professor Sorley is reminding us, to Lotze's dictum that "the true beginning of metaphysics lies in ethics." Such, at any rate, is the inner meaning of Bowne's method in philosophy.

We are arguing that what is called scientific method is not adapted to give an account of the values of life. There appear to be two fundamental reasons why it must be inadequate. First, it explains wholes in terms of parts and hence cannot grasp values, which are essentially wholes; and, secondly, it precludes any recognition of a moral and religious world order. Let us examine these two assertions more closely. We have just said that the scientific method explains wholes in terms of parts and hence cannot grasp values. Science operates by picking a complex to pieces to discover the relations of the pieces. For it, the part, the atom, the simple, the element, is more fundamental and more significant than the whole, the complex, the compound. Now experience reveals to us the fact that the higher values, perhaps all values, are complex; their very value consists in their complexity. Art, literature, morality, religion, science itself—if these be types of value, if personality itself be a value, then it is clear that values are complex wholes, combining unity of meaning with variety of detail. Here is the rose in all its beauty. Botany analyzes it. Now if the botanist is a man interested in beauty as well as in analysis, his

very analysis will doubtless fortify and deepen his sense of the beauty of the rose. Yet if he is confined to a strictly scientific interest in the flower he will have no eye for the beauty, but only for the structure and function of the parts of the rose. He may even cry, See, I have explained this that you call beauty; it is only a complex series of reactions in biochemistry. Whereby he would prove merely that interest in scientific analysis is not an interest in beauty. Yet the personalist would urge that, struggle as he will, the scientist cannot escape from the interest in value. For, although our botanist, as such, has no interest in beauty, he must have a supreme interest in botany. Interest in factual description, analysis, and explanation is a value, itself justified in the end not because parts logically related are revealed, but because of its worth for life as a whole. Science excludes all value but its own; yet if it claims value for itself it opens the whole problem of value and subjects itself to the laws of a universe that it knows not of.

What may be called the pan-scientific attitude, the attitude of regarding science as the only value, appears to be "self-refuting," for the method of explaining wholes in terms of parts in relation lets the most vital facts slip through its fingers, and tends to the typically materialistic position of explaining the higher in terms of the lower. The appreciation of value is entirely compatible with analysis. The critical analysis of the book of Genesis in no wise affects its literary or religious value. But the interest in literary or religious value is a very different thing from interest in analysis. The latter is an interest in dissection, the former in appreciation. The latter is description of parts, the former is an interpretation of whole works of literature in their relation to life as a whole. We do not need to analyze less, but to unify and interpret more. As a further result of its characteristic interest in analyzing wholes into parts scientific method is essentially incapable of understanding personality. When that method is strictly applied to personality, the result is either associationalism or behaviorism. Associationalism tells us that our self-consciousness is to be explained in terms of the combination of elements, each of which has an existence as an entity by itself. For that view, personality is only a temporary combination of factors, them-

selves essentially impersonal. Behaviorism asserts that personality as revealed in introspective self-consciousness cannot be subject-matter for science at all; science may study the behavior of organisms, but my consciousness is not accessible to you, nor yours to me. Hence, in its extreme form, behaviorism rejects consciousness in the ordinary sense entirely, and recognizes only the responses of our organism to stimuli. Professor Sorley justly calls our attention again, in this connection, to Goethe's lines:

To understand the living whole
They start by driving out the soul;
They count the parts, and when all's done
Alas! The spirit-bond is gone.

The second reason why scientific method must fail in philosophy was that it precludes the recognition of a moral and religious world order. This follows necessarily from what has been said. If a method be unable to give an account of value or of personality in ordinary human experience how much less would it be capable of recognizing value and personality as metaphysical principles! Either a supreme moral personality, the home and guarantee of the values of life, does exist or He does not. If he does, he must, for the reasons stated in the case of human personality, forever escape any knowledge on the part of scientific method. If he does not, a method not fitted to recognize his existence is equally unfitted to prove his non-existence.

If we are to understand another personality, human or divine, we must seek to appreciate it as a whole; and this means that we must form hypotheses with reference to the plans and purposes and the integrity of that personality and his total attitude toward us. These hypotheses can never be said to be wholly verified; we test them by experience and by reflection. More or less gradually we find the major outlines of our understanding of the person reaching what for us is an absolute certainty, a whole-hearted trust (or distrust): and yet we have to admit that such certainty cannot be verified by the means open to the sciences. Scientific method, rigidly applied, makes it impossible to find God, even if he is there. Personalistic method gives us a fighting chance to come to an understanding with him, if not to an understanding of him.

It challenges us to a great spiritual adventure. If the soul of man utterly rejected that challenge life would still survive, and many of its satisfactions remain, but the highest and best would vanish. In that case, as Professor Hocking finely says, "It is only the enthusiasts for a far-off good, for an endlessly progressive humanity, for a profound and logical love of life, that would be cut off; it would be only the martyrs that have played the fool; only to saints and sages the world has lied." Personalistic method may, then, be regarded as the proper instrument for a philosophy of life and value. Let us consider certain specific reasons for this assertion.

First, personalism is a fruitful hypothesis. Science and philosophy alike advance only by developing working hypotheses which depend for their creation on fertile and disciplined imagination. But there is an important difference between scientific and personalistic uses of hypothesis. Inductive logic teaches that one of the fundamental requirements of a good hypothesis is that it shall be such that deductions may be drawn from it. In the case of most successful scientific hypotheses at least two characteristics of these deductions stand out. They are mathematically exact, and they render possible precise predictions of future events. Neither of these traits is possessed by the hypothesis of personalism. It has therefore been charged that it is not fruitful; that from the hypothesis that there is a personal God no specific consequences follow. No differences will be made in the methods or the results of the sciences whether there be a God or no God. Yet that hypothesis makes other differences; differences in the value of life, in moral attitude, in hope for this life and the life to come, in faith in the trustworthiness of things. What cannot be achieved in the life of a man who believes in God! Yet the hypothesis that produces such results is condemned as unfruitful because those results are not mathematically precise!

Secondly, scientific method itself, as we have already seen, is never absolutely pure, but always makes assumptions regarding value. It assumes that knowledge itself is a value and that in seeking it we are morally bound to be logical. It further assumes that certain types of knowledge are of greater value than other types. No love of truth, however objective, could ever justify the

effort to discover some truths. There are questions that doubtless have a true answer, but neither science nor philosophy ought to try to answer them. There is the problem as to how far a human being could count if he gave all his life to counting; or the problem as to the number of impossibilities that the human mind can conceive; to which may be added not a few of the subjects that doctors of philosophy have taken very seriously. Knowledge that is not valuable for the purposes of personality ought to be disregarded. Without this assumption science cannot arise. Every human enterprise hinges on an ought; an imperative that commands us to measure all our aims in life from the standpoint of their value to life as a whole. This element of faith in science is all the more sharply emphasized by the fact that scientists often devote themselves to problems the value of which is not evident or immediate. Such faith as to ultimate value for the whole of life is the sufficient and only justification of Greek Grammar, or trigonometry, or chemistry, or what we call culture in general. Culture that does not recognize moral value as possessing supreme authority over every human task becomes Kultur, or profiteering, or red radicalism, or lawless and arbitrary conservatism, or some other of the conscienceless things that haunt our age. Utterly impersonal science is in the last analysis just as dangerous. The danger is averted only in so far as men of science have consciences, and ideals of service and usefulness to humanity that cannot be verified in any laboratory; in short, because they set a value on human life, and are personalists in spite of themselves.

Thirdly, personalistic method emphasizes an aspect of the ethics of belief that is often overlooked. We have rightly been told of the immorality of belief without sufficient evidence. The sins of credulity, gullibility, blind faith are without doubt exceeding sinful. But the warning against those sins is only one half, and the negative half, of the ethics of belief. Much deeper and more positive is the duty of thinking, of solving the problems of life, of launching out from the little island of the known into the ocean of mystery that surrounds us. This duty is the first and greatest command of personalistic method. William James has defended the "will to believe" with his characteristic vigor. An-

other, in gentler, feminine tones, has pleaded for "the right to believe." Personalism, with its conviction that morality is the heart of life, may well speak more sternly of "the duty to believe." This does not mean the duty to believe everything that other personalities believe or that has been handed down by tradition. As philosophical principle it would mean that for explaining all of the data of experience we are in duty bound to form and accept the best working hypothesis that we can devise or imagine. Thus has science been built up. Thus also has humanity arrived at its great fundamental religious convictions. The moral law commands the development of personality, individual and social, in all its highest powers and functions. Equipped with a commission from that law Aristotle discovered logic, Columbus faced the perils of an unknown ocean, Darwin's imagination framed the great hypothesis of natural selection, and the prophets found God. Without the impulse to grow and reach beyond our present limits civilization would be impossible and man would descend to a vegetable existence. Human thought not only is permitted to believe the best it can find, it is morally commanded to believe it until it can find a better.

Fourthly, the history of philosophy tends strongly to confirm these results. Personalism bases its philosophy of life on the assumption that the moral (and the allied religious) interests of the human mind are fundamental to philosophy, and in particular to any just estimate of the place and function of science. Professor Bowne contended for this position with all his acute logic and profound insight. It is conceivable that a critic might inquire whether Professor Bowne's interest in the moral and religious was not perhaps a mere personal peculiarity of his temperament, an idiosyncrasy, revealing the bent of his genius but not corresponding with reality. To such a criticism it may be replied, first of all, that it would be contrary to Professor Bowne's whole type of thought to assert that personalism was capable of a "rigor and vigor" proof so adequate that one could intellectually demonstrate its finality. If anything is obvious it is that no philosophical view is capable of such demonstration. If it were, there would be as great agreement among the thinkers in the field of philosophy as

there is among mathematicians or natural scientists. Such agreement does not exist, not even among the six American philosophers who hoped to produce it by scientific method and a neo-realistic platform.

But there is a kind of agreement among the greatest philosophers that speaks strongly for the truth of personalism. Whatever differences there are among them, in their purely intellectual interpretations, all thinkers of first rank have recognized in one way or another the supremacy of the moral and religious values. With Plato the idea of the Good was chief in the hierarchy of ideas. Aristotle was the founder of the science of ethics and a theist. With the Stoics the ethical and religious interests came almost to crowd out all others. Christian philosophers, like Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, built their systems on these assumptions. Even the extreme intellectualist, Spinoza, called his philosophy an "Ethics," and the "Ethics" culminated in the *amor intellectualis dei*, the intellectual love of God. Although this doctrine had the form of godliness while lacking the power thereof, it was a recognition of the true place of religion in life as its deepest fact. Berkeley and Leibnitz were religious personalists. In Immanuel Kant's doctrine of the primacy of the practical reason is affirmed the supremacy of moral over purely theoretical interests. For Hegel, God is the object of philosophy and of religion. Lotze was the German to whom Bowne felt himself nearest. The great figures of contemporary philosophy abroad are in many cases protagonists of what we are calling personalistic method, as opposed to scientific method in philosophy. Witness Bergson's advocacy of intuition as against intellect, and Eucken's conception of Spiritual Life. Both in method and results Englishmen like James Ward, Sorley, Pringle-Pattison, and Rashdall are personalists. The pragmatic Schiller comes to many of the same conclusions. Others, of anti-personalistic temper, recognize the fundamental reality of the highest values. Bosanquet says that "philosophy depends on the religious consciousness; the religious consciousness does not depend on philosophy." And Bradley asserts that "there is nothing more real than what comes in religion." Nor is it without significance that the three giants of American philosophy,

James, Royce, and Bowne, with all their differences, were all three essentially philosophers of religion. Of Bowne this is evident. There may be some question as to the greatest contribution of James, but religion certainly was a major interest of the author of *The Varieties of Religious Experience*; and the pragmatist, like the personalist, found the basis of religion in the needs of life rather than in an intellectually conclusive demonstration. As for Royce, his first work was *The Religious Aspects of Philosophy*. His last great work was *The Problem of Christianity*. His masterpiece was *The World and the Individual*, Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion, aiming at an idealistic account of the relations between God and man. Others of his writings, like *The Conception of God* and *The Sources of Religious Insight*, not to mention *The Studies of Good and Evil*, add to the impression that religion was for him the chief interest. Even neo-realism itself pays tribute to religion. One who proffers a "Philosophy of disillusionment," and repudiates "every moral and spiritual ontology" nevertheless makes the interpretation of religion and morality the most conspicuous result of his work, and announces (with whatever qualifications) his adherence to "meliorism and theism." Another member of the school is an advocate of "a neo-realism of ideals" which asserts that goodness and justice, in true Platonic fashion, are not only the chief interest of man but the chief reality in the universe. How can we account for the tribute thus so widely paid by philosophers of most diverse ideas to the moral and religious factors in life and reality? It cannot be accounted for by the fact that the same premises yield the same conclusions, for the logical foundations of the different systems are of almost every possible type. It cannot be accounted for by ecclesiastical or theological prejudice, for the great philosophers have been as brave and as free from prejudice as is possible for men to be. Must one not conclude that the supremacy of the moral and religious values will be the verdict wherever life as a whole is impartially surveyed, and the facts of actual experience are given an opportunity to speak for themselves? But that conclusion is an achievement that every generation must win afresh by intellectual and spiritual struggle against the forces that would disintegrate faith and analyze life

until it is not life, but death. It is suicidal to conduct this struggle as a merely practical affair without the guidance of intelligence, it is no less suicidal to make analytical intelligence an end in itself.

What, then, is the task of philosophy today? How should personalistic method be applied? Should philosophy regard itself as a mere distillation from the special sciences, thus consisting of the most highly generalized results of mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, and the like? It is not to be denied that there is such a task as the gathering of such results; and it is an important and difficult one. But this is not the distinctive task of the philosopher. There are questions for him to answer that science never raises, but that, if reasonably answered, will give a deeper meaning to the sciences and to all of life. Such questions are these: What indeed are the true values of life? What ought men to strive for? What reality have the objects of man's moral endeavor? Can the data of moral and religious experience be trusted as pointing to an objective reality just as truly as can the data of sense experience—nay, perhaps even more truly? With such problems was the thinking of Borden Parker Bowne chiefly concerned; for an affirmative solution of them he fought with weapons of the spirit, venturing to believe that the highest and best in man is also the truest and most real. It may be that this is sentimentalism and romanticism, as some say; but it brings philosophy (as Socrates brought it) into the marketplace and weds it to the real issues of life. In the world of today, agitated, restless, confused, the philosopher surveying the whole of life in intellectual calm should have some vision, some philosophy of values. The fundamental tenets of personalism seem peculiarly fitted to furnish that vision. The universe is a society of persons. All apparently impersonal objects and forces are really acts of the will of the Supreme Person who seeks to unite all persons in free and intelligent cooperation toward attainment of the good, which is his own purpose. Justice and right are deeper laws of reality than the laws of physics and chemistry. The cooperation of man with man and man with God in the production of worthy personality is not an ideal dream, but the very eternal goal of the universe. Such philosophy will regard the world of race riots, of international rivalries in a League of

Nations struggling to be born, of economic chaos and social confusion, with a calm eye, *sub specie aeternitatis*, but it will also be inspired with love; not merely the Spinozistic intellectual love of God, but with a personal love for persons, human and divine, as the highest form of knowledge. Philosophy will then believe and do more than scientific method can demonstrate; and only thus will it find a program that really interprets life. Happily we do not have to choose between an abstract scientific philosophy, empty of vital contact with life, and an unintelligent life, blind and thoughtless. The Bowne message is that philosophy can live and life can think while both together work in the production of the highest values.

Edgar S. Brightman

PRESENT TENDENCIES IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION¹

At a recent conference in New York city called to consider the formation of public opinion in the interests of religious education, a group of between fifty and sixty representative editors and educators found themselves in complete agreement regarding the fact of an existing national emergency in religious education. The united judgment of this group was based upon the clear recognition of certain nation-wide conditions variously set forth in recent statistics to which the Educational Survey Department of the Interchurch World Movement is directing general attention. These conditions are now fairly well known in religious and educational circles. They may be succinctly summarized in five negative statements, as follows:

(1) There are in America to-day actually many millions of children and young people as well as adults who are as yet not reached by any religious-educational influence.

(2) The amount of time given to the religious training of those who are reached is inadequate.

(3) The work of religious teaching in large measure is conducted by untrained, immature, unsupervised voluntary teachers and officers.

(4) The body of available curriculum material is inadequate.

(5) The work of religious education receives very meager financial support.

To meet these pressing needs it is proposed to launch a nation-wide program of immediate advance in an endeavor to carry religious training to every child in the nation; to secure more time for religious education through week-day and vacation Bible schools; to provide close supervision and practical training for voluntary workers, with adequate training-school facilities for professional leaders; to enrich courses of study and to secure more adequate financial support.

¹ From the Annual Survey of Progress Presented at the Convention of the Religious Education Association, Pittsburgh, March 20, 1920.

Subscribing to this program the editors and professors present at the conference mentioned by formal resolution pledged their individual and united support for its active promotion through the religious-educational press of North America. The sense of need and of urgency reflected in this statement of conditions and in this suggested larger program is expressed with equal clearness in the "Findings of the National Conference of Church Women," held at Washington, February 7 to 9, 1920; in the "Findings of the National Conference of Laymen," at Pittsburgh, January 31 to February 2, and in the formal resolutions of various ministerial conferences and Interchurch gatherings of laymen now being held in all parts of the United States and Canada. It is *this sense of religious need and this conviction of urgency* that constitutes the most outstanding tendency and the most encouraging single evidence of progress in the religious-educational situation of the present time.

THE SENSE OF RELIGIOUS NEED

As a tendency in current thought, moreover, this sense of religious need is not confined either to church or to religious circles. Nor is it confined to the North American continent. Rather is it the clear ray of hope that pierces through the lingering shadows of a world catastrophe. It is the antidote that promises to check moral and social disintegration in Russia. It is the steadying force in the present chaotic condition of Central Europe. It is the recognized chief asset among the stabilizing social influences in the Allied countries. It is the hope of the Orient. And it is the hope of the world.

It is noteworthy that this need of religion is recognized by men in the business world. The New York Evening Post recently printed, among its financial cable dispatches from London, the statement that one hope of checking the revolt against law and order throughout the world lies in a genuine religious revival. In the judgment of Roger Babson the security of modern business and industry lies not in banks and safety vaults, not in stocks and bonds, but in religion. The only real danger in present world conditions is the absence of religion from certain larger

human activities and from certain social and industrial movements of the present time. To quote Mr. Babson:

The need of the hour is not more legislation, but more religion. More religion is needed everywhere, from the halls of Congress at Washington to the factories, the mines, the fields, and the forests. *Things* never did satisfy anyone and never will. Satisfaction and contentment are matters of religion. The church is the only great organization which has the opportunity and the machinery to develop the constructive motives of love, sympathy, and cooperation, which really make the world go round.

From the dark early days of the war, when for a time faith in religion faltered, there has been a steadily growing sense of the value and need of these spiritual motives and of religion in the lives and the affairs of men. This is true not only in America, but throughout the world.

Recent press dispatches from Russia indicate that the Bolshevik regime has abandoned its anti-church and anti-religious propaganda, and is seeking to come to terms with the religious organizations and societies in which increasing multitudes of people are finding their only source of comfort and of hope for the future. In Germany and Austria the extreme radicals have been held in check by the powerful forces of organized religion, in alliance with which the moderate socialists have achieved the measure of democracy which now exists in these countries. A letter just received from Professor Ernst von Dobschütz contains this pertinent reference to the present situation in Germany:

The driving forces of the revolution were in the main anti-church and anti-Christian. While overcoming resistance from without, they have accomplished the disruption of order and security within, and are attempting by every means in their power to rob our people of their faith and morals. In the case of the English revolution and the establishment of the American democracy, it was entirely different. In both these cases religious motives dominated. The worst that can happen to a people is a complete break with its historical development, because then inestimable values are lost.

In the official edition of the new British Educational Act¹ the editor, Sir Montague Barlow, M.P., appeals to the Established Church and to the Free Churches of Great Britain for their sup-

¹The Education Act, 1918, by Sir Montague Barlow, K.B.E., LL.D., M.P., and Richard Holland.

port and cooperation in extending the benefits of this new educational legislation to all people, and points out some ways in which such support and cooperation can be made effective.

Speaking to a company of British and American passengers on board a trans-Pacific liner on the last night out from San Francisco in February, 1919, Dr. C. C. Wong, government director of the Peking-Hankow Railroad, and financial adviser to the Chinese Peace Delegation at Paris, appealed for reinforcements in the ranks of Christian teachers and missionaries in China in these words:

"You have taken away the ancient religions of the Chinese people. Our temples are forsaken, our idols are for sale in the market places. With the ancient religions has gone that measure of moral control which these religions still exercised over the people as a whole. But you have not sent us a sufficient number of teachers and missionaries to give to the multitudes of China a positive substitute for that which you have taken away. Unless this substitute can be supplied, unless Christian teachers and Christian influences can be multiplied soon, there is no hope of China's achieving a free, stable government or taking her rightful place of responsibility in the fellowship of nations."

At a reception tendered the writer by the Tokyo Committee on Arrangements and Entertainment for the World Sunday School Convention at Tokyo, Marquis Okuma, twice Premier of Japan, and chairman of the committee, said:

"We recognize the fact that Christianity is a great power in America and though now small in Japan our country owes no greater debt to America than through the teaching of Christian ideals, and I believe these ideals will find place in all phases of the life of Japan."

On the same occasion, Baron Sakatani, member of the Committee on Reorganization of the National Educational System, gave the following testimony of Japan's need of religion:

"One recent movement in Japan is toward the complete revision of the educational system. I am a member of the committee that has this revision in charge, and am glad to say that one thing that we have in mind in this reconstruction is the emphasis on religious ideas and imparting them to children. I really think that one of the influences that have been at work to bring about this change is the Sunday school movement."

All who have followed recent social and political developments in the Far East recognize that the welfare of Korea, and

perhaps also of China, together with the hope of democracy in all of Eastern Asia, depends in large measure upon the early democratization of Japan; and that the democratic movement in Japan finds its chief support and encouragement in modern Christian education.

THE SPIRIT AND PRACTICE OF UNITY

Necessity is the mother of cooperation as well as of invention. To war-time necessity we owe much of the inspiration toward that wider cooperation which characterizes the service rendered by the Red Cross, the Christian Associations, the Near East Relief and the War Time Commission of the Federal Council of Churches. When such cooperation is carried over into the work of reconstruction and is accepted as a fundamental working principle in the larger program of religious advance, it constitutes what is really an epoch-making forward step. Such is the situation to-day. No other one tendency in religious work is more full of promise for the future than *the almost universal disposition on the part of religious forces everywhere to get together and to work together in an effective program of social betterment and Americanization through religious education.*

An outstanding example of this closer cooperation is found in the reorganization of Sunday school work on the North American continent. Beginning with the formation of the Sunday School Council in 1910, the evangelical denominations of the United States and Canada have steadily been drawn closer together in every department of Sunday school work. One by one cooperative activities in this field have been transferred from the supervision of purely voluntary or undenominational organizations and placed under the cooperative control of the organized Sunday school agencies of the denominations.

In 1912 The World Sunday School Association, until then an independent body, changed its constitution so as to admit to its executive committee the official representatives of both Sunday school and missionary boards, the denominational Sunday school representatives being appointed from and by the Sunday School Council. The reorganization of the International Sunday School

Lesson Committee upon the same general principles followed in 1914. During the past four years negotiations have been in progress between the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council, with a view to establishing some effective method of coordinating all cooperative efforts in Sunday school work under a unified plan of overhead supervision that would give to the responsible denominational boards full representation both in planning and in executing all interdenominational activities, while at the same time conserving the elements of democratic, voluntary cooperation represented in the plans of organization of the International State Sunday School Associations.

These negotiations have proceeded much more rapidly in Canada than in the United States, resulting first in the organization of the Religious Education Council of Canada, in which all religious educational agencies of the dominion, both denominational and voluntary, are represented, including the Canadian Council of Provincial Sunday School Associations. In the further modification of the Provincial Religious Education Councils, these have actually taken the place of the Provincial Sunday School Associations. Thus, for example, the constitution of the Ontario Religious Education Council carries the subhead "Continuing the Ontario Sunday School Association."

It is reported that these educational councils are meeting every need for effective cooperation by the denominational and voluntary groups, and that the resulting spirit of mutual confidence and good will is even more important and noteworthy than the achievement of improved organization. Present interest in this field in Canada centers in perfecting the organization of the Dominion Board of Religious Education and of the affiliated Provincial boards. More especially also is there interest in providing adequate voluntary financial support for carrying out the larger cooperative program that is contemplated. The recent financial success of the Interchurch Forward Movement in Canada gives promise of the early realization of similar financial objectives in religious education.

Since the beginning of the current year, 1920, final agree-

ment has been reached by the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council with regard to the reorganization of both of these bodies. Under the provisions of this agreement of the denominational Sunday school boards and societies will hereafter appoint half of the members of the Executive Committee of the International Association. The other half will be elected, as heretofore, by States and provinces. The same division of representation applies to membership in the reorganized State associations, and by implication to county and city associations. At the same time the Sunday School Council, which heretofore has consisted wholly of the official Sunday-school representatives of denominational boards and societies, will hereafter include in its membership field representatives of organized Sunday school work, both denominational and interdenominational. The agreement under which the reorganization of both the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council is being consummated makes provision for a future merging of both organizations "under a new charter and with a new name." Meanwhile the reorganized Association and Council provide the Sunday school forces of the United States with two effective agencies for cooperation in Sunday school promotion and extension as well as in the intensive development of an educational program for the Sunday school.

No survey of either tendencies or progress in religious education would be complete without special reference to the Interchurch World Movement, under the splendid leadership of which the Protestant churches of North America, for the first time in their history, are uniting forces in support of a reasonable program of Christian advance. Through its Department of Religious Education the Interchurch World Movement proposes to make a complete and accurate survey of religious-educational conditions and needs everywhere. Through its publicity department it purposes to arouse the churches to a keener sense of their responsibility for changing conditions and for meeting the needs revealed by this educational survey. More especially does the movement intend that all unoccupied territory and all neglected fields shall be provided for, and that competition and overlapping in all de-

partments of church work shall, as far as possible, be eliminated. It should be in a position to render most valuable assistance in connection with the problems of community organization for religious education, the coordination of religious education activities in the local church, and the extension of religious educational activities into unoccupied fields.

COURSES OF STUDY

For several years past, including 1919, there has been a steady advance in the use of graded lessons in the Sunday school with an equally marked decline in the use of the International Uniform Lessons. Canada reports a preference for departmentally graded lessons, while in the United States both the International Graded Lessons and the departmental adaptation of these have advanced in use at the expense of the Improved International Uniform System.

Since its reorganization, the International Sunday School Lesson Committee has addressed itself to the task of providing a greater variety of lesson courses for the Sunday school. A special commission of this Committee is making a careful study of existing lesson courses in cooperation with the curriculum survey of the Educational Department of the Interchurch World Movement. Existing teaching materials for various departments are to be tested out and new materials prepared. Through its subcommittee on Adult Courses the Lesson Committee is cooperating with the Commission on Social Service of the Federal Council of Churches in the preparation of special elective courses dealing with the application of Christian principle to problems of industrial and social reconstruction. A special subcommittee is engaged in the preparation of a course of Primary Group Lessons and a course of Junior Group Lessons with a view to their use as alternate courses in place of the Primary and Junior adaptations of the Uniform Lessons. A variety of short elective courses for young people have been prepared and released for publication.

In this connection mention should be made of the partial report of the Commission on Bible study for secondary schools,¹

¹ Religious Education, December, 1919.

published during the latter part of 1919. Three courses of study have been prepared to serve as component parts of a college entrance unit in Bible study. Each course represents the equivalent of four recitation hours a week for twenty weeks. These courses include the following."

- (1) Narratives and Songs of the Old Testament.
- (2) History of the Hebrew Commonwealth.
- (3) Life and Works of Jesus and Paul.

VOLUNTARY ACTIVITIES WITH YOUNG PEOPLE

Development has been rapid in the field of voluntary activities with young people. The Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and kindred organizations have shown a marked growth, an increasing number of troops being connected with churches and Sunday schools. In Canada the Movement for Efficiency Tests for Boys has "swept the country" apparently because of its emphasis on the all-around training and development of youth as an obligation of religion. In its practical outworking this program seems to succeed remarkably in relating everything in the boy's life to religion. The Movement for Canadian Girls in Training gives promise of success, and is, just at present, attracting much attention. The corresponding movement in the United States, formerly known as the American Standard Program, has become the Christian Citizenship Training Program of the Young Men's Christian Association. It provides for three groups of boys in training: Pioneers (ages 12 to 14), Comrades (ages 15 to 17), Citizens (ages 18 to 20). The handbooks and manuals for leaders for Pioneers and Comrades are available. It is pointed out by the Association leaders that this program is not an organization and that it is not intended as a substitute for Boy Scout programs. Rather is it suggested for supplementary use in connection with the Scout activities as well as independently.

LEGISLATION AND PUBLIC EDUCATION

Present tendencies in general education are in the direction of a completer socialization and Americanization of the public school curriculum and of public school activities generally. Both

these tendencies are seen in the present effort to relate the public school more intimately to the total life and program of the community. Since the establishment in the National Bureau of Education of the "Division of Community Organization," in January, 1916, the development of public school community centers has been rapid. During the past year many of these centers have been made postal service stations as well, thus augmenting the intimacy of their relationship to the home life and daily intercourse of the community. "The conception of the school district community, the final unit in the larger democracies of State and nation, as a little democracy, and the schoolhouse as its capital is becoming more familiar to the people of city, town, and country."² This movement toward better community organization is directly related to the Americanization program in which both the public schools and many voluntary organizations, as well as the churches, are deeply interested. During 1919 the national conventions of many organizations made Americanization their principal topic of study. This was true of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and many others.

The Bureau of Education together with the National Children's Bureau has interested itself in the Child Welfare Movement. A general standardization of child welfare has been accomplished. Parent-Teachers Associations connected with the public schools have increased to nearly ten thousand. Every State in the Union has at least a few such organizations, which, according to the Commissioner of Education, "are essentially makers of public opinion for righteousness."³

In the category of progress through legislation belong the new State school codes, in the number of which there has been a substantial increase during the past year. These codes in each case summarize and unify the State legislation affecting children and youth with a view to coordinating and standardizing the educational and industrial legislation affecting child life. Here also belongs the Smith-Tower educational bill⁴ now before Congress,

² Bureau of Education Report, 1919.

³ Special Bulletin No. 12, National Educational Association.

the provisions of which include the creation of a Federal Department of Education with a Secretary of Education who shall be a member of the President's cabinet. The bill provides for an initial appropriation of \$100,000,000, for the removal of illiteracy, for Americanization, for equalizing educational opportunities, for health education and for the preparation of teachers.

TENDENCIES ABROAD

There are indications of progress in the field of religious education in many parts of the world. We desire briefly to call attention to the situation in Europe and in parts of Eastern Asia. Educational interest in Great Britain at present centers in the application of the Education Act of 1918. This act, one of the greatest and most beneficial pieces of legislation ever placed upon the statute books of England, extends the privilege and advantage of an education to every child. It "extends the range of educational effort so as to include all the activities of the young life of the nation—in school and out of school, at work and at play, in sickness and in health, from infancy to the threshold of manhood and womanhood."⁴ To the churches, this educational act, while making no direct provision for religious education, presents the opportunity of cooperating with local educational authorities in providing greatly needed additional facilities and teachers, especially in connection with the nurseries and continuation schools to be established throughout the country. In the Sunday school field there has been a notable revival of interest, following a long period of depression, decline and curtailment of Sunday school effort. The British Lessons Council is well organized and issues departmentally graded lessons. Uniform lessons have been definitely discarded.

In France the work of the churches since the war has chiefly concerned itself with the restoration of the devastated areas, the reconstruction of which has been a first consideration for both Catholics and Protestants. Added to this has been the special care for war orphans, leading to a great increase of interest in child life and in child nurture generally. There is widespread demand

⁴ Barlow, page 7.

that the educational system of the country contribute with all its force to the process of the national rebuilding that none of the intellectual and moral riches of the race be left untouched; that the national educational policy be made completely democratic. New emphasis is being laid on the importance of religious instruction, for which Thursday afternoon has long been set aside in the public school program. Protestant churches are giving special attention to the Sunday school and Thursday afternoon classes, to teacher training and to the training of children for church membership.

The Federal Constitution of the German Republic declares that "No state church exists in Germany."² Freedom is granted for the organization of religious fellowships and societies. All inhabitants of the realm are guaranteed freedom of conscience and of religious faith. Protection is guaranteed for the undisturbed exercise of religious functions. Religious instruction remains a regular part of the school curriculum, except in "secular schools," that is, in schools organized for communities and groups expressly desiring not to have any form of religious instruction. Religious instruction is to be given in harmony with the principles of the religious society to which, in each case, the parents of the children to be instructed belong; or, after a given age, in accordance with the preference of the pupil himself. Both the "confessional" and "simultan" schools are provided for, subject to the expressed preference of the people. Attendance on religious instruction is not compulsory. Teachers are not required to give religious instruction unless they so desire. Detailed regulations are left to the States. The radical adjustments within the local community demanded by these constitutional provisions have led to violent controversy. The church party, both Protestant and Catholic, and conservatives generally, are striving to retain as far as possible the old order of things, including the confessional school and church-supervised instruction. The radicals, on the other hand, are demanding the complete elimination of religious instruction from the curriculum. Between these extremes are the moderate liberals, including large numbers of teachers, who desire the retention of religious instruction in the curriculum as a literary-historical sub-

² Federal Constitution, Article 137H.

ject, without the dogmatic element, and entirely free from ecclesiastical supervision and control. To the average German churchman, the separation of church and state and the secularization of education appears to be a surrender of fundamental principles and a step toward irreligion and materialism. The moderate liberals, on the contrary, welcome the changes made possible under the new constitution as an emancipation from narrow dogmatism and from ecclesiastical domination. The immediate effect of voluntary attendance has been to greatly reduce the size of the classes in religious instruction; but the supposition of those who have long been champions of reform in religious education, is that in the end the free development of religion and religious teaching will more than compensate for temporary losses and for difficulties natural to such a period of transition from the old order to the new.

In Eastern Asia, China is perhaps the most important, as it is by far the most promising field for service through religious education. A recent special report of the Bureau of Education on Modern Education in China indicates very clearly the strategic importance occupied by Christian schools in relation to the total program of education in China. In this report the work of Christian education in China is given much space and the importance of missionary cooperation with the public school is emphasized. China has a population of school age in excess of 50,000,000, and yet the facilities and teaching force at present available for a national program of education can minister, and actually do minister, to only one-twelfth of this school population, that is, to about 4,000,000. In such a situation it is natural that the sympathetic cooperation of mission schools is welcomed by progressive native leaders in the educational field. Concerning the standing and work of Protestant mission schools the report says:

Protestant missions are aiming to furnish China with a thoroughly standardized and coordinated system of Christian education, emphasizing quality rather than quantity, so as to provide educated leadership in the various professions and vocations, and an intelligent and reasonably educated church membership and trustworthy citizenship, who will constructively influence their community life. This is serving as a challenge and a corrective to the national schools of similar grade.

In the narrower field of Sunday-school work the progress is encouraging. In centers like Peking, Shanghai, Nanking, and Canton there are large, well-equipped schools that are setting a high standard for the whole republic. Good Sunday-school literature is available chiefly in the Mandarin. During the past two years a beginning has been made in the publication of this literature in the simplified phonetic language.

Preparations are well advanced for the World Sunday School Convention to be held at Tokyo in October of this year. In connection therewith an effort is being made to raise a fund of \$250,000 for Sunday school work in Japan. There is also a movement on foot for a great Christian university to be established at Tokyo. The doors are not closed to Christian education in Japan. The Sunday school idea has gripped the imagination of this alert, progressive, literate, and most energetic people—a people among whose outstanding characteristics must be counted their intense love for children and their passionate devotion to education. The Christian movement in Japan is not lagging. The Japanese mind is open toward Christianity. All the forces making for democracy find in it their strong support and their constant inspiration. Its method is that of the Master, who charged his disciples to “teach all nations” and who came that men everywhere might have *life in greater abundance*.

Henry St. Meyer

FOUR REMARKABLE MEN¹

THESE four men are associated in my mind with a certain house of quiet and solid dignity on Clinton Avenue in Brooklyn. The house itself is articulate to those who know it best with a stately and urbane friendliness. I am quite sure that it is conscious that the portals which it swings open have seen numbers of men and women of distinguished ways of thinking and feeling and living pass within. The house carries an air of fine composure and distinction.

My first contact with the family does not have to do with this house, however. It goes back to a summer day on Long Island. I had been preaching that morning at a tiny church on the north shore. The church was so small that one of my friends in theological school used to say it was about the size of a watch charm. In this church one found of a Sunday an interesting group of men and women whose summer homes were near as well as a group of generous and friendly people who lived in the neighborhood through the whole year. At the close of the service I was carried off to the summer dwelling of a family which at once made a powerful impression upon my mind and my imagination. The table talk had a range and a fascination which went to the head of a certain young theological student like rare old wine. And I may say in passing that in the years which have followed I have never heard better talk on either side of the Atlantic than that to which I have listened in this circle. In the finest and the sincerest sense the members of this household were at home with ideas. There was high seriousness and authentic mental curiosity. You found your mind quickened, and you found your powers of expression challenged by the very quality of your environment.

Some years later I found myself pastor of the Summerfield Church in Brooklyn. This church with its tradition of masterful and thoughtful preaching had an inevitable and profound influence upon a sensitive and responsive young minister. There was a

¹ Dr. Kelley has not seen this article and does not know its contents. O. S. Baketel.

quality of dignity about its interior which seemed occupied with the precious memories of other days. I am afraid that I must confess that much as I appreciated the friendly welcoming atmosphere of the church when it had been redecorated I felt a profounder appeal in the dim and somber quiet of the building before any change was made. The past of this church at once made friends with me. And besides all the other happy experiences at Summerfield I shall always be grateful for the silent voices which used to speak in the old church.

Henry C. M. Ingraham was at the time the president of the board of trustees of the Summerfield Church. He was near to the close of his brilliant career as a lawyer and I must believe that his mind was at its ripest and its best. His home on Clinton Avenue was not far from the church and he still occupied in the summer the delightful spot on Long Island of which I have already written. Many men have spoken of his legal powers, of his services as the president of the board of trustees of Wesleyan University, of the contribution which he made to the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I am concerned here with the man as I came to know him while I was his pastor. All of the four men of whom I am writing had an extraordinary capacity for giving themselves in hearty friendship to young men. All knew how to talk. And all knew how to listen. And into their ears one young man poured his thoughts, his ideals, his crystallizing convictions. If they were sometimes amused by the immaturity of his mind or the huge enthusiasm with which he discovered things which have been known for a thousand years they never revealed it to the young fellow who so eagerly sought their company. They paid him the subtle compliment of assuming an equality of mind which, of course, did not exist. But this very delicate and gracious intellectual courtesy did far more to form and discipline his mind than he himself knew. I can see Mr. Ingraham now sitting in his home with a certain illusive brightness about his face and a composed and urbane good fellowship about his whole bearing. He had read widely. He had thought profoundly. He spoke with an easy command of elastic and yet superbly solid English. His mind was that of a

poised and careful jurist which moved inevitably and naturally in the channels of a cautious and vital conservatism. Naturally, also, there was a good deal of the healthy radicalism of young blood about the minister and sometimes there were quick and decisive exchanges of opinions which did not at all agree. I remember one or two times when the infinitely vivacious and dramatically democratic personality of Colonel Roosevelt was the subject of discussion. Mr. Ingraham was not one of those who surrendered to the allurements of the leadership of his great contemporary. It used to seem that some more stately and older life than that of our bustling Republic had produced the fine mellowness and the hearty erudition of Mr. Ingraham. And all the while he was giving something memorable to those about him. One of my last memories of him has to do with a reception given to Judge George G. Reynolds. Tribute after tribute was paid to the aged jurist that night. It was good to his friends to listen to all the glowing words. But through the evening I kept watching the face of Mr. Ingraham. It was a wonderful night for him. A friend whom he dearly loved was receiving appreciation which he highly merited. And as he listened the face of Mr. Ingraham was quite shining with happiness. It was perhaps his last appearance at a public gathering. For in a few days came the sudden attack which he himself had foreseen and for which he was quietly waiting in these last years to lighten with the gold of the setting sun.

The second of the four men was Judge Reynolds, of whom I have just spoken. He was over ninety years of age when I first met him. And he was the very youngest of the wonderful old men whom I have known. He dined out a good deal. I often met him at the Ingraham home. And it was always a favor if one was allowed to sit near to him. His body was quite incidental. The really important matter was the fresh and vigorous and vital mind of him.

I know only from others of the legal triumphs of Judge Reynolds and of his career as an able and wise jurist. But I can well understand how that mind, with its habit of brushing aside the incidental and coming to the heart of things, must have made for the effective and convincing exposition of the merits of any case

which he was discussing. And it is easy to feel the quality of just and adequate perspective which his very presence would bring into a court room as he presided on the bench. His mind had a crystal clearness which caused any idea with which he was dealing to stand out with a certain sharpness. He spoke with simplicity, and he was always more than modest even in his methods of expression. But the prolonged discipline of his mental life, and the habit of seeing steadily and clearly and of speaking with precision were expressed by him quite unconsciously all the while. He was constantly interested in the things about which other people were thinking. He sought the society of young people. As time passed on and many of his contemporaries passed out of this life's activities, with no disloyalty to them he kept forming new ties. If he could have lived several hundred years he would never have outlived his friends because he was always making new ones. Toward the very end of his life he wrote a carefully prepared speech for a certain occasion of importance. When the night came he was so deeply stirred that he put aside his soberly articulated address and made a speech warm with the inspiration of the occasion. Both speeches were published as illustrations of the vital mental energy of this wonderfully young old man. Judge Reynolds was a sort of incarnation of the fountain of perpetual youth. When the thought of old age comes to me I think of him a bit wistfully and wonder if I shall ever prove that I have learned even a little of his secret.

The third of the men of whom I am writing is Dr. William V. Kelley. This is the last article I am writing for the REVIEW before the meeting of the General Conference and if Dr. Kelley insists upon retiring it will be the last article I will contribute to the magazine while it is "his Review." There are some things which I want to say. I am trying to take every precaution to prevent this article from coming under his eyes before it is printed. If he sees it in proof I claim certain rights which he cannot ignore. The time has come when I have a right to have my say.

Before going to Summerfield I knew Dr. Kelley. Indeed he had written to me one of his individual and stimulating letters just by way of putting a bit of new light into a young man's eye. But

it was at Summerfield and in connection with the Ingraham circle that I came to know him in a really close and intimate fashion. He had a pew in Summerfield Church and it was always a notable day when his erect figure walked down the aisle and he took his place. He fell into the way of calling the preacher "my minister," a custom which continued long after the end of the Summerfield pastorate. The evenings when Dr. Kelley and Judge Reynolds and Mr. Ingraham were all together in the home in Clinton Avenue were times all glowing in one's memory. Dr. Kelley, essentially a Christian humanist, was sensitive in the most amazing fashion to the slightest shades of cadence in the music of a phrase. To him words have always been live things. And beauty is always near to him, a creature of sunlight and shimmering wings. We all know about his writings. We have long ago surrendered to the spell of his gift for trenchant and telling phrase, his sudden illuminating figures, the wealth of historical and literary allusion, the passion for truth and beauty, especially for that moral and spiritual beauty which is most remote and elusive of all. We know how he bends words like slaves or caresses them like old and dearly loved friends. He is on intimate terms with an immense number of words. They recognize his voice, and when he calls them they come. I am not sure that I should have used that figure of the slave driver. After all he is a shepherd of words, and he delights to lead them to green pastures and by still waters. But while all this is true of Dr. Kelley's writing if you want to see his mind at its best you must listen to his talk in a little circle of people whom he trusts and loves. Voice and words are wedded together. There is the flash of wit, the glow of gentle humor, the gleam of irony, there is the etching of an unforgettable picture with the strokes of a few effective words, there is altogether the revelation of a personality which has united the Hebrew love of righteousness and the Greek love of beauty in the bonds of harmonious and indissoluble wedlock. So it was in the hours at the home on Clinton Avenue. So it has been in many another spot. Probably no contemporary man of letters carries so much of the beauty of all the ages with him, the beauty expressed in immortal exquisite words.

The fourth of the men was Dr. James M. Buckley. He has been much in the minds of all and his passing has brought his whole career once more before us. Doubtless in full and adequate fashion the REVIEW will speak of him to its readers. But that more ample treatment leaves room for the words which I have to say about him in connection with the little circle of which I am now writing. He had been a pastor of Summerfield Church. The very year when I was appointed there, we spent the time of the meeting of the New York East Conference together at the home of the Hoyts in Stamford. It chanced that the host and his family were away—in Europe, I think—at the time. And as it happened we had a good many hours alone together. I remember that afterward in his mathematical way Dr. Buckley made a calculation as to how long a period of time of ordinary friendly meeting was really represented by those days of intensive companionship. As a matter of fact intensive is just the word I want. Dr. Buckley was considering the advisability of trusting me with the Sunday School Lesson Exposition page in the Advocate at which I had been working for a few weeks as a result of the suggestion of Dr. Joy. Before making a more permanent arrangement Dr. Buckley wanted to know what I thought about every subject concerning which I had any ideas at all. There were long walks alone. There were hours in the library of the Hoyt home. It was an examination conducted for a series of days. In the days which followed until his retirement from the Advocate there were many times of the most happy and intimate contact. He had very close relations with the circle of whom I have spoken. I remember with what vigorous phrases he expressed his admiration of the intellectual strength and philosophical grasp of the lady who presided in the home on Clinton Avenue. He came to Brooklyn to utter his own word on the day when we gathered about the silent form of the master of the Brooklyn house, and he was always keenly alive to all the interests of the group for whom that home was a kind of Mecca. Dr. Buckley was living a growing mental life all the while. He told me of discussing problems of the historical criticism of the Old Testament with W. Robertson Smith. He added that he found that he agreed substantially with Smith's

position. Perhaps one may be permitted now to speak of one incident. I was greatly exercised over the attack which was being made upon Dr. McFarland, then the editor of the Sunday school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and very keen about helping him in some indirect way. I wrote an editorial on the subject "Freshmen Entering a New World," and in discussing the problems of the college student in relation to the Bible vigorously supported the general position which Dr. McFarland had taken without mentioning him by name. Dr. Buckley was interested in the editorial and sympathized with its purpose. He went over it, revamped it by putting in a number of his own characteristic phrases, but leaving the essential meaning quite intact. When the editorial appeared Mrs. Ingraham disconcerted me a little by saying: "That editorial sounds like you." Somehow I managed to escape confession. Dr. McFarland promptly took advantage of the editorial, though he knew nothing of its origin, and republished it in one of the Sunday school periodicals.

Probably the thing about Dr. Buckley least suspected by those who did not know him intimately was the warmth of his affection. We all knew the keen edge of his sword and his friends were never sure of escaping its blade. I shall never forget the vigor with which he dissected a speech of mine in the New York preachers' meeting. I had claimed that the big moral fights come while people are young, hence the importance of youth. Dr. Buckley produced what seemed masses of facts and figures to prove that very often people are respectable until they are middle aged or old and then comes the pressure of terrible temptation and they go down. After quite submerging me beneath his caustic criticism he went off to lunch with me and we had a splendid hour together. Many of the ministers who live about New York must remember one of his most terrible pieces of verbal surgery when he rose to move a vote of thanks regarding the address of a distinguished contemporary whose theological position he thoroughly distrusted. The words in which he couched his motion constituted a scathing criticism of the position of the speaker and it was all done with such silken gentleness that the irony was the more deadly. The secret of Dr. Buckley's own position was in the fact that he knew

the meaning of evangelical religion as a matter of personal experience, and he insisted that all which he accepted and made his own must come to a harmonious relationship with that fundamental fact. One of the memories I particularly cherish is of a night when we were alone together and he quoted to me, with a voice full of the deepest quality of response, a poem which had appealed to him. The keen debater and the adroit parliamentarian seemed far away that night. He was ready to put himself out in an unusual fashion to be of service to a young man. And one soon learned that a very kind heart was back of his sharp blade.

Other men are associated in my mind with the circle of whom I have spoken. All of the four had profound connections with Wesleyan University, in fact all four were trustees. And Mr. Ingraham had a particularly warm admiration for men of the Middletown circle like Professor Van Vleck, Professor Rice, Professor Winchester, and President Raymond. But this larger group is outside the range of this article and was known to me in no such intimate fashion. The thing which impresses me as I look back upon the happy days when I received so much from these men is just the fact that they were all Methodists and in a notable sense represented the finest culture which our ecclesiastical type has produced in America.

Always in the background of the group was a benign and noble figure. I came within the life of the circle too late to know him, but often in the Ingraham home I would find myself looking up at the portrait of Bishop Andrews and feeling that he was a part of the finely urbane life there represented. His presence was still felt although he had gone with high indomitable spirit on the great adventure. What a debt we all owe to the whole group. And how needful it is that we keep burning the torches they gave us. Christian humanism must not be allowed to perish from the Methodist Episcopal Church. That is only another way of saying that in the noblest way this church must serve the world.

Lynn Harold Strong

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

"And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing; and he saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard." Matthew 20. 6, 7.

HIS real name was Bachiya, a name that brings a smile to any one who knows the meaning of the word. He was Bachiya as a boy of the village, Bachiya when he was married, and Bachiya till the white hairs took possession of the black in his hair and beard. Then suddenly they changed his name from Bachiya to Buddha—almost in a day he passed from "calf" to "old man." But somehow between the calf and the old man there had been left out for him that period when he should have been recognized as "man"—plain man, having a man's native rights and a man's dignities.

The village was not entirely to blame for this great neglect. How should a village of India know that a *bhangi* (sweeper, scavenger) had any rights or dignities? No one in its hearing had ever preached so radical a doctrine. If the wise men of the village knew nothing of "man created free and equal," how could you expect Bachiya himself or any of his fellows to suspect so wonderful a thing? In fact, Bachiya was honored by his name, for it glorified his low estate. To be called a female calf was to be called by something very high and holy, something destined to grow into the sacred cow which two thirds of India worships. So far above a man is a female calf in India!

There was nothing high or holy about Bachiya. You needed but to look into his face to be assured as to that. He was but a lump of sticky clay; there were no signs of any potter's hand upon him. No great experience had ever swung him round upon its wheel. No Creator had ever tried to create anything out of Bachiya except bare hands to pick up cow-dung off the village ways and bare legs to carry it to his home, there to shape it into fuel to cook his meager food.

And now Bachiya had become an old man. If in the cow-dung Bachiya had failed to find a soul for himself, surely Buddha, the old man, with his dim eyes, could never see it, or with his trembling fingers lift it out! If eleven hours had given no vision at all, what chance was there that the twelfth hour would prove an apocalypse?

So it was that day the Master of the village walked into its

market place. Evidently he had not been there before, for no one recognized him, neither *pandits*, nor landlords, nor merchants. Of course the sweepers did not even know that villages have masters.

The Master walked into the market place and stood before the booth of the grain merchant. Madho, the *banya* (grain merchant), had opened his sacks and tipped them till they spilled their contents in display upon the ground. The Master, being high caste, freely put his fingers into the *dal* and *chana*, the *bajra* and *juar*, the *dhan* and *chawal*.

"To whom belong these?" asked the Master.

There was something impressive about his manner and his voice, and the *banya* looked hard at him, ere he replied with a respectful smile:

"To you—when you have paid the price."

"You have spoken truth, *banya ji*," and the Master smiled in turn, "I have already paid the price—a heavy one—for these—and you."

Madho raised his head in great surprise—

"For me? Go I with my wares, stranger?" And he laughed at the Master standing there.

"It is the rule, *Banya ji*. Men and their wealth ever travel the same road. I would have you with your wares." The Master looked into the eyes of the grain merchant.

"For what?" asked Madho. He was nervously fingering his knitted money bag.

"For the *Raj* (kingdom) of Honest-dealing and Pity-for-the hungry."

"What do I get from the bargain?" Madho asked quizzically.

"You get honest-dealing and pity in return," answered the Master.

"Your words are soft and have a pleasant sound," said Madho. "I will consider them." He sat in meditation, while the Master watched him there. Then a thought came to his mind—he lifted his bag of silver rupees, jingled it, undid its strings, and poured its contents into his palm. Carefully selecting the brightest coin, he held it up as he spoke:

"Stranger, *banyas* are men that look closely to their bargains. You make me one offer, my money-bags make me another. We always test by touch and sound. I have felt the touch of your words. They are soft and the sound is sweet. This shining rupee is hard; let me hear its voice ere I decide. Speak, silver!"

He flipped the rupee into the air. It turned over and over with a ringing sound, then fell heavily on the brick floor.

Madho picked it up and closed his eyes in deep concentration ere he said:

"Stranger, the heavier is the better bargain. The sound of the rupee has better tone than the sound of your words. I keep to the money-bag." So saying he turned abruptly to a customer who was about to ask the day's market price of flour.

The Master passed on and came to the village letter writer, the "*pandit*," as he was called with all reverence. He was the one man who could read and write in all that village. Sitting on his haunches he was writing a letter from dictation. The coarse *badami* (almond-colored) paper rested upon a wooden slate on his knee and the reed pen, cut obliquely at the point, scratched out its message in purple ink and *Nagri* character. From below his little round woolen cap, mouse-gray in color, the end of the sacred lock of hair could be plainly seen. The Master stood watching him as he folded the letter, addressed it, and handed it to be posted as it was (for what does a village know of postage stamps? Let the man who receives the letter pay for it). The *Pandit* laid down his slate, picked up his book, and began to chant to himself from the *Puranas*. The Master drew near:

"*Pandit ji*, I have a letter I would have you write," and he sat down opposite, face looking into face.

"Back! Not too close! I know not your caste," the *Pandit* spoke, stirring the purple ink with the reed pen.

"I am high-born," said the Master, and kept his place.

The *Pandit* took a fresh sheet and rapidly filled in the usual introduction of greeting and assurance that all was well with the writer and of hope that such was also the case with him who was addressed. When he came to the "*Ziyada hal*"—the "further news"—he cleared his throat and was ready for the Master:

"Speak! What would you say in the letter?" asked the *Pandit*.

"Write!" said the Master, eyeing him closely. "Write: 'I know that the *Raj* (kingdom) needs men who can read and write and teach so that the countless *lakhs* (a hundred thousand) of ignorant and foolish in India may learn the truth that will set them free.'"

"To whom are you writing this?" asked the *Pandit*, looking up in great surprise.

"To the *Maharaja adhiraja* (Great King) who governs the realm of Truth. Write further."

The *Pandit* wrote as in a dream—

"I am therefore enlisting for this service the *Pandit* of this village, who—"

"Hold!" cried the *Pandit* as he stuck his pen across his ear, and put the cork into the glazed ink-pot. "The realm of Truth is in the *Shastras* (Hindu sacred scriptures) and the *Shastras* are for high-caste men. We live off Truth. How much living would we have if we shared Truth with the horde? How many letters would I write if these villagers wrote for themselves?"

"You have narrowed Truth over much, *Pandit ji*," said the Master. "It is wide enough to feed all men, with its great stretches of irrigated land lying along deep rivers. You have made it a land of shallow wells, which only the few can work."

"I know it as the fathers have left it to us," and the *Pandit's* features were distorted as he spoke. "Cursed is he who destroys the heritage of our fathers, who lifts the boundary-stones of their fields of knowledge!"

So saying he tore what he had been writing into tiny shreds and threw them into the Master's face, not knowing nor caring to know who He was.

So the Master rose and came into the courtyard of the *Zamindar* (landlord and landowner), which abutted on the market-place. The *Zamindar* was idle that morning, having the day before made the inspection of his fields. He was reclining on his hemp-woven bamboo cot, the great *hookah* (Turkish pipe) with polished brass base and long stem beside him. His little daughter, *Jamniya*, had just filled the pipe with water to cool the smoke and the clay bowl with lighted charcoal and black tobacco. The *Zamindar* puffed the cool smoke in long and gurgling draughts. He was thinking of the *Kharif* (autumn) harvest, almost ripe for the cutting, and of his son, who had gone that morning to the city for twenty new sickles, so great was the yield that autumn.

The Master stood in the doorway. The *Zamindar* rose and welcomed him as a stranger, seating him on the cot, and lifting the clay bowl from his *hookah* passed it to him to smoke. The Master but touched it with his hand and the *Zamindar* returned it to its place. *Jamniya* was ordered to prepare and bring the *pan* (a spicy condiment). Together the two men sat on the cot.

"I have been in your market-place, *Zamindar sahib*, looking for

helpers to aid me in my task, but I have found no one. So I came to you."

"The *Maharaj* is——" and the *Zamindar* looked questioningly into the Master's face.

"A *Zamindar*," said the Master.

"How many *bighas*?" (a half acre) asked the *Zamindar*.

"A very great many. I am the largest landholder in these parts," answered the Master.

The *Zamindar* rose, bowed in great respect, and ordered *Jamniya* to make haste with the *pan*. He drew up another *khattiya* and placed it some distance from the Master before he sat upon it. Then he apologized in great humility—

"The *Maharaj* will understand that laborers are very few."

"I understand it," answered the Master.

"And that the harvest this year is *very great*."

"I understand it," answered the Master. "It bends heavily for the cutting, field after field. I have therefore come to you."

The *Zamindar's* own necessity struggled with his politeness before he answered by way of compromise—

"I might send three or four—"

"And come yourself," spake the Master.

"I?" said the *Zamindar*, as if struck a blow. "I have my own sickles to watch and my own oxen who tread the grain. I must see myself to the winnowing and the doing into sacks, or there will be carelessness and loss. What strength or time have I for the *Maharaj's* fields?"

"You can reap my fields even while you reap your own," said the Master, and for a long time he spoke of fields of kindness to the lowly, of justice to the poor who rented from him, and of great generosity to the outcastes who lived within his village.

"The *Maharaj* does not understand," answered the *Zamindar*. "I must leave wealth to my son. As I received the estate so must I pass it on. The *Maharaj* will forgive me if I heed not all his precepts."

So saying he conducted the Master with great politeness to the edge of the village, and left Him there.

Now *Bachiya* lived at the edge of the village. *Bhangis* never live anywhere else. It was the sunset hour by now. The sun was low and the sky glowed in the west behind the row of babool trees that fringed the distant river. *Bachiya* was kneading fuel cakes of clay and dung

and straw, and his naked little grandson played beside him. At a stone-throw's distance, their baskets thrown down, the women could be heard chattering together in empty talk. They were surprised to see a stranger stop and sit down before Bachiya. The little group of three was somehow framed in the glory of the sunset. The chatter ceased in wonder at the sight—

"Knows he not that the old man is a *Bhangi*?" whispered one woman to the rest.

The old man had not seen or heard the stranger, for his sight was dim and his hearing, as he put it, was "high." The boy had run to his grandfather and with his arms about the old man's neck was clinging to him and staring at the stranger. It was really to the boy that Bachiya spoke so roughly—

"*Hat!* Away! See you not that I am in the *gobar* (cow-dung)? Why do you draw so near?" He shook off the boy and in doing so saw the Master. Then he was overwhelmed.

"It was not to you, *Maharaj*, but to the boy," he said, with folded hands. Then he moved back. "My shadow is upon you—"

"Your shadow has been long upon me," said the Master, "longer than you know."

"Have you been sitting here so long? I did not know it," said the old man, trembling.

"Your shadow is still upon me," said the Master.

Bachiya moved farther and farther back.

"Shadows are long in the evening hour—I forgot."

"Stop," said the Master. "Your shadow will never lift from me till the morning comes and the shadows fall the other way."

"The morning. The morning." It was clear that Bachiya did not comprehend.

"There is less than an hour until darkness," said the Master. "I have been seeking laborers in your village this day. They have all failed me. Old man, give me your strength for an hour's toil—"

"My weakness, *Maharaj*." The old man's face was softening.

"Call it what you will," said the Master.

"And the task?" asked Bachiya. "I am but a *Bhangi*."

"To live among the *Bhangis*," said the Master.

"Doing what?" asked Bachiya. His face was puzzled and yet eager. The small grandson looked from one to the other in wonder at them both. "What would the *Maharaj* have me do among the *Bhangis*?"

"To turn their faces toward the morning," answered the Master.

"I do not understand. I have never seen it done."

"I will show you," said the Master. He rose and motioned Bachiya to draw near. The *Bhangi* hesitated.

"Sit here at my feet, where I can touch you." The Master spoke firmly, but with great tenderness.

Bachiya obeyed, though greatly puzzled.

"Lift up your face and look into my eyes."

The little grandson saw the glow of the western sky in the face of the Master and so did Bachiya. The Master laid his hand upon the forehead of the Untouchable as He spoke:

"That you may understand the better what you are sent to do, lo, I put the morning in your heart!"

That night when the women asked him why his countenance was shining Bachiya made them strange answer:

"It is the light of the new morning mirrored into my heart by the Master of the village."

Oscar Macmillan Buck.

CHRISTIAN AMERICANIZATION

THE transpiring world events, so vital to American democracy as well as to world-wide democracy, have caused our government to realize that it had not only been slow, but was actually painfully guilty of a great and unpardonable neglect in that it had not utilized every available means and opportunity for Americanizing the millions of men and women that had flocked to these shores. In a word, America woke up one morning after she had entered the world war and discovered to her great surprise that there were two Americas, quite as distinct as the America of the North and the America of the South, if not more so. She faced the stern reality of the "Old America" and the "New America"; the American citizen and the alien. These aliens are here in large numbers, mostly in our leading cities and manufacturing centers, herded together so that every great American city has its "Little Italy," its "Chinatown," its "Berlin Center," its "Polish Settlement," its "Russian Locality," etc. At any religious, educational or social gathering in the betterment of the conditions of our cities you will hear the leaders of these great movements speaking in the above terms, giving the exact location and drawing the boundary lines, in these "towns and cities" within cities.

We had come to look upon these aliens as the American "beast of burden." If they chose to take out their naturalization papers to become citizens, well and good; there would be just that many more for the debauched politician to exploit. If here and there among their number one or more came to understand the larger and purer meaning of American citizenship it was due to the merest accident. No great, profound and concerted effort had been made to either teach these aliens the deep meaning of the fundamental principles of our government or to weld them into our body politic "in a spirit of understanding and a bond of true national fellowship." In this we were sinfully negligent. The world war has called America from her peaceful slumbers, in this respect, to the burning necessity of uniting the different and

various nationalities assembled here in the spirit of enlightened understanding and in a federation of true national fellowship. America will either make of these aliens within her gates new and true American citizens or they will Europeanize America. The day has gone forever when there is room for German-Americans, Italian-Americans, French-Americans, English-Americans, Japanese-Americans, etc. There must be no foreign alliances in this democratic country, for such are dangerous potential evils. We bid a hearty welcome to all races who come seeking justice, liberty, and freedom, provided they are willing to forever renounce the bondage from which they flee and will earnestly seek to become loyal and patriotic citizens of America. There is room in America to-day for none but one hundred per cent Americans. If this war shall ultimately unite—in a fundamental sympathy, in actual union, and in profound fellowship—the many aliens within our borders and the American citizens, making one United States of America, "indivisible, with liberty and justice for all," it will be well worth its cost. But the responsibility of America does not end with her efforts to teach these aliens the hard and cold facts about her democratic form of government. They must be taught the real, deep meaning of American citizenship. In the doing of this we are doing much, but it is not enough. We may make the best use of the means and opportunities to convert alien Americans into true Americans, and yet this is not sufficient. We may utilize our public schools, form classes for country-wide effort to teach English and citizenship, but we must do more. We may have our "Americanization Information Bureau," our "Americanization Study Classes," all of which would be going far toward the ultimate goal, only it is not far enough.

Fundamentally, at heart, America is Christian. To be sure, much remains to be done before all Americans are Christians. The low valleys of our social degradations must be exalted. The high places of our industrial life, the distance between the employer and the employee, must be lessened. The crooked places in our political life must be straightened, and the rough places of our commercial life must be planed and made smooth. O, there is plenty to do yet before all Americans are Christians, but in the

great, true, fundamental sense America is Christian. So that if she teaches these aliens only the principles of her republican form of government, and the meaning of American citizenship, she has not only failed, but she has most miserably failed. America believes in the reality of a living God. She recognizes his boundless mercies; she trusts his unfailing love; she has faith in his eternal goodness toward all men; she longs for and confidently expects the ultimate brotherhood of mankind. Witness the Pilgrim Fathers upon their knees pouring out thanksgiving to this living, loving God and kind heavenly Father, and throughout the years from that time to the present moment. It is upon this rock that America has builded, and it is upon this rock that her safety and her future depend. Therefore, she must teach these aliens to be Christian Americans. A very large per cent of these people suddenly plunged into the freedom of American liberty, remembering the exploitation of the old Catholic Church, and judging all Churches from their knowledge of this former treatment, have lost their way to God. They have fallen into atheism, skepticism, and unbelief. It is impossible to teach them the great, deep meaning of American citizenship without teaching them the real, actual and abiding love of an Almighty God to whom America lifts her heart in prayer and service. Along with the great task of prosecuting the work is this other great task of teaching these aliens the immortal meaning of Christian Americanization. How may this be done?

First, by realizing that these peoples are human beings. This has not always been true. Too often we have looked upon them as "dagos," "hunkies," "guineas," "pigtails," etc. They have no such names as Frank, John, and George, or Mary, Martha, and Elizabeth. They go by numbers. If something goes wrong where they work, or if they are missed, it is always "number so and so"; and in this system there is a two-fold evil. First it depreciates their valuation of themselves and distracts from our sense of responsibility toward them. They have been herded together just as so much working power and force. How can we ever hope to get into their lives, secure their sympathy and get their good will so long as these conditions prevail? They must be looked upon

as members of the human family, having their likes and dislikes, their good qualities and their bad qualities, capable of suffering and rejoicing, with capacities for good or evil, and having almost unlimited possibilities of development. Tersely stated, they are just folks like ourselves. If we meet them on this basis they will meet us. Their hearts, minds and lives will be open to the true teachings of Christian Americanization. Anything less than this will alienate them from us, make them suspicious of us, and will cause them to hate us. O Christian America, these aliens are human beings; deal with them as such, so that they will become true American citizens.

Second, by believing their lives are worth saving here in America as they are in Europe. It is so strikingly strange that this great Christian country of ours will send her thousands, her tens of thousands, and her millions of money to educate, to train and to Christianize these peoples in foreign lands, and then fail to see what she might and ought to do for them as they flock to our shores. It might be here—as in some other realms—"Distance lends enchantment." Indeed we must come to feel that it is infinitely worth while to save them or else be forever self-condemned for an unpardonable neglect. Soup kitchens, bread lines, doling out charity, and the like, will never win these people. They can see through it and back of it all. What is needed is that we recognize their true value and worth, and that we seek to free them from their false teachings and the yoke which was bound about them so tightly in the lands from which they came. For the sake of our own fair land, for the sake of the future generations, for the sake of perpetuating democracy, for the sake of these folks themselves, and for the coming Kingdom's sake, America must understand the ever-increasing value of these aliens, and set herself steadfastly to the task of saving them to Christian citizenship.

Third, we must appreciate the fact that these aliens are precious in the sight of God. No one is more painfully aware than I of the fact that a very large number of them believe in no "God." However, they are so thoroughly and morally honest about it that one cannot help but appreciate their doubts and sympathize with them. When we remember how they were exploited in the old

country—many of them even robbed of all they had to bury some dear one, as I have many times been told; how they eked out a mere existence because of such small pay for their labor, how they had very little, if anything, to say in the making of the laws and the prosecution of their government—then we can appreciate their deep feeling when freed from all these fetters. No wonder they lost their way to God, no wonder, when they tasted of the "Tree of Life" in America, then thought of the erroneous teaching of God and God's dealings with them, that they wanted nothing to do with such a God. They are not to be condemned for this; rather are they to be pitied, respected and appreciated in their lost condition. Though they do disbelieve they are none the less God's sons and daughters. Christian America! Shall we stand afar off and despise even the least of these who have become bewildered and confused in their thinking about God? Woe be unto us if we be guilty of placing a stumbling-block in their way back to their Father in Heaven. These are the "other sheep." They have been wandering; they have been straying; they have lost their way, but they are still members of the Great Shepherd's flock, as precious and as dear to the heart of the Shepherd and as valuable as any of us. But do we always act as if this were true? What little has been done has been most shamefully done. We keep them by themselves in work, in school, in church, and in play. Yet all of them are God's children, most precious in his sight. He has not lost confidence in them, nor is he weary and impatient toward them. If these aliens, who are precious in his sight, are to be made into good American citizens they must be brought into citizenship by the way of God. Let us unceasingly remember that our efforts will all be in vain except we have a Christian Americanization.

Elmo Pearce

THE ROMANCE OF PASTORAL WORK

MANY men have declared, and more have felt, and not without reason, that pastoral work is drudgery; it is more wearing upon body and mind than the preparation and delivery of sermons, as attested by writers and workers.

Some have maintained that it is a wasteful expenditure of time that might be better employed, as indeed much of it is, particularly if there be no purpose in it, or if it be used for gossip, trifling, or worldly conversation, or for merely social calling. The distinguished minister of an American city no doubt had this in mind when he said, "Much of the pastoral work we do is a wicked waste of time."

Still others have entirely ignored it as a factor in Christian ministry; such an attitude is wholly inexcusable; they regard pastoral work as a necessary employment fit for those alone who need to create a constituency willing to wait upon their pulpit ministrations. They look upon men who do much pastoral work as incapable of securing a following through any merit of sermon structure or delivery; they estimate such to be of smaller intellectual caliber than themselves. They fail to note that pulpit popularity without pastoral fidelity is often achieved by men who by attention to the latter might add infinitely to the degree of their acceptability and to its spirit in the more tender and human notes they would thereby learn to sound.

Such men fail to discern also the signs of the times. Examples are not wanting of brilliant preachers who have lost the hearts of their people, and to whom no new hearts have opened—men who would have prolonged an acceptable ministry for many years had they not forgotten that they were also "shepherds of the flock."

The famous Chalmers was strictly accurate when he declared that "a house-going ministry makes a church-going people." Its reverse is likewise true, "A house-neglecting ministry makes a church-neglecting people."

Pastoral neglect, even by those of conspicuous attainments and devotion, has often resulted in the loss of many auditors and members; congregations have been depleted and communities have turned from us and against us as a result.

In a six years' district superintendency, the writer found many of our people estranged; their children were being baptized by ministers of other denominations, their dead buried not by their own ministers, and they who had been reared among us were now antagonistic to our work and no longer open to our appeal. Entire neighborhoods, where for years Methodism was glorious in her strength, and where our ministers were exceptional in their pulpit abilities, were found estranged, and often in revolt against us. In those places we have declined, and are now at lowest ebb; at the same time other denominations have grown into prominence, and largely by the defection of our own people.

In seeking to diagnose the situation it was not found that there had been in other churches better preachers than we sent to ours; it was ascertained that there were better pastors. This article does not contend for pastors who forget that they are preachers; it does ask for preachers, and for the best, who will remember that they are also called to function as pastors. We plead for the preacher-pastor. Said one who was eminent in both, "I once reported two thousand visits for the year, and then promised the Lord I would never do it again if he would forgive me. For fear I will find that I do not stand well with him, I do not now tabulate what I do." He was saying that it was tiresome work, and only those who, like him, have toiled by day and night know how utterly wearing it is, and how, "clean forespent," one sinks down in sheer exhaustion after hours of such outlay; he was also saying that it was too meaningful to him and to his church to be ignored—however much the drudgery involved, and however many the pledges he made himself to do less. Can one be surprised to learn that he is preacher to more folks on each returning Sabbath day than is any other man in his great city? This vigorous plodder brings men and women, not to speak of little children, into his church in full hundred groups. Masses come to hear him preach, for he is unexcelled in preaching; many come to

join his church because he has sought them out and won them to his Lord. He does not know—nor can any say—which kind of labor yields him the larger returns.

Pastoral activity being so vital and yet so arduous, depleting as it does one's physical and mental energies, but incessantly alluring him to perform it, the writer devised a plan to force himself to do what he knows he should do, and yet what he always shrinks from doing. Many of his friends have followed and praised his plan and thankfully declared that it put system and ease into that which before had been so difficult to carry on. The plan is a "minimum, plus, plan." One must decide what the minimum daily task shall be and live up to that in spite of anything and everything. The aggregate result in the course of a year is always surprising to those who begin in this simple manner. Many who were wholly negligent have been transformed into real pastors by adopting the method. Let the daily minimum be, say, three visits; add to this whatever more can be done. If special calls force one away from the day's quota, the missed number must be added to the second day's obligation; if the second day is without pastoral work, as often it must be, upon the third day he will demand of himself that he shall make at least nine calls and more, if at all possible. He can never absolve himself from the minimum requirement, and though one will seldom visit seven days a week, one must perform seven times his minimum task per week.

So that the minimum may not satisfy us. If ten visits are made on Monday it must not be said, "That absolves me for three full days." Each day's task is a new beginning with its minimum requirement, unless the day begins with arrearages. That is to say, ten visits on Monday leaves one with three calls to be made for six remaining days, so that the minimum shall not prove to be the maximum. If on Tuesday six visits are made, Wednesday will still call for its three, and to the week's end it must be so; three visits for each new day, whatever more than that shall have been accomplished on previous days, is the insistent practice. Thus, the minimum requirement fully adhered to will, in the course of a year, total over 1,000 visits. What more has been accomplished

on days of special activity, when one has gone beyond his minimum, will add a few hundred more; the year will thus total 1,200 to 1,500 pastoral calls. Who can measure its meaning to the church?

So much for the contention from the standpoint of the church. This paper undertakes, however, to present the worth of pastoral visitation from the standpoint of the preacher's returns. It has already been indicated that the ease with which we hold our people is determined in some measure by our interest in them in their homes.

It is now to be shown that this is the least part of what we gain.

In pastoral work there are elements of real adventure if one's imagination be at all quickened. Here fiction is found outfictioned. There are surprising incidents, exhilarating experiences, unusual portrayal, great fun. A child of eight years, in her parents' parlor, talked with the pastor of the family. "Do you know what Ruth says?" asked the minister, when the father entered. She was to join the church the next Sunday; her brother a few years before had done so at seven years of age. "Ruth says that brother has beaten her a year; and she has lost a year." What will not a vivid imagination picture in an incident like that! A career for God with fruitage in largest measure, regaining the lost year, if lost it was, and crowding many years to come with intensified service, it may be at home or beyond seas. Who seeks story and plot and dénouement finds it here in embryo. Were nothing more to eventuate from a day's work, would not that rich experience fully justify the expenditure of whatever was the outlay in time and energy, and can one suppose the enriched minister would willingly eliminate its memory from his life?

The last year of high school had been half way spent when typhoid seized a fair young girl; hopes had fled; graduation must be postponed. A family, after heroic sacrifice, has lost out; can another year be given to this course? The minister calls; the mother tells with joy that the school authorities have sent word saying, "We would graduate you if you never recited again." What joy pastor and mother share together in the recital, and what

a prayer of thanksgiving is poured out to God in those few moments of Christian fellowship together! Then, convalescence, and the honor-roll, and offered position in government employ with salary alluring at the moment. The offer is refused, for the girl's dream is that she will teach printing (how strange and almost romantic!) in the vocational school. So, for vacation time, at lower compensation and at consequent sacrifice, she enters the printing office and learns to run the press, that out of her practical experience she might, with better equipment, enter the higher technical school when fall shall come. That conversation has been a stimulating memory through months to the pastor, who understands the mother and the daughter and the home, and who with them dreams their dreams.

With what wistfulness, with what forebodings of positive occurrences does the pastor hear the soldier's mother talk of France, and whether the son will indeed return; and how God's will must be wrought out in her own life and for her boy, and by him and other boys for God's world. Was not that of the essence of romance and religion and all good things?

When the mother of nine children died and the aunt with her own two little ones came to care for eleven, and told of her joy in this new service, the preacher's emotions were greatly enriched. When a husband passed away, and there were eight little ones and no funds, and friends said, "Farm the children out," and years had passed away, and with a Madonna face, now chastened by the years and God's goodness, the Christian woman told the pastor how the Heavenly Father had helped her hold her little ones in her own arms and home, and how loving and being loved by the church had wrought her to triumph, the man of God found glee and glory. Who would, or ought, miss such hours of hilarious and yet sanctified joy?

When the strong man who for fifty-three years held the engine's throttle and carried thousands to their destinations, and boasted that there had been no mishap with his train in all those years, now, in retirement, knitted lace for children and women whom he loved, and gossiped of lace, and engines, and wrecks, and people great and small, did not the pastor peruse in a few

moments many books? What pageantry went by in the few talks in that home!

When in a back yard, for the young railroad man was shy and sought escape from the visitor, the pastor found one who was not a churchman and won his heart and heard his story, how strange it all appeared; and how good men who were apparently unconcerned seemed, out in their own great world, unchurched. What fine sentiments throb in that other world where we do not live; and how unjust to them and to ourselves we are if, it being within our power, we do not come to know them as they are. This was gleaned in that conversation: A bunch of men on a good Sabbath day, while at their work, found their consciences alive and questioned among themselves whether they should be willing to "carry on" for anyone in defiance of God's law for his own day.

"It must be done by someone," was their conclusion. "If we do not do it (not, we will lose our places; that they would not consider; it were too low a motive), we will make others do it for us. Will we not then be 'slackers'?" Their conclusion was reached because they felt that the world's work in their kind of toil must go forward unceasingly. The minister went away full of thought, asking himself whether, after all, this was a worldly set of men, and whether he had not heard a genuinely true dissertation upon the Golden Rule—even if a new view of its import. That man who refuses to make other men do what he feels he ought not do is elementally great; and the church of God owes him attention and ministry, even if he never be found within the portals of the meeting house.

It may be wondered whether we are not under obligation to many groups of men who in no sense have been able or willing to put themselves under our teaching. Could we quiet a bit or much of the unrest of this turbulent world by a personal ministry to men, through which they would come to know us and the real heart of the Christian Church? Might we not thus discover, as we do not now know, their wondrous worth and even exalted ideals?

The preacher must possess and cultivate his imagination; only in this way can his creative power be quickened; no man is under so great necessity as he that there shall be power to create; not that

he is to find a new gospel; he is to find new ways to present old truths; and he is to find new methods of approach to hearts; he is to set forth current cases indicating that his gospel is not only old, but that it is vital to-day. There need be no variety in the lawyer's brief, the physician's prescription or the scientist's formula; but the minister is under constant necessity to do old things in new ways. "Then said (Jesus) unto them, Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Fiction that deals with human nature, poetry, current events, will all aid him in inventiveness; but what will so much feed the preacher's fancy as that which he brings back day by day from his pastoral quests? He has come home to-day with items trivial in themselves, perchance, but potent in teaching power.

One woman has told of her husband's constant advance in salary until it was several hundred dollars per month. "I give twenty cents a week to the church. Don't you think that's enough for me?" A second, miffed by some inattention, meaningless in itself, had given information that she would decrease her contributions. A third would entirely discontinue church support. That minister, without personalities, could find it easy and profitable to preach upon the systematic support of God's work. Out of such a day's findings he would produce and deliver a message so vibrant with life, and so unctuous with the Holy Spirit that folks would feel it to be a living message from a heart alive, and they would not know why it was either so terse or so tender.

A motorman, sick unto death, never attentive to church, to whom the minister had gone several times, not without doubts as to the acceptability of his calls, said as the preacher was about to leave, "Can't you stay a little longer?" "Do you want me to stay?" was the reply. "Yes, I like to hear you talk," he said. Now, as the conversation had always turned upon things of the Spirit, there came to the pastor great visions of the trophy he was about to win. He did stay, and returned again and again, and before the young fellow went out into the spirit world he had been led to Christ.

An old man, unfriended and unchurched, rose, and with almost kingly gesture, said: "I thank you for the courtesy you have done me in calling." That almost broke the preacher's heart; it at least opened up the depths of his nature and stirred him profoundly.

When the pastor returns from hours freighted with such experiences, and then turns preacher and handles some great text, in the light of such memories, mind and heart are aglow to whitened heat, and he builds by the Spirit's aid a discourse that in vividness of portrayal makes folks feel deeply, as the preacher has felt in his preparation, and as he now feels in the delivery of the Word.

When prayer was offered for the recovery to health of a little boy, and the pastor had in mind the glory of God in authenticating himself in some present-day way to the indifferent parents, he was conscious of God's presence and positive of the outcome. And he knew the passion and glory of Moses on that day when for Jehovah's honor he prayed that God would not blot his people out. Nor was the minister at all surprised when the parents' hearts opened for the Saviour's entrance.

And what shall be said of fun? The rapid changes of scene from house to house are like unto the "movies." They make one laugh or cry or wonder. "How are you to-day, sister?" "Oh, I'm all right now, except the 'brown-keeters' and the 'asme' and the 'cat-r.'" Why, the preacher was so convulsed that he had to tell something humorous that he might appear to furnish the cause of his own unrestricted laughter.

"Them's white cuffs, ain't they?" said a boy in one home, as he glanced at the preacher's linen. "My neighbor is like 'sparklets,'" said a good woman, alluding to that species of fireworks so denominated, "and I dare you to go in," she added. He went, and though he did not win he enjoyed laughter that, like medicine, was good for his soul that day.

Has not the recital of some tender passage from a life brought tears as the pastor entered into a fellowship of fullest feeling with a home? Or, as he has gone where grief sat heavily upon his parishioners, has he not become one with them as his own grief mingled with their own?

One man, not of the church, and ignorant of its ways, was so elated by the preacher's visit to his home that he narrated how in his business he made a full hundred calls a day; he thought the preacher ought to do as much; folks needed him; out of pure philanthropy this man with a new vision offered his auto for certain days to put the parson through a like pace. Was he not also in veiled fashion teaching a lesson in highest efficiency? The minister went away at least wondering why a salesman should be equipped to do so much per day, while he, on foot, could do so small a piece of work; he dreamed of official boards and modern methods, of facilities and upkeep, and hoped, with his passion to do his best, there might come a day when those who ought to do so might give him straw with which to make his brick.

We should persuade ourselves that this part of our ministry is essential, and then by the plan herein suggested, or by some other that be better, begin, continue and never end our toil so long as we are given oversight for Christ in any field. We should recall our pledge that we will "visit from house to house." We should constantly recur in our thought to the great pastors who were also great preachers, not forgetting that our Master, the greatest of them all, said of himself, "I am the good shepherd."

A most illuminating incident is Paul's farewell address to the Ephesian elders who, in answer to his summons, had met him at Miletus. Portraying the elements of his ministry, and the reasons for his great success, the distinguished minister indicated the manner of his life among them. He declared that he was with them at all seasons, fellowshiping with them. He describes the kind of preaching he did, saying, "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you." And we may picture with what clarity of diction and with what variety of method and illustration he enforced all kinds of truth and in all kinds of ways.

That was not all. He adds: "I have showed you and taught you *publicly, and from house to house.*"

Witness the case of the man who would not have been found but in his home. The preacher did not go primarily to find him. He was a neighbor; there was nothing other than neighborliness to induce him to go; the man was by all the traditions and practices

of his life wholly removed from an approach by the church; but he lived nearby in the great city where folks long for folks; where folks do not know folks—and the preacher went and found an invalid, helpless in his bed. It was not planned to say anything religious to him, for the preacher shrank at times from the personal appeal, though he forced himself to it often; and in this case he did not think it his place to try and minister to him—there were reasons for such attitude. But as the minister was leaving, these words fell from his lips, guided by the God who uses men: "I have a friend who may know." "Who?" he asked. "They call him Jesus. He says we are his friends if we do whatsoever he commands us. Do you know him?" And tear-drops suffused the sick man's eyes. "No," he said. "Would you like to know him?" And eagerly he answered, "Yes, I would." And God helped his servant show him the way of life and there won him to Christ, and later to his church.

This paper speaks of the underrated asset of our ministry. The writer says to his brethren that he has found pastoral work the hardest kind of toil, but at the same time the most fruitful, and when done systematically, richly repaying him for the expenditure so lavishly required.

How greatly our church will be blessed and we ourselves ministered to if we neglect not the gift of pastoral service that is in us and to the exercise of which we are as divinely called as we are to our pulpit work.

Edw and Hays

THE MINISTER WITH HONEST DOUBTS: THE CASE
OF THOMAS

WE seem to be entering an age of credulity, if one thinks of the great scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, as a champion of actual communication with the dead. Certainly we have passed through an age of criticism of all that was outside of the laws of the physical universe as known by modern scientists. The transition has not come suddenly. Evolution itself has played some part in the change. It is a long step from the cold materialism of Darwin to the militant spiritualism of Lodge. And yet Lodge is an evolutionist. The veil between matter and mind has worn thin in places, to say the least, by reason of new discoveries like radium, wireless telegraphy, transmutation of metals, Einstein's theory of the gravitation of the light rays. In biblical criticism we have seen the same relentless search for facts. Tradition has stepped aside while the scholar, like the scientist in the laboratory, put in the crucible of criticism the cherished convictions of Christendom. The books of the Old Testament and of the New Testament have been subjected to the most minute dissection and the most careful literary analysis. The dry bones of redactors have rattled in the place of the mighty spirits of the Scriptures. We are coming again to the age of reconstruction and the dry bones are beginning to take on the form of life. But, meanwhile, many a minister has suffered the lapse of faith between the novelties of criticism of the Bible and the stern realities of inexorable scientific law. The modern minister has wished to face all the facts of life with open mind and heart. He has wished to be loyal to his Lord and to be a leader of his fellow men. He has not been desirous of being an obscurantist or a reactionary. It has often been the most sensitive spirits that have suffered most. The passion for truth and honesty of purpose has clashed with the traditions of environment. Some few who have been unable to place the Christ of the Gospels and of Paul's Epistles in the world of science and of criticism have either given up the ministry or have become Unitarian ministers. Others

have lived down their doubts by deeper study and by patient waiting for further light that has come from Christ as it came to Thomas.

Thomas is the typical preacher who has struggles with honest doubts. This is partly due to temperament, but one cannot easily change his temperament whether phlegmatic or bilious or nervous. Thomas had his pessimistic moods. He saw at once and sharply the difficulties in the way. He was unwilling to shut his eyes to the actual facts that confronted him. His first reaction was despondency. He came through in the end, but he had to fight his way through the fog and smoke to the light. Thomas was an outspoken man, besides, who in a rather blunt manner spoke out his mind. Such a man often reflects the feelings of others who receive credit for more faith than they really possess and he also betrays more doubt than he really feels. The Fourth Gospel alone gives us an insight into the mind of Thomas as he faced the problem of Christ during Passion Week and afterward. Thomas reveals the courage of despair in John 11. 16, when he proposes to his fellow-disciples, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." Jesus had just said that Lazarus was dead. He had suggested going to Bethany over the protest of the disciples that Jesus might be killed; for the enemies of Jesus had tried to stone him when he was last in Jerusalem, at the feast of dedication (John 10. 31). To Thomas it seemed sheer madness for Jesus to go back into the lions' den. Lazarus was dead. The rulers will kill Jesus if he goes. And yet Thomas is the man who takes his courage in his hands and proposes, not desertion of Jesus, but loyalty to him even unto death. But he expects death for all of them. Thomas is willing to go over the top, but he anticipates death for all of the band in the going. It may be said that this is not the highest form of courage, but it is courage. It is not reckless daring, but the looking of all probabilities in the face. Thomas does not expect success. He expects that the proposed visit to Bethany will culminate in the death of Jesus and all the twelve. He pleads that they may all be willing to make this supreme sacrifice for the sake of the Master. It will be an end, to be sure, to all their cherished hopes about the Messianic Kingdom. They will all have

to give up their dreams of place and power in that kingdom. They will not see Rome driven out of Palestine and Jesus King in Jerusalem. It is a rude awakening for Thomas. Doubtless there is an implied rebuke to Jesus in the resignation of Thomas to the rashness of Christ. But, at any rate, he regards the situation as hopeless in view of the determination of the Master.

Ministers to-day have sometimes found themselves in a predicament where they had lost heart and hope in their work. They whipped themselves to their task with the courage of despair. The onward march of events has been against their predilections and prejudices, and even their principles. Some of the noblest of men have had to decide whether to "carry on" to the end with those who would not heed their advice or to quit and be termed slackers or even deserters. Thomas was not a quitter at any rate. He proposed to see the thing through even if his gloomiest forebodings came true. It is true that some ministers have found themselves out of sympathy with their age and unable to make much of an impression upon those who had swept on to other modes of thought. Who, then, is the prophet? Prophets have often had to denounce their age. Jesus did precisely this thing. And yet Jesus was the iconoclast and did not shrink from going on, not till he came to his own Gethsemane. I wish to make a plea for the preacher who in a troubled time has yet held on to his task in spite of discouragement and even despair. He has held on from the sense of duty that drives the soldier to the field of battle. It is easier to throw stones at such a man than to stand in his tracks. This is not to advocate the idea that a man who no longer believes in the deity of Christ should continue to preach it, or to occupy an evangelical pulpit or theological chair. The courage of despair is consistent with honest doubt, but not with loss of faith in Christ. Courage calls for honesty. When one has made his choice firmly and clearly he should take his stand. He should not stay with the lines and fire at his Captain.

The next time that Thomas comes before us is in John 14. 1-7. Here Thomas exhibits the agnostic attitude toward death and the future life: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way?" (John 14. 5). This bold avowal of ignorance of the

future life after death follows the most intimate, tender, and precious promise of Jesus that he would come again and take them to the Father's house and to himself in the Father's home. He had urged faith in himself as in the Father and had pointedly stated that the disciples had grounds for confident fidelity since they knew the place and the way to the new abode: "And whither I go, ye know the way" (John 14. 4). It is precisely at this point that Thomas interposes with his almost brutal statement of crass ignorance about both the location of the Father's house and the way thereto.

Once more Thomas is modern in his outlook and seems to voice the doubts of the present-day scientist who scans the heavens in vain for a planet that can be a fit abode for the spirits of the blest. The myriad blazing suns of the skies would seem more like the infernal regions than the home of Christ with the Father. Thomas was frankly puzzled as he tried to form an intellectual concept of the hope of heaven held out by Jesus in the words that have comforted the dying through all the ages since that night when Jesus spoke them. Thomas was face to face with the death of Jesus and the blasting of all his hopes. He longed for something more than figures of speech. He found the age-long question, Does death end all? Jesus had answered with the definite promise that he would come and take the disciples to the heavenly home. But the appeal to their knowledge gave Thomas his chance to confess his real ignorance. Many a preacher has brought comfort to the dying with the words of Jesus who has longed for more assurance in his own heart. The answer of Jesus to Thomas is still the best answer to the modern agnostic. It is easy to find fault with those who are driven by the terror of death to find light in the darkened chambers of so-called mediums. I am slow to believe that the Christian has need to resort to the devious ways of paid professional mediums with all the proven fraud to their credit and inanities in their so-called messages. Jesus spoke to Thomas the word that preacher and layman need to-day: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father but by me" (John 14. 6). Turn from mediums to Jesus. He is the expression of the Father in human form. He is the incarna-

tion of the truth about the future life. He is, in fact, the life itself, the source of all energy and power. He is the Lord of life and death. He is the way to the Father. Jesus is the way; he, and not a system of science or of theology; he, and not an ecclesiastical organization; he, and not priest or medium.

Materialism has had a powerful grip upon some minds during the nineteenth century. There are those to-day who can find no proof in the universe of mind apart from matter, who regard mind or spirit as a mere brain-function, who consider mind the product of matter, who hold that matter is eternal and mind merely the phosphorescent fire that flashes in the darkness and at death goes out forever. It is not easy to answer all the difficulties raised by materialism. There are things to be said that lead one out and on to the spiritual interpretation of the universe. Jesus himself has to be accounted for. The spirit of man refuses to believe that man is a mere lump of clay. It is not easy to believe in the eternity of matter that was never created and that was always endowed with the energy of life. The upward trend of life argues for the existence of God. Evolution itself calls for a higher order in the universe than man's life on earth. The agnostic can never be wholly answered. Thomas did not reply to Jesus, but he had the only real answer. It is Jesus. The minister who loses his way in life has lost his touch with Christ. Jesus alone is the door to the temple of knowledge. One must try Jesus. Christ lamented that Thomas had failed to see the Father in himself. There are those who do see God in Christ. He is the only path by which men can come to God.

The next time that we see Thomas in John's Gospel (20. 25) the other disciples are saying to him, "We have seen the Lord." It is a marvelous statement. With the rest Thomas had passed through the gloom of that terrible sabbath day when they had all suffered the eclipse of faith that followed the death of Christ. The cross had destroyed faith and hope. All that they had finally dreamed and trusted was now buried in the tomb of Jesus. Thomas with the other disciples had heard the stories of Mary Magdalene and the other women, but they treated them as idle tales of excitable women about seeing angels, and in the case of Mary

Magdalene as a probable recurrence of her demoniacal possession. So Thomas was somewhat taken aback by the sudden avowal of faith in the resurrection of Jesus by the very men who had so recently emphasized their disbelief in the reports of the women. Evidently the disciples proceeded to give various details about the appearance of Jesus on that first Sunday night when Thomas was absent (John 20. 24). The new converts were full of faith, but they lacked the power to convince a skeptic like Thomas, who still had all the skeptic's distrust of supernatural phenomena. Thomas was not to be taken in by ghost stories. Finally he ended the matter by saying, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe." Here the minute particularity of details shows that Thomas takes up what the disciples had said. Thomas affirms that he will not believe unless he has the same experience that the disciples claimed to have had, with the addition that he wished to test the sense of touch as well as that of sight. He wished to handle this ghost to learn if his eyes deceived him. This decision seemed a hard one to the disciples, who were full of their new faith and joy. And yet Thomas could reply that there was too much at stake to have false hopes revived. He had gone through the collapse of his hopes. He did not desire to have another downfall. Besides, optical illusions were possible. The mind might even project images before the eyes like the mirage of the desert. He wished to have a real scientific examination before he could believe.

It cannot be said that Thomas differed essentially from the position of the disciples before their experience on Sunday night. True, he had their testimony to add to that of the women. But they signally failed in the power of convincing Thomas of the reality of their experience as we to-day, alas! so often fail to convince skeptics of the power of Christ. He held out longer than the rest, and demanded the same proof that they asserted had convinced them with a certain tone of superior intelligence that often goes with a skeptical attitude toward Christ. It is the vice of the professional skeptic that he assumes an air of intellectual arrogance toward those whom he considers the dupes of their own credulity.

Thomas probably prided himself on his refusal to be carried away by what looked like a case of nerves on the part of both men and women who actually believed it possible for Jesus to appear to them. And yet Thomas had seen Lazarus come out of the tomb. Perhaps he argued that it was Jesus who raised Lazarus and now Jesus was dead. Besides, Lazarus went on living his old life with his human body. He was not a mere ghost who came into a room with closed doors. Hence Thomas wished to be able to handle Jesus before he could believe in his resurrection.

Had Thomas demanded too much? Have we a right to make a material test for spiritual phenomena and experiences? Many a man has stumbled right here and has not known how far to go and where to draw the line between material science and the things of the spirit. But Thomas was not holding himself aloof from the disciples because of his skepticism. We do not know why he failed to be present the first Sunday night, when he missed so much. If he had known that Jesus would come he surely would have been on hand. There are those to-day who miss the blessing because they are not with God's people when the Lord makes bare the arm of his power. It is easy to expect nothing from the gathering of the people of God. There was no promise that Jesus would meet with the disciples on the second Sunday night. But Thomas was present this time. It was not hard to get him to come. His own curiosity would bring him, and he was probably urged to come. If anything out of the way happened he would at least be there so as to form his own opinions concerning what took place. Thomas has the skepticism of inexperience that afflicts so many to-day. Those who have not felt the power of Christ in their own lives may find it hard to believe that Christ touches the lives of others. So Thomas comes to their second gathering in a critical mood and on the watch against any hallucinations or clap-trap. He had not long to wait before Jesus appears, the doors being closed as before, and challenges the doubt of Thomas with the words: "Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands: and reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing" (John 20. 27). It was all so sudden that the shock upset Thomas's program of examination. He knew the voice of

Jesus. He knew that familiar and dear face. There were the outstretched hands and the side. But Thomas did not put his hand into that wounded side. In a crisis faith has to act and to decide. Faith is higher than knowledge. Faith has various sources of knowledge. It uses the intellect, the affections, and the will. The intellect is arrogant at times and seeks to rule out the affections and the will, but they have to be heard. We must use our intellects, for God gave them to us. But he also gave us our affections and our will. Thomas really understood no more than he did before how Christ came into that room, and how he rose from the dead, but here Jesus was and Thomas must decide what to do and at once. Thomas surrenders to the Risen Christ: "My Lord and my God" (John 20. 28).

This is no mere exclamation of amazement, as the reply of Jesus shows. Thomas gave Jesus the worship of his heart and Jesus accepted his new faith and loyalty at its face value. We do not have to say that Thomas fully grasped the significance of his language and comprehended how the Risen Christ is both God and man. Faith has risen above mere intellect evermore. Faith has seized upon the heart of the situation. The man who has struggled with his honest doubts has risen by faith of experience to the noblest confession in the Gospels. It is Thomas the doubter, the pessimist, the skeptic, who has become the man of sublime faith. We may thank God that it is possible for such a thing to happen. Jesus was patient with Thomas, for he knew that he was not posing as a skeptic for social prestige, but at heart really longed to believe. He was not occupying a false position, but was working toward the light. So Jesus met Thomas with proof that won him. But Jesus puts no crown on the doubt of Thomas. He rejoices in his new conviction and frank confession, but Thomas has missed the highest form of faith. He had refused to believe in the Risen Christ unless he conformed to his own tests. He had refused to believe the witness of those who had seen the Risen Christ. So Jesus says: "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John 20. 29). This beatitude Thomas has missed. It belongs to those who will never see with their eyes Christ on earth, but who will be satisfied

with the testimony of the eyes of the heart. They will reach up the hands of faith and will grasp the hidden hands of Christ. These are the heroes of faith who do not make unreasonable demands of Jesus in the realm of the Spirit.

Surely this rebuke to Thomas may be a rebuke to-day to those who press their skepticism too far. Criticism and science have their rights and their duties, but the intellect is not the whole of man any more than the body is the whole of life. The kingdom of God consists in love and joy and peace and righteousness, and not in meat and drink. Peter heard Jesus speak this rebuke to Thomas. And Peter will one day speak of Jesus, "whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter 1. 8). That blessed privilege is open to every believer to-day whatever doubts may beset him. He can find his way back to Christ—in whose face one finds the glory of God.

A. J. Hakstun

THE PHANTOM OF DEATH

Now, when the world is so full of the memory of death, death great and beautiful, it is time to sweep away the old, morbid conceptions, the dark superstitions, the ancient dreads and fears. More terrible and archaic than the dinosaur has been our dread of death. With all our alleged knowledge of science we have been as unattuned to the resistless and magnificent on sweep of the natural forces as the savage who hid in his lair from the onslaughts of imagined gods in the elements. We have been fearful, primitive, unadapted. We have been ancient, purblind, cowering. We have pictured death as a distinct and terrible entity, a down-swooping specter, a black visitant, a hooded skeleton. Through the ages our minstrels and artists have heightened the vision for us and increased the dismal sound, and we, responsively, have sat within our cottages and castles awaiting with horror the phantom of our fear.

In a recent era of great death, our youth, the radiant, upstanding hosts of them, revealed to us a new vision. They went out, in the flame of their life, more spirited, more sentient, more ablaze with health and beauty and passionate love of earth than any hosts before them. They met, with a suddenness never before experienced, an impact of vitality against dissolution, never so keenly known. Because the mutation was so widely undergone, and so widely witnessed, we see and understand as never before the significance of the process. We are lifted up on a wave so much vaster than that which lifts us on the occasions of individual deaths that we are borne up at last to a plane of vision which it were well we had reached before. From it we are given to see life and death, not as two peaks confronting each other, one flooded with light, the other cowed with night; but as two knolls in the vast plain. From it we actually behold, as our philosophy had taught us to conceive with those dim eyes of the sequestered mind, that life and death are not dual, alien, opposed, but fused, melting, identical, a single process. From this plane, bewildered, we catch intimations of

vaster enveloping processes of which the life-death process is only a small phase, even as the stars of Scorpio are an infinitesimal swarm in the swinging mesh of the Milky Way.

From this same plane, as spiritual aviators, we observe that our beloved life to which we so passionately hold, in our little human shape, enclasping with small arms, inhaling with eager breath, surveying with elfin, ardent eyes, is a far smaller, less important thing than we had, even in our most profound philosophical moments, realized. When we are in life, erect, sentient, brilliantly equipped with the marvelous machinery of consciousness which our ancestors have bestowed upon us, it is our human habit and our human fault to believe that existence in human form is the sole reality, the "be-all and the end-all," the cosmic consummation. Exactly as our eyes have become so perfectly adapted to their environment, so crystal-cognizant of this iridescent world, even as our hands have become tools so suited to this place that they carry in sensations only of this earth-solidity, this granite density, these terrestrial concretions, even as our ears have tuned themselves only to these earth-echoes, these few vibrations that traverse the strings of our small sphere, so too our spirits and minds, with all their content of hopes, dreams, aspirations, surmises, faiths, beliefs, convictions, intentions, and potential deeds, are preformed to this latitude of the Milky Way, this habitat, this life. With inherited ease we enter into the actuating belief that life is all-important, all-wonderful, unique. Through the long crowded line of ancestral human traditions is lost the primordial tradition that we are fire and mist and swinging atoms, cast for only a moment into a life-shape, recast, rethrown, children of the nebulae and of eternity.

From our intense concentration upon this life-form come all our corresponding agony and fear of so-called death. We have so cherished and developed and beautified and intensified this life, made of ourselves such distinct entities clear-cut from the chaos, palpitating with such exquisite sensation from head to foot, that the return into the chaos seems to us a cruelly sharp change, a torturing anguish, and we bitterly call it "death." This is our strange and wonderful penalty for deserting the earth-mother, ris-

ing up out of her multitudinous molecules of clay into the compact, quivering, rapturous, suffering human body and soul.

Not only had we learned, we aggregated atoms, to love life *per se*, mortal life, but we had come to love our own forms of it, our specialized selves, our entities. These identities had become so precious to us that the surrender of them in their present shape added to the death-change a specialized horror. We had become too addicted to life, too preoccupied with ourselves. It needed the great, conspicuous wave of self-surrender which has been sweeping the world to re-demonstrate our relationship with the earth, the air, and the eternal fires; to set great intimations blowing in upon us from trans-earth areas. It is with a wonderful and terrible vividness that we realize at last that, as our prophets and poets have sung to us through the ages too faintly for our comprehension, life, the prized, the beautiful, the great, is in very deed only a spark on the wind of the eternal elements, an experience so small that it deserves in the vocabulary of the spheres not even the dignity of a name; that death, which we see stalking over the earth gathering in its millions upon millions of bright bodies and lustrous souls, is a change from so-called life; a little fading of the color, a conversion so imperceptible that even the sun cannot behold it, that the post-death reunion with the universe, greater than the episode of life and death, is ultimate, superb, desirable.

This last experience alone reveals itself as natural, impersonal, peaceful, permanent, sublime. This alone holds all the ideal conditions toward which we strive in the accidental adventure of life. In the stress and strain of living are we not ever striving toward peace, utter and complete? Death alone bestows such peace. Through its tranquil interact we should be prepared and rested for any post-death evolutions. In life are we not always seeking through the temporary, the transient, the futile, for the fundamental, the permanent, the everlasting? Our lives and our literature are replete with the moods and the words "seeking," "yearning," "desiring." What do these participles signify but our unconscious intimations of life's incompleteness, its immaturity, its crescent hope, to be later fulfilled in the posthumous circle of completion? We, vagabond children of the cosmos, are ever un-

consciously yearning back toward its great certainties. Death alone is the condition of our return.

Here is no cause for fear. Here is rejoicing. Here is exaltation. We have been very far from the mothering earth, far from the ancestral mists, so to dread our recommitting with them. But now that our hosts of youth—dreadless, fearless, exultant, resplendent—have led us into death and the glory that is beyond death we shall fear no more. We know at last of what we are made. We see beyond the patterned world, beyond the faces of our mortal comrades, the splendor that is above all things, the splendor of which our prophets and poets have caught glimmerings through the open space of the spirit, the splendor toward which we all move, and march, and yearn. There is no longer any dread.

We shall no longer picture death as a swooping specter, nor statue it as a skeleton, nor play it dirges, nor dream of it with dread. But, like our youths in the fields of Flanders, we shall go to meet it with poppies in our helmets! For they have gestured us the way for all time, past the little phantoms of life and death to the glory that lies beyond.

Julia Coley,

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

JAMES MONROE BUCKLEY

A FAMILIAR FRIENDLY TRIBUTE

I HAD intended a different subject for my final message, but Azrael, the Death Angel, taking from us our great leader at the time of the planning of this May number of the REVIEW, has prescribed the theme for the editorial which closes my twenty-seven years in this office. My pen refuses any other subject. No appraisal of the man or his work is attempted, only a personal tribute, woven without formal pattern—recollections as devious and disconnected as reveries before an open fire, where a white-haired survivor communes with Auld Lang Syne.

In the old church at Middletown in mid-August, 1851, was held the funeral of the great Stephen Olin, second president of Wesleyan University, dead at fifty-four. The young bishop, Edmund S. Janes, elected at the age of thirty-seven by the momentous General Conference of 1844, came from New York to make the principal address and lend episcopal dignity to the occasion. The high expectations which awaited his address were disappointed. He had no liberty, but spoke as one under restraint, from which he could not free himself. In the audience sat Fales H. Newhall, then a student, who, with the rest, saw and felt the bishop's embarrassment. In Zion's Herald many years after, Newhall, then professor in Wesleyan, described that funeral and gave this explanation of Bishop Janes's failure: "He was embarrassed by Olin in his coffin."

Any one of us speakers or writers in the Buckley commemoration might conceivably be embarrassed by Buckley in his casket. He was a giant intellectually, as Olin was both mentally and physically, though athlete is a fitter name for Buckley than giant. Dr. Buckley was often embarrassing when alive to those who spoke with him or against him, and men were careful what they said to him or about him, or in his presence.

Is it true that the length of a tree lying on the ground appears

greater than its height seemed when it stood erect? Certain it is that we are more awed and less intimidated by greatness when the man is dead than we ever were when he was alive. Our spirits rise in reverent recognition and acclaim of virtues and values which were noted without awe in the common intercourse of life. Suddenly our familiar friend assumes grandeur, even majesty.

Of one thing we may be sure, Dr. Buckley would want no exaggeration in our eulogies. That, on more than one funeral occasion, we have heard him explicitly condemn. That he who lacked the sympathetic tone spoke at more funerals than almost any other man of his time was due to the fact that his remarks had the sober tone of honesty and adherence to truth. His devices for keeping within bounds in such addresses or for concealing his effort to do so were ingenious, sometimes almost ludicrous to those who perceived what he was doing. The most nearly perfect memorial address I ever heard from him was at the funeral of Bishop W. L. Harris in Saint Paul's Church, New York city, in September, 1887, where Dr. Buckley, by request of the family, gave the only address, and so had the whole subject entirely to himself. For exactness, balance, symmetry, satisfying completeness, it was masterly, monumental.

All the great things called forth by the Buckley commemoration have already been ably said or written, except what will appear in the episcopal address at the opening of the General Conference at Des Moines. For me, coming near the last and desiring to avoid repeating what others have said, only personal reminiscences and reflections, mixed and miscellaneous, may be available. Yet, of the living who have known James M. Buckley long, I am probably the one who knew him longest and most continuously. It is sixty-two years since we first met. Having brothered with him thirty-nine years in the goodly fellowship of the New York East Conference and neighbored with him in adjacent editorial offices in the Book Concern nineteen years, I ought by this time to know him well.

Reverting a moment to Bishop Janes and his failure at Olin's funeral, we remember Janes's modesty and freedom from false pride. Overshadowed in the episcopacy by the mightiest preacher of those days, as well as wise and able administrator, Bishop Matthew Simpson, Bishop Janes knew and often frankly confessed when he failed in public speech. In reporting to the General Conference of 1876 in Baltimore his visit to England and Ireland as our Fraternal Messenger, he told the General Conference that he had failed to represent

his church worthily before the British and Irish Conferences, and humbly apologized for his failure in so important a mission.

Bishop Janes was no more candid about himself than Dr. Buckley, who in his early editorial years, chancing to be in Philadelphia on Monday, dropped in at the preachers' meeting, and being invited to speak, began thus: "I have known this city many years. In my youth I served as barker on the sidewalk for a clothing store on Market Street, in which occupation I cultivated two things which have been of use to me ever since—my voice and my cheek." In the old city of Burlington, New Jersey, fifty-two years ago, he pointed out to me the house where he once worked at harness making, and told me how his employer used to borrow back from him for family expenses the money that had been paid as wages, and then forget to return it.

He was as relentless and tireless in investigating others as he was frank in confessing about himself. In running down the record of a man whom he suspected, he had the instinct of a ferret for a rat. He knew to minute details the entire personal history of more individuals than any other man I ever knew. I once told him that he made me think of Javert, the officer of justice in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, and that if I had had the assignment of him to a profession by some of his most conspicuous talents, I would have made him a criminal lawyer, a prosecuting attorney, in which he would have had no equal anywhere. He was more than once tempted by prominent law firms with offers which insured eminence and wealth in that profession. His judgments were sometimes a bit severe. His prosecuting, not persecuting, proclivities influenced him sometimes to assume too readily that a man accused was guilty; yet his intuitions were usually sound and his moral insight almost clairvoyant. This was helped by his own rectitude of soul. His mind was skeptical and exacting. A kind of prudential suspiciousness was natural to him. He questioned and hesitated over many. Impostors could not impose on him. He had a settled distrust of a certain strong, influential, and widely popular man, saying of him: "He lacks conscience." Another man whose preaching was sentimental romancing, and who whiffled from one denomination to another in a meretricious and mercenary ministry, he utterly distrusted, almost detested, from the man's pyrotechnic, crowd-compelling beginning to the lonely, forlorn, and dismal close of a pretentious and selfish life.

Entirely sincere himself, he was impatient with any man who did not ring true or whose life was not in accord with his profession.

He agreed with Dr. Buttz, "No man in whom I do not believe can preach me a good sermon; no man in whom I do believe can preach me a poor sermon." The first requisite is honesty. He abhorred out-reaching self-seekers. Of an inferior man who had wormed his way into a certain Board, he said indignantly, "That fellow begged and bullied his way in here."

He was the deadliest foe of all fakirs, pretenders, and misleaders, the most expert exposé of frauds and delusions. Early in life he began on Spiritualism, detecting and exposing the tricks of mediums, and showing their dupes how they had been cheated and bamboozled. If he were writing to-day he would riddle the credulous spiritualistic vagaries of Sir Oliver Lodge, who presents nothing in the least degree convincing, but only discredits his own great reputation as a scientist.

In his later years he searchingly investigated and completely refuted "Christian Science," so called. A leading New York city club arranged for a public discussion, pro and con, of this modern fad, the "scientists" to choose their own spokesmen, Dr. Buckley being selected by the club, as a master of the subject, to reply. When the time for the debate came, the champions of Mother Eddy's cult, after having agreed to appear, flunked, failed to come, counting it more prudent not to face so formidable an opponent.

When that blatant and vituperative arch-impostor John Dowie, "Elijah II," supreme and imperious prophet of God to this age, came from Zion City to foist his pretentious claims upon the credulous and do his mighty works in New York city, in which attempt he failed expensively and absolutely, he was reported as saying that he had come East to spank Dr. Buckley. Whether he said that or not, it sounds like him, and he knew with certainty who was unmistakably his ablest enemy. Now that John Dowie is dead and William Hohenzollern is retired from business, the only pretender to preeminent authority from heaven is an Italian gentleman, residing in a vast marble palace on the left bank of the Tiber, who claims vice-gerency or vice-regency from the Almighty over the whole earth, and who with his deputies receives from credulous souls obsequious homage commensurate with his unwarranted and audacious claims. A Roman cardinal, whose throne was on Fifth Avenue, New York, came home from a visit to the Seat of Authority in Rome wearing the honors and decorations conferred by His Imperial Majesty the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church of Rome. As the procession which

escorted the richly robed prelate moved slowly up the avenue to his palace, a colored woman in the crowd of passers-by paused to watch. Seeing scores of women running to kiss his jeweled hand, extended over the side of the open barouche to accommodate them, she muttered disgustedly, "O my, O my!" When the procession had passed she was heard to say, as she turned away, "Well, God's gone by, I guess I'll go home." Dr. Buckley would have approved her disgust at such abject superstitiousness. Early in his career he attacked the unfounded claims of the Papal Church, and especially its bogus miracles and other impositions, such as the pretended apparition of the "Virgin Mother of God" at Lourdes and the miraculous spring there; the semi-annual miraculous liquefaction of the clotted blood of Saint Januarius, drying for centuries in the glass phial in the old church in Naples, and the spurious healing miracles solemnly affirmed by the bones of Saint Ann in a New York city church.

The proper descriptive name of the Church of Rome, of which the Pope is head, is, according to the custom in naming churches, the Papal Church. The Episcopal Church is so called because governed by bishops, the Methodist Episcopal because it has bishops; the Presbyterian Church is so called because it is governed by presbyters or elders; the Congregational Church is so named because it is directly governed by the congregation. By parity of nomenclature, the proper descriptive name of the Church of Rome is the Papal Church, the church that has for its supreme head a Pope (Italian "Papa").

The Roman Church is no more catholic in the original and proper sense of that word than are the Protestant churches. Instead of being catholic, it has less catholicity than any of the other Christian bodies; it is intolerant toward them, refusing to countenance them or be seen in their company, even denying their right to exist. It is the least catholic and most exclusive of churches. Any organization, whether religious or secular, may legally assume whatever name it chooses, even though it be as incongruous and incorrect as "Christian Science," which is neither Christian nor scientific. But names should be carefully and intelligently selected, lest they seem grotesque; as appeared when a woman wrote for a magazine an article entitled, "Why I Am a United Brethren." Catholic is not a name to be properly assumed by the most uncatholic of Christian bodies.

The comprehensive descriptive adjective I oftenest mentally applied to Dr. Buckley is the word "extraordinary," in its literal mean-

ing, out of the ordinary—beyond and above the ordinary—"in a class by himself," men said. Even his boyish pranks were out of the common, original, ingenious, sometimes audacious and startling, but never mean.

Beginning at random, he was, for one thing, the most extraordinary and tireless observer of people and things, great and small, that we have ever known. His keen observancy even of trivial things amounted almost to catopsis. Having inspected me for years, he came to me and said, "You are the longest-bodied man in the New York East Conference." Presumably he must have measured the three hundred other members! I had not known before just what my place and distinction were in that distinguished body. He himself was very long-bodied, in noticeable contrast with his shortness of limb. He sat down beside me to prove that when seated he was almost as tall as I.

The trustees of Wesleyan University were in session in Old South College toward midnight on a sultry June evening. That fine layman and model alumnus Judge George G. Reynolds was speaking with his usual clearness, wisdom, and force. Presumably Dr. Buckley was keeping the run of the judge's argument with one lobe of his brain; but with the other lobe he was measuring the foot of a man on the opposite side of the room. When the speaker ceased Dr. Buckley came across, sat down beside the man and said, "What size of shoe do you wear?" and "Can you walk five miles comfortably in those shoes?" Such trifling incidents show the man in his familiar every-day habit as he lived among his friends. In them we see the everlasting alertness of his extraordinary powers of observation and his habit of perpetual investigation, which sometimes gave people an uncomfortable feeling of being inspected by an expert.

His was one of the most highly self-trained minds ever active in Methodism, trained to do with precision and instantaneous promptness whatever was required of it. By austere self-discipline he strove to perfect all his powers of body and of mind. He made himself a physical and mental athlete. Even in old age he kept his muscles firm and sinews taut. When past eighty he asked me to feel how hard his muscles were.

His phenomenal memory was more the product of assiduous training than it was a congenital endowment. He studied and tested all systems of mnemonics. Because of his almost infallible memory, together with his known thoroughness in looking up his facts, his

statements were seldom questioned. Naturally he disliked to have his recollection called in question, and would take incredible pains to compel the denier to confess himself mistaken. In commencement week at Pennington nearly forty years ago, he said to Dr. J. B. Dobbins of the New Jersey Conference at dinner, "You remember presiding at a debate in the Alpha Omega Society in which I, then a student, took part? The decision was given against me, very justly, as I thought."

"You must be mistaken. I have no recollection of any such debate," was the reply.

Immediately Dr. Buckley began collecting evidence from persons whom he recalled as being present at the debate. As soon as dinner was over he went down town to Mr. Ripley T. Martin's drug store, and secured his first witness by reviving the druggist's recollection of the occasion. He kept at this for months, interviewing and communicating, until he had gathered testimony enough to convince Dr. Dobbins that the mistake was his own, that he had presided at that debate. At another time and place Dr. Buckley accosted a gentleman, addressing him by name. The man, not recognizing him, said, "You have the advantage of me, sir. May I ask your name?"

"Buckley. I saw you at a meeting in Central Church, Newark, twenty years ago."

"You mistake me for some one else, sir. I have never been in Central Church."

"Would you mind letting me see the top of your head?" The man, somewhat amused, good-naturedly uncovered his bald pate.

"You are the man, sir. You knelt during prayer in such a position that I saw the top of your head and noticed its peculiar shape. At the close of the meeting I spoke to you."

When the man went home he consulted with his family, and before long wrote Dr. Buckley, "I acknowledge the corn. I was there." This man of phenomenal memory seemed bent on remembering almost everything he had ever seen or learned. In this respect, as in most others, he was in marked contrast with Henry Ward Beecher, who, when appealed to at a meeting of the Brooklyn Clerical Union, for his recollection of certain events which the other twenty diners were trying to recall, said, "I don't remember. I forget almost everything on purpose in order that I may be able to remember the few things it is necessary I should."

One episode which Dr. Buckley and I used to recall happened in a Southern city about eighteen years ago. The incident exhibited not Dr. Buckley's trustworthy memory, but a public functionary's unreliable memory. Dr. Buckley was there to lecture for the benefit of one of our institutions. There was some local pride in having so important an institution located there, and some citizens had shown their sympathy by contributing to its support. To popularize the college still further the mayor of the city had been secured to grace the evening with his handsome presence. He was tall, shapely, and well groomed, a courtly Southern gentleman, whose appearance and bearing really lent dignity to the occasion. Everybody admired him on sight. His determination to dignify his high office and to meet the expectations of the crowded audience was manifest. He presided with dignity. His only real trial was in introducing the distinguished speaker. He meant to do it handsomely and did it even more generously than he had intended. Apparently he had tried to commit his introduction to memory. For a time all went well. He kept his lines, though with the air of a man walking a tight rope and afraid of falling off. When he came to his peroration, his memory lost hold of the written lines and his climax exploded thus: "The fame of our distinguished guest—is, is not limited to the territory of this great country of ours, but—but—has extended beyond all such bounds of demarcation—to—to—the four corners of the universe." This flight beyond all finite bounds of demarcation was delivered with a correspondingly wide wave of his long arm in a final far-flung gesture. In the midst of thundering applause, mixed with politely concealed laughter, Dr. Buckley rose to begin his lecture. He had to keep a rigidly sober face, but afterward in private he laughed with the rest of us over the cosmic reach of his fame. Writing me years later from a city in France he called my attention to the propriety of his being, as he then was, lodged in the *Hôtel de l'Universae*.

Dr. Buckley's extraordinary combination of abilities and acquirements gave him predominance, and, in his prime, prodigious influence. This great power he did not misuse. Neither in his own Conference nor elsewhere did he aim to be a boss. He was, on principle, opposed to bosses; by disposition and conviction democratic, bent on keeping power and authority out of the hands of the few and in the hands of the many. He did not suppress young men, as I have seen Conference bosses do elsewhere, causing Methodism to

lose some of its brightest ministers, but encouraged them, urged and sometimes provoked them to active participation in debate and in Conference business. He helped to bring the New York East Conference to such a state that it could be and was publicly described as "a body in which, when the best man does his best, he only proves himself worthy of his associations."

As Chancellor Day says truly, "He played fair," and was honorable in all things. While at times sharp-spoken, he was considerate of the feelings and rights of others. Many years ago in the Missionary Society, Bishop Simpson offered the name of Thomas B. Wood and urged his acceptance and appointment to Mexico. Up rose the tall, angular, overhanging figure of Daniel Curry to oppose the motion, rasping out his opinion that the society ought not to be influenced by a bishop's having on his hands and needing to dispose of "an enthusiastic young man who was ambitious to go in search of romantic adventures in the footsteps of Cortéz." On the back seat, unobserved, sat the young man who heard himself so described, and that vicious rhetorical fling was a whiplash about his ears, as I know from his own lips, leaving a sting which lasted through thirty years when he was our hero-missionary in South America, the magnificent apostle of religious freedom for an ecclesiastically oppressed and benighted continent. That husky and unromantic-looking young athlete, muscular and brainy—"Broad West" we called him in Wesleyan University—sailed away to a mighty life work far more unselfish and memorable than Curry's, with an uncalled-for slur rankling in him. James M. Buckley, with all his capacity for keen sarcasm, never was guilty of so unforgivable a cut. There was no touch of the savage in him. Fairness was one of the elements in Buckley's nobleness.

On a January day in 1880, I sat by the bed of Dr. Robert L. Dashiell, missionary secretary, previously president of Dickinson College, dying of internal cancer in his home in Roseville, Newark. We knew that at that hour the funeral of Bishop Gilbert Haven was proceeding at Malden, Mass. Dashiell wept as he thought tenderly of his comrade, and he said, "Well, the warrior is at rest." By the verdict of the Southerner, Dashiell, Haven, the abolitionist, was a warrior; yet was he a very genial fighter. When he first went South as bishop he met on a train an editor of the Southern Church who had fought him in his paper, and who greeted the man he had denounced with, "Well, you know by this time that I belong to the

Church Militant!" "Yes," flashed Haven, amiably, "and I belong to the Church Triumphant!" If Gilbert Haven was a warrior, what word shall we use to do justice to the more pugnacious, pouncing, incisive and dogged belligerency of James M. Buckley? Many a time I have seen the joyous anticipation of battle in the lift of his lips at the corners, showing his incisor and canine teeth. He fought vice and crime with Anthony Comstock and Charles H. Parkhurst. In Stamford he attacked the liquor traffic and from his pulpit and in court gave the rumsellers the worst thrashing they had ever had in that region. He agreed with Billy Sunday that "Sin is not a chocolate eclair but a rattlesnake." The thing to do is to keep out of reach of its fangs and to hit it with any club or stone that is within reach. He was not one of the fastidious critics of the Baseball Evangelist, who has been used by God to bring more sinners of all sorts, high and low, to utter and permanent surrender to Christ than dozens of his clerical contemnners put together. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and him. Unless they can show more fruits than he can in lives transformed and souls saved everlastingly, they ought not to cast stones at the Presbyterian evangelist, who goes forth on his flaming mission clothed with the sanction of a wise, dignified, sober, learned, and increasingly evangelistic church, his ministry as valid and duly authorized as that of any of his critics. Whoso attacks him condemns the mighty church which holds its ægis over him. It has been said in Presbyterian circles that their church is leading the Methodist in evangelistic planning and activity. In all churches and from all pulpits there is need for more urgent appeals direct to the individual for immediate decision for Christ. As for platform gymnastics, I have seen James M. Buckley in a lecture leap into the air with a great shout, almost like De Witt Talmage or Billy Sunday, aiming to startle his hearers and accomplishing it. He was not jarred by desperate earnestness, and he accepted the unlimited variety of God's human instruments for rescuing souls from death by bringing them to Christ, though from the beginning until now some of these divinely selected agents of salvation have been eccentric and queer to the point of grotesqueness.

He was temperamentally a conservative and was found among the conservatives in church policy, as in theology and biblical interpretation. By strenuous opposition he would compel every proposed innovation to prove its case completely before allowing it to pass. Besides his native conservatism, his motive was to protect the

church from changes that might not be improvements. Thus he vigorously resisted the removal of the time limit and the admission of women to membership in the General Conference. He was so stoutly opposed to Woman Suffrage in the State that he published a book on the harm and danger of it to women and to the home and to society. A leader he was, but a leader of the conservatives; strictly speaking, more a moderator than a leader, steadying affairs by holding in check radical or too progressive impulses.

Dr. Buckley was not predominantly a scholastic. In his editorship he dealt comparatively little in theology, philosophy, or metaphysics. But any professor in any one of those departments would do well not to challenge him nor invite his critical attention by questionable teachings. More than once he had his conservative columbiad loaded and ready to open fire on some new book; he was with difficulty dissuaded by such suggestions as that it were better to let it pass unnoticed, as it would lift an individual of limited influence into conspicuousness and give church-wide publicity to the obnoxious views, disturbing minds that else had never been disturbed, and that to distract the attention of our ministers from their immediate and supremely urgent business of preaching the gospel and saving souls by a theological controversy in the church press was in itself undesirable, whatever the merits of the case. The book he disapproved would have hardly any sale unless it were advertised and made to seem important by an eminent man's attack. After the Briggs trial in the New York Presbytery years ago, which resulted in his expulsion, both the opposing parties were agreed on one point—at the end and ever after neither party wanted another heresy trial. Even the conservative prosecutors saw that the general damage and loss were greater than the specific victory they sought and won.

Once Dr. Buckley said to me, "Either you or I, with the *REVIEW* and the *Advocate*, could start a commotion that would split the church into two hostile camps over some things." We agreed that this was undesirable. There was business before the house far more urgent and profitable. The healthy soundness of an active church, laying supreme emphasis on experience, is not likely to be led by individual heretics nor influenced by theoretical heresies. A sound organism can be trusted to dispose of microbes. After half a century in this editorial conning-tower with thousands of manuscripts giving me the mind of our church, my conviction is that Methodism is doctrinally sound.

In theology he was a conservative of the conservatives, distrustful of reconstructions, yet not intolerant of differing opinions, open-minded, reasonable, and patient. He had too questioning a mind of his own to be impatient toward the questioning of other sincere minds, and he had too firm a faith in the foundations of the everlasting Gospel to fear what any research or denial could do against it.

When ill-informed outsiders broke into the New York East Conference to annoy that body with charges of heresy against one of its ablest, most loyal, and most distinguished members, Professor Bowne of Boston University (that such a man was attacked by such men was a sore evil under the sun), Dr. Buckley acted as his defender and counsel. He felt assured of his soundness on all Methodist fundamentals. To us who knew Bowne's history, few things could be so absurd and wanton as the charge of Unitarianism. In his student days, working at manual labor to earn his way through New York University, he was offered a practically free education at Harvard under Unitarian auspices, with obligations not explicit but implied toward his would-be patrons and benefactors. He rejected that offer and went on shouldering barrels and bags in a flour-and-feed store. He had no sympathy with Unitarianism. Have any of his accusers paid as costly a price for their orthodoxy? To the charges at his trial this great philosopher and mighty defender of our Faith at its foundations, calmly said, with that serene, engaging, intellectual smile of his, with which I became familiar when he was a student in my classes at Pennington Seminary, "I am a Trinitarian of the Trinitarians." His loyalty to Methodist institutions was as pronounced as his devotion to its doctrines. Like that venerable teacher Professor Winchester of Wesleyan University, he refused tempting invitations from large non-Methodist universities, with higher salary and less work, and stuck to heavier work with lower pay. Borden P. Bowne loved the Methodist Church. How many of those who desired to drive him out of Methodism have given as sacrificial proof of their loyalty?

From one conversation, especially, I know that Dr. Buckley felt as I did that Unitarianism lacks some of the essentials for efficiency, some necessary elements of power. It does not motive the intense activity necessary to evangelize the world. We both agreed with Thomas Hill, president of Harvard, in his sermon, entitled, "The Need of Fire Under the Boiler," which he delivered to the annual ministerial convention of his fellow Unitarians. He deplored the

fact that his church lacked "go." He urged them to stir the coals, turn on the draughts and get up steam. But the trouble with the Unitarian engine was not due to temporary apathy and neglect to attend to the fires, which could be remedied by stirring the coals. It was because of the lack of heat-making elements in Unitarian doctrines, too little carbon in the coal; impossible to get up the requisite amount of steam. The engine looks well constructed, but it can't pull heavy trains and transport goods enough and far enough to supply a needy world. Our Unitarian brethren have polished their engine intellectually, President Eliot being chief polisher; polished it so that they can see their own faces in it—the face of Humanity—but not the Face of the Godman, Jesus Christ, the "one Face which, far from vanishing, rather grows, becomes my universe that feels and knows." Unitarianism seemed to Dr. Buckley, as to me, a lesser, paler, and feebler gospel, lacking something vitally essential, and so it is called a denatured Christianity. It is in danger of being classed among ineffectual things. I am thinking of typical Unitarianism. But we both knew that there are some who wear the Unitarian name whose faith and feeling have the evangelical glow and temperature. Such were President Thomas Hill of Harvard, and his brother, Mr. John B. Hill, bank president in New Brunswick, New Jersey, who begged permission to receive the Holy Sacrament at the altar of Saint James Methodist Church, saying that it was a sacred privilege to him to commemorate thus his Lord and Saviour. If absent from church other Sundays, he was sure to be there communion Sunday. When so weak he could not hold his body up to the altar rail, but sat flat on the floor, so that I reached down to give him the elements, his wet, upturned, waiting face was the most pathetic spectacle in all the month, more touching and saintly than Saint Jerome's Last Communion in Domenichino's great picture. Unless we misjudge twentieth-century Unitarianism it does not steer by the evangelical star, rather drifts toward the outer circles of Felix Adler's Ethical Culture, and reminds us of Matthew Arnold's lines, calling himself and his fellow-doubters "light half-believers of our half-beliefs, who hesitate and falter life away."

As chairman for many years of the Committee on Candidates in our Foreign Missions Board, examining the fine young folks who offer themselves for sacrificial service on the far-flung battle line of the Christian advance, I have listened joyfully to the story of their religious experience and how they came to this supreme consecra-

tion. I have looked into their illumined faces and felt the glow of their fervent devotion. Among the hundreds I have not noted one whose faith was of the Unitarian type and temperature. It was warmer and more impassioned. Such zeal burns in souls with evangelical and evangelistic faith. A student who had spent three years preparing for missionary work found himself at graduation troubled with questions over the deity of Jesus Christ. He went to one of his professors for help. The wise teacher said, "In trying to dissolve your doubts, don't linger at the metaphysical, speculative, argumentative end, as you have been doing, but move out to the evidential end. You are going out now into the wide, stirring world of religious activity. Study the most powerful and aggressive leaders. Pick out the most robust, potent, contagious, and influential personalities, the most selfless, sacrificial, buoyant, and earnest men and women. Then find out their faith and feeling about Jesus Christ. As to differing beliefs, by their fruits in character and life, by their efficiency, you shall judge them." A sagacious teacher and unerring adviser! The young graduate went to his work in China, watched with open eyes and saw that the faith which is dynamic, enkindling and energizing, expresses its conviction in the adoring confession, "In him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead." Soon he was saying with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" His zeal and energy and devotion increased wholeheartedly from that hour, and his work has steadily gained in magnitude and momentum. He sees and knows what faith is dynamic and victorious, the Faith of the Eternal Son of God.

James M. Buckley was a realist. His hard, matter-of-fact legal mind discounted the imagination, distrusted emotion, was not moved by rhetoric, raptures, or rhythms, resembled solid shore, not billowy sea. Under a tide of moving poetic eloquence which carried the audience, he muttered in my ear, "Horrible!" The mesmeric spell of lilting words could not hypnotize him. He could read Lanier's "Ballad of Trees and the Master" in a way to make it sound absurd. He disliked weakly sentimental hymns, though sound and sane Christian sentiment mastered his deeply religious soul. To use a figure he invented, his writings were beef and bread, not chicken broth nor floating island. At times, especially in my early editorial years, I found myself criticizing some impulsive passage I had written *currente calamo* with the question, "What would Dr. Buckley say to that?"

Some who did not really know him thought him as hard-hearted as he was hard-headed. As compared with most men, he was unemotional. Dropping in at Bishop Andrews's office, I found the Bishop and Chancellor Day and Dr. Buckley conversing. Dr. Buckley, who had risen to go, explained to me smilingly that he had been answering insinuations that he had a gizzard in place of a heart. His answer was that he never cried if he could help it, but that he could bring witnesses from Summerfield Church, Brooklyn, and from Stamford who would testify that they had seen him weep in public. His lachrymal glands were cased in bone, and hard to reach, but God could touch them, and I have seen his reverent eyes dimmed by the passion of the Cross as we rose from our knees at the communion altar. I almost wondered that one of so exacting, incredulous, skeptical, and questioning a mind should be so fervent, convinced, determined, unquestioning, and dogmatic a Christian. To his relentlessly critical mind the evidences of Christianity by accepted rules of evidence amounted to a demonstration, so that by authoritative orders from his reason, he was a deeply devout, a humbly obedient believer. With the purpose of testing sternly every step of the Christian reasoning, his mind had gone off into the dark to start from the infidel's standpoint, and so testing, he found his way straight up to the bright assuring light that shines into the soul at the foot of the Cross. Depth, and not tumult, marked his emotions and affections. A deep-hearted man he was, and his friendship rooted as the hills. Witness the tender attachment between him and J. B. Faulks and T. H. Landon. Almost pathetically beautiful in advanced years was the spectacle of those three old friends literally clinging to each other in life's deepening dusk.

As Hamlet said of his father, so we may say of James Monroe Buckley, "He was a MAN. Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." Like Roosevelt, he conquered early disease and "lived his life up to the hilt" until old age overtook him.

As for his thirty-two-years' editorship, if he was not a great editor then Methodism has had no great editor.

And now a far glance backward to the beginning of this notable career. When and where did it begin? I chance to know from Dr. Buckley's own lips. It was at Pennington in an unnoticed moment of an unrecorded day in the fifties. Young James, like many another inexperienced boy from a good home, had gotten into bad company, and was going their way. William H. Wardell, an older student, had

noticed with concern the deterioration and growing laxity of behavior. One day he happened to overhear very bad language from Jimmy's lips. Deeply shocked, he turned on the thoughtless lad a look of pained amazement, and exclaimed, "Has it come to this?" His look and tone drove his words into the conscience of young Buckley, so that he saw his danger, and halted then and there on the backward way in which he was being misled. From that day he faced right about, forsook his unworthy companions, and sought the company of Christian boys. Wardell's look of pained astonishment was like the grief on the face of Professor Stuart of Andover when his little Elizabeth had told a lie, a look which went to his child's heart, and gave her ever afterward a settled preference for veracity.

So we know that William H. Wardell, in later years long an honored minister in the New York East Conference with Dr. Buckley, was the vigilant and faithful switchman who threw the switch which turned a boy's life from the wrong track to the right track, gave it a new direction, and started on its upward way the great career the church now commemorates. Pennington School, like similar institutions, has been a wonderful saver of souls, and a recruiting station for the ministry. Seven or eight years after James Buckley's momentous decision there another minister's son stood up in the seminary chapel one evening and said, "I do not know whether I have just the right experience or not, but I am going to be a Christian. My heart says:

"Here, Lord, I give myself away;
"Tis all that I can do."

Thereafter that boy went on through the years saying, spite of occasional doubts and fears and lapses and errors, "I am my Lord's, and he is mine." Now this is told partly for the purpose of interjecting that similar events are going on all the time in preparatory schools, like Pennington and East Greenwich and Wilbraham and Cazenovia and Wyoming and others. The best of these seminaries are worth more to the church and the world than some colleges. Wherefore let us prize and foster and strengthen our Secondary Schools, as they are called, though of primary importance. In them young lives, at the critical period, are being helped to right decisions, and filled with motives for a noble career.

And now, while my mind is at Pennington, I will let memory take a long look backward along the course of our slowly increasing friendship which grew from a first acquaintance under the Seminary

campus trees. Starting at that beginning, I will close with the end.

This was the way acquaintanceship began in the late fifties: A group of boys of various ages were sitting on the grass of the front lawn. They had heard that a former student named Buckley, concerning whom remarkable traditions lingered, was in the building visiting his former teacher, Thompson H. Landon. The boys were watching for a sight of the much-talked-about young man. Presently he came out the front door and down the path. He turned aside to speak to the group, and as was his wont, made them talk by plying them with questions. When he was gone the boys had a dim feeling of having been inspected. That was my first sight of James M. Buckley, and from that time we were acquainted. Because of his extraordinary personality, I could not forget him. Who that ever met him could forget him? Because of his extraordinary memory he did not forget me. The next time I met him was at the close of my freshman year in Wesleyan University. Coming out of the chapel from the reading of the faculty report on the annual examinations, I found him on the campus, dignified and solemn, being there as official visitor and inspector from the New Hampshire Conference to give his consent, if he saw fit, to the graduation of the members of his own class, he having dropped out at the end of freshman year.

"Have you passed up in examinations?" he asked in the sepulchral voice he at that time cultivated, and added, "That's more than I ever did when I was here." Ill health had prevented him from passing up.

From that beginning of acquaintance my memory now takes a leap, coming down across fifty-seven years to our final meeting in April, 1919, during the session of the New York East Conference in Simpson Church, Brooklyn. On the day before the Conference his devoted daughter brought him from their home in Morristown to my hotel and committed him to my care.

Five days we lived together, I the guardian of his feebleness, going to the daily sessions of our Conference together, and staying together the rest of the time about the hotel, in his room or mine, or walking the streets of the city long familiar to him.

Five nights we knelt by his bed, he unable to command speech, my voice uttering our common prayer.

The fifth night, Sunday, after listening in the morning to a wonderful sermon on "The Lad with Loaves and Fishes," we had our last good night together. Our prayer closed with, "Master,

look mercifully upon thy servants here. For us it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. O Master, abide with us." When the two old friends, one seventy-six, the other eighty-two, as unwavering as they were undemonstrative for over threescore years, rose from their knees and stood a moment looking into each other's eyes, they clasped hands, and gave each other the ultimate and supreme manly token of mutual respect and affection.

That last good night seems, in the retrospect, sacramental. I am not ashamed, nor is he offended, at this lifting of the curtain on the privacy of that sacred scene, for I am writing thus confidently to the great and loving church which reveres him because he was good and great, and which knows that I, like my father before me, have loved and served it all my days.

The next day I went with Dr. Buckley to Hoboken, saw him safely seated in the middle of the car, and telegraphed his daughter the time he would arrive at Morristown.

Such was my last visit, practically my last interview alone, with James M. Buckley.

And now naught remains for me here but to close my long service in this office, seven times assigned me by the church and never sought by me, by laying down my editorial pen beside Dr. Buckley's, awaiting the time when, for me as already for him, the day break and the shadows flee away. As my last official act I herewith, as if under oath before a notary, affix to this personal tribute, and to my twenty-seven years' work in the *METHODIST REVIEW*, my signature,

William V. Kelley

THE ARENA

A BIT OF IRONY

THIS comment by a secular paper on *The New Republic*, a somewhat sinister and subtle, if not inscrutable weekly, seems not out of place in a review which sometimes uses the ironic method of criticism:

"Of many affecting spectacles among our baffled intellectuals none is more moving than that of *The New Republic's* discovering Christianity.

"The general process at work is familiar and obvious enough. Having tried every formula known to pacifism and Socialism and to every other millennial creed, and having found the tympana of the people strangely deaf, the editors of *The New Republic*, like so many theorists of the past, are shifting their tents. Where endowed uplift at 15 cents a copy has failed let prayer and the Beatitudes try their hand.

"Just where and how Mr. Herbert Croly expects to conduct his revival meetings is not clear. His present essay is more metaphysical than hortatory—one is reminded rather of Thomas Aquinas than Billy Sunday. For a while we thought that Mr. Croly blamed the Reformation for the failure of the 'Reds' in America and the deportation of our anarchists—over whom *The New Republic* sheds many tears. But we gather from other sentences that Mr. Croly is at least resigned to the Reformation, and it is not a complete identity of church and state that he seeks. Here is the meat of Mr. Croly's newly opened cocoanut:

"But owing to the divorce between knowledge and religion the engineers of the new knowledge transmuted it into irresponsible rather than responsible power. The present awful predicament of civilization is born of this transmutation. The steady expansion of secular knowledge is the dominating fact in the lives of the Christian peoples. It is exercising an ever more complete and irresistible authority over both the conduct and the conscience of mankind. But its authority is devoid of moral sanction. The new knowledge has done little or nothing to enhance or to liberate human life as a whole. On the contrary, it is vesting the moral ownership of incalculably formidable engines of power in particular classes and nations, whose special interests are opposed to general human fulfillment. If the secularization of knowledge continues it will ultimately wreck civilization. The integrity of the city of God can be restored only by the reunion of knowledge and religion.

"The awful predicament thus facing the intelligentsia is enough to make a German officer weep. To abandon the City of the Soviet for anything as bourgeois as the City of God is indeed an awful descent. To lead the country in prayer may have its comfortable side, but it is a sad come-down from that slaughter of us all by the sword of the 'Reds' with which *The New Republic* used shudderingly to threaten us every so often if we didn't behave and subscribe, and so on. As for Christianity, it has existed for a long while, before, during and after many wars, and will probably rub along for some time to come. *The New Republic's* sudden discovery of it will shock our radicals to

the core and give Mr. Lenine and Mr. Trotsky a very bad quarter of an hour. But other cosmic consequences hardly seem probable."

A PERIODICAL READER.

Weissnichtwo.

THE SHORT STORY AND THE PREACHER

The short story is the prevalent form of fiction to-day. In a busy age, where days are crowded, that type of literary production which can be read at one sitting, on the train, at the station, or elsewhere, in any brief interval of leisure, naturally has become popular.

The short story usually contains from two thousand to five thousand words, and is distinguished from the long story, or novel, by simplicity, unity, concentration, the use of impressionistic methods, and singleness of situation and dominant character. With its peculiar structure, its intense human interest, its limitations of brevity, its rich and varied verbiage, it affords the student lessons of homiletical importance.

A notable pulpit excellence is the ability to condense. The preacher has to present, within the limits of an hour, themes of eternal significance. "The world is my parish," is true of the preacher in more than one sense. His imagination must "take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth"; his mind must scan the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of universal truth; mentally, as well as spiritually, he must be able to say, with the Psalmist, "The Lord hath led me into a large place." Having been there, however, with mind surcharged, with heart overflowing, he must step into the pulpit, and *get through in an hour*. "Who is sufficient for these things?"

A good short story is a cross section of human life, real and pulsing. It is so brief that it can be apprehended at a glance. It is so true that it can be related vitally to all life. Nevertheless, it has such a definite aim, such simplicity of plot, such a unity of development, that it leaves on the reader's mind one impression only. That may be, for example, the penalty of sin, the reward of virtue, or the loyalty of sincere love. It is free from irrelevant matter. Not one useless word is used. Each sentence has a definite value in its paragraph; each paragraph leads on steadily in preparation for the crisis, the climax, and the conclusion. In other words, the successful short story has a definite goal; it moves straight toward that goal; it gets there, and stops.

This is what the sermon should do also. Alluring bypaths beckon, tempting vistas invite to digression, all along the homiletic highroad; only the preacher that keeps straight on shall be saved. The King's business requires haste. Just as the plot of a short story should be expressible in a single, short, fairly simple sentence, so many a sermon would have been improved if its thesis had been reduced to a form similarly concise and definite.

The story that grips our thought and holds our attention to the end must have other attributes besides that of brevity. One highly im-

portant factor is that of dramatic development. The action of the story must not slow down, but must be constantly accelerated. For a moment, just before the climax is reached, its onward movement may be arrested; this suspense arouses the reader's keenest interest; then must come the telling stroke that culminates the story.

We have listened to some sermons, have read others, and preached too many ourselves that did not possess this element of dramatic development. Excellent material and manifest fervor were there, but the proper arrangement was lacking. Such sermons may please, instruct, and uplift, but they are less effective than they should be, both as immediate spiritual appeals and as permanent mental possessions. Like soldiery, sermonic elements should be marshaled with strategic skill to insure their supreme efficiency.

The writer's graduating thesis in the theological seminary was on "The Parabolic Element in the Gospel of Mark." Two profound impressions were made on the writer by the study involved. One was the realization of the masterly use of the short story by Jesus. The other was an appreciation of the exquisite care with which the evangelist arranged his material on a dramatically developed outline. While the King's business requires *haste*, it also requires *taste*; a sense of the fitness of things; a perception that the form as well as the content of the message is highly important.

Sermon structure is more akin to that of a short story than to that of a drama. In the latter the climax, instead of coming at the end, as in a story, comes in the middle. Thereafter the play proceeds leisurely to untangle the complications. It *works up* to its climax; then it *works out* the solution. The interest is maintained by the human element, made visible on the stage, and operating under the exigencies of the plot. Needless to say, a story cannot do this; neither can a sermon, with any happy results. The climax in both should come at the end. We have heard sermons that were admirable; they led on and on, and up and up; they reached a climax; but then, alas, they did not stop. The preacher spent as much time sliding down hill as he took in toiling up. The effect on the hearer was like that of a twice-told tale. Those who slept through the latter half of the sermon did well.

We have never noticed this phenomenon under our own preaching. Perhaps we were too busy at the time for careful observation. However, we have been solemnly assured sometimes after a pulpit effort that the sermon just delivered was a most "restful" discourse. All this leads us to believe that it is easier to preach preaching than it is to practice it. It would appear that there are as many things for a novice to bear in mind when he is learning to preach as there are for a centipede to remember—when he is learning to walk.

A study of the short story will involve a careful reading of the best examples. Such reading can afford the preacher mental recreation and furnish him with an astonishing amount of material. New horizons are glimpsed; different vocabularies are listened to; various

ages and distant climes are visited swiftly as though on a magic carpet. The bypaths of nature come winding up delightfully to the study door; vistas full of charm and color open up before the gratified gaze; while there pass, as if in review, those human characters immortal which stand as types for the various classes of "folks." A study of the short story requires, in the matter of characterization, a consideration of the long story also.

There is no substitute for the first-hand study of human nature. However, the classes of fiction are note books, whereon master observers have jotted down facts for our guidance. As geography and history prepare for appreciative travel, so does a study of the imaginative masterpieces fit one for an adequate consideration of the various kinds of human nature. Such study not only aids the preacher to preach to people; it helps him to get along with them also, or at least to put up with them. Some annoying person becomes much less bothersome if one can label him neatly with a mental tag, and place him definitely in that particular class, family, and genus of nuisances where he properly belongs. No harm is thus done to the specimen, providing such classification is not published, while the mind of the triumphant classifier is mightily relieved. There is a scientific satisfaction about the whole proceeding.

The characters in a "convincing" story are not purely imaginary. They are ideal pictures, drawn from living models. Consequently, a careful perusal of the stories of a good author can furnish a preacher with materials of human interest, and also stimulate him to become, himself, a shrewd observer. Such reading, moreover, since it deals with the concrete and the practical, may afford a wholesome balance to his theological studies, which have to do largely with the abstract and the theoretical.

Too often, when driven by work and fagged by constant sermon production, the preacher is discouraged to find his sermons tend to become commonplace, hackneyed, and prosaic. A judicious course in short-story reading, which excludes trash and centers on the best, can furnish relief and stimulation. The striking and dramatic situations of Frank R. Stockton, the virile and intensely vivid pictures of Rudyard Kipling, the deft impressionism of Guy de Maupassant, the graceful fancies of Robert Louis Stevenson, the poetic conceptions of Henry van Dyke, the excellences of a score of other distinguished writers, can enliven the preacher's imagination, suggest numerous telling illustrations, and arouse him to greater originality.

In this day of printer's ink and publicity there is high value in the drawing power of a happy and appropriate title. It helps to sell a story, to create interest in a sermon, and to get a book before the public. It is no small part of the story writer's study, therefore, to master the psychology of titles. The principles involved apply to sermons as well as to books or short stories. The ideal title will be apt, attractive, new, short, and specific.

The proverb about giving a dog a bad name has a bearing on the

matter of giving a name to a story, a sermon, or a book. Some years ago the director of the Astronomical Observatory in Cincinnati, Dr. O. M. Mitchell, published a volume with the following title: *The Planetary and Stellar Worlds*. The public did not appear to be interested. Not a copy was sold. When the publisher bitterly lamented this fact a wise friend said: "Why not give it a title more attractive? Instead of naming it '*The Planetary and Stellar Worlds*,' why not call it '*The Orbs of Heaven*'?" He did. Six thousand copies were sold the next month.

We do not guarantee if any preacher happily rechristen his sermons, that multitudes of hearers will result immediately. Nevertheless, we contend that a new title for an old sermon is often an excellent thing—especially when it comes to repeating that sermon.

No story is great that does not make a deep or strong impression on the reader's mind and heart. All stories must be brought to the test of their "moral effect." So also, of course, must all sermons. In this matter, too, the sermonizer may learn from the author a subtle art. Just as of old Nathan, by a story cleverly told, aroused the righteous indignation of the king against an alleged offender, who had been guilty of gross injustice and murderous conduct, and then quietly said to David, "Thou art the man," so he to-day who can, by *indirection*, arouse the conscience, stir the feeling, and then bring the hearer to the place where suddenly he will make the application to himself—that man has art, the art of Nathan the prophet, the art of Jesus the Christ.

In all literature there is no greater short story than that of the Prodigal Son. Here we have a perfect model. Here is the *introduction*—brief, interesting, pertinent—the hero takes his journey into a far country. Here is the *development*—swift, unitary, dramatic—he spends all in riotous living. Here is the *crisis*—strong, preparatory—reduced to dire distress, he faces suicide. Here is the *climax*, with its tremendous results, changing lives immortal—the *boy comes home!*

O Master Story Teller! touch our lips, that we may speak; inspire our pens that we may write, and some day help us to see that we, too, have had a share in fashioning the masterpiece of the ages—that blessed and wonderful story of how men at last, as children repentant, came home to their Father God.

W. EVANS HANDY.

Rockville, Conn.

SANITY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE twin brother of hate is pessimism. They often come together, hand in hand, the inseparable twins. Hate comes scowling and pessimism sourly frowning. Pessimism never knows happiness, but obtains a sort of morbid satisfaction in picturing the world as on the toboggan slide toward the bowwows. Pessimism is blind to beauty, virtue and nobility, but has a microscopic sight to see ugliness, sin

and cupidity. Groans, grunts and growls are the only language it knows. It discourages and distorts. Society and government could not live a month if things were half as bad as the rankest pessimist pictures them.

The pessimist busies himself in explaining why it cannot be done, and while he is demonstrating conclusively that he is right, the optimist is gayly doing the job that cannot be done. The optimist clears the forests, builds roads and houses and cities, sows wheat and plants orchards, grinds grain and makes laws, conquers evils and kills giants, and while all this is being done, the pessimist is dolefully orating on what a mess things are in.

This generation has its full quota of calamity howlers. Some are in the pulpit, some are in our legislative halls, some stand on soap boxes and volley forth their anathemas against cleanliness, order, thrift, and decency. Notwithstanding all that has been said, our land still remains the "Sweet Land of Liberty," and the Star-spangled Banner still waves o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. The observer may notice another thing, too, if he keeps his eyes open, and that is, those who denounce our institutions generally remain here unless Uncle Sam provides free transportation to another land, and it may be also seen that said free transportation must be forced upon them.

It is true that we are in a period of transition with upheavals that bring privations to certain classes. Some elements in society are trying to take advantage of the moment that seems strategic. Some of the passions and prejudices of the old world have extended their blighting influence over our nation. All this is true, but it needs no prophet to see that the voice of pessimism will die down, the hoarse cry of hate will diminish in volume, and the voice of reason and love will furnish the dominant note. Why is this true? Simply because the American people have in them the saving virtue of common sense. There is a sense of right in the hearts of our people that enables them to weigh correctly and estimate at their true worth all that is being said by pessimist and propagandist. There is something so sane in the sons of Uncle Sam that they will not run off after any will o' the wisp.

The psychology of the American mind is different from that of any other nation. It is unlike that of the Chinese in its slavery to the beaten paths, yet with its healthy conservatism, clings to the tried and true and reaches out for the better yet. It has no similarity to the mind of India, in that it builds no unbreakable walls between the classes, yet it pays proper reverence to the man of distinguished ability. Nor has it any of the characteristics of the Russian mind, which has become what it is through centuries of oppression, injustice and cruelty of the ruling classes, so that fear, suspicion and hate have arisen like dark clouds, and have shut out the clear light of truth and love. No wonder that Bolshevism—the slimy, crawling, repulsive thing that it is—finds there a proper environment for growth. Darkness is now upon the face of Russia, but the spirit of God is moving upon the face

of Russia, and by and by God will say, "Let there be light," and light and love shall come to reign.

The American mind is not congenial soil for Bolshevism. Bolshevism is being sown here without a doubt. Martens with his agents is undoubtedly spending millions in seeding down this continent. But Bolshevism will not grow here. It will be like the stunted, dwarf oak, growing in the Arctic regions, which does not reach its naturally majestic proportions because of improper environment.

Into the melting pot of the American mind have gone some of the common sense of good old Ben Franklin, some of the unswerving integrity and faith of Washington, some of the greatness and love of Lincoln. Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow and Beecher have all added something. And what shall we say of Asbury, the "apostle of the long trail"? Only the divine mind can measure how much America owes to this great soul. His thought, his life and his gospel have gone into the sturdy iron of our early Puritan, our Dutch and our Huguenot life, and made the iron into tough tungsten steel. And out of this finest of steel our strong patriotism is built, and the wolf of Bolshevism may "huff and puff," but he will "never blow our house in."

But it must be remembered that however much we value our American heritage, we cannot afford to remain aloof or indifferent to this menace. Some one has said that there are only two courses open to us, either absolute suppression or the gospel. Necessarily, we must leave the matter of suppression in the hands of the government. Some of the irreconcilable Reds must be handed some of their own medicine. They will learn in no other way. But the challenge comes as never before to the church to "teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost." The disturbing element are not of America, neither do they know America. And they are not of the Father, neither know they the Father. The American spirit must be interpreted, God must be interpreted. Christ interprets the Father, and when they know the Christ of America, they will throw away the red flag and take up the Cross, red with the Redeemer's blood.

G. A. LUTTRELL.

Reisterstown, Md.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

THE UNIVERSITY OF STRASBOURG

THE restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France involves the significant problem of the renaissance and future development of the famous University of Strasbourg. Many things conspire to make France peculiarly solicitous for the largest prosperity of this university and to give us all an interest in its future.

Few institutions of learning have had a more varied and interesting history than the University of Strasbourg. Its small beginnings lie as far back as the year 1538. It was in that year that John Sturm,

humanist and Lutheran, at the instance of the people of Strasbourg, opened there a Gymnasium. In 1567 the flourishing school was raised by imperial decree to the rank of an Academy, that is, a school of the highest class, yet limited to the faculty of letters. In 1621 Ferdinand II made of it a full University, adding the faculties of theology, law, and medicine. The University was Lutheran and of course—broadly speaking—German. Its German character it maintained until 1681, when Alsace and Lorraine passed under the dominion of France. The people of Alsace, however, proudly remind us that before 1872 very few of the great names in the history of the University were of Germans proper, but of Alsations. As to its specifically Lutheran character, this was retained even under the Bourbons. It was not until the reorganization of the University under Napoleon in 1808 that the confessional character of the institution as a whole was laid aside; yet even then the theological faculty remained Protestant, though no longer exclusively Lutheran.

We can only briefly allude to the many vicissitudes of the University—the disastrous effects of the Thirty Years' War, the temporary losses due to the passing of the region from the German to the French possession in 1681, the lapse occasioned by the French Revolution, its revival under Napoleon and other phases of its life—until the German reorganization in 1872. Mention, however, must be made of three periods in which the University shone forth with uncommon luster. The first great era was in the seventeenth century (this was under the Germans). The second was in the eighteenth century (this was under the French). Again in the middle of the nineteenth century, especially in the sixties, the University had a number of really illustrious teachers. In theology we note the names of Edouard Reuss, Charles Schmidt, Bruch, Colani (a man of brilliant teaching talent), and the youthful Auguste Sabatier, who later acquired fame at Paris. But there were great names also in the other faculties. It will suffice to mention two: Louis Pasteur and Fuestel de Coulanges. The latter was the supreme attraction at Strasbourg in those days. For his course on "The Ancient City" 300 hearers regularly assembled themselves, among whom were always seen some gray heads.

Shortly after Alsace-Lorraine passed, in 1871, into the possession of Germany, the Reichstag decreed that there should be established at Strasbourg a model German University, whose professors, chosen from among the most eminent of all Germany, should be the "pioneers of the German spirit" in the reconquered territory. The festival of inauguration took place on May 1, 1872, and it was a very imposing affair. The professors opened their lectures on the 15th of the same month. Of course this German university was not altogether a new creation, but a reorganization. The former professors were for the most part permitted to retain their chairs upon condition of taking the most explicit oath of allegiance to Germany. This condition, of course, eliminated the most of them. And so it came about that the faculties were reconstituted almost wholly of new material. But it is noteworthy that not a few of the

able men who were brought to Strasbourg in the first years of the "Kaiser Wilhelm University" showed a readiness to accept calls to other universities. The atmosphere of Alsace was not sufficiently German for them. Thus such men as the jurists Brunner and Loening and the historian of German literature, Wilhelm Scherer, were soon found teaching elsewhere. Nevertheless several stars of the first magnitude remained at Strasbourg, among them the very eminent theologian Heinrich Holtzmann, the archaeologist Michaelis, the Orientalist Nöldeke, the botanist Bary, and the jurist Paul Labland. Moreover, several men of the very first rank were attracted to Strasbourg at a later period, among them the world-renowned physicist Kohlrausch. On the whole, however, the German University of Strasbourg has been rather less successful than some others of a less sumptuous and elaborate equipment. Still, in the last two years before the war the number of matriculants there exceeded 2,000. These were distributed among the six faculties of Protestant theology, Catholic theology (established in 1903), law, medicine, philosophy, mathematics, and natural science.

In order to realize the German idea of a great and imposing university, that should mightily help to win the hearts of the Alsatians to their new fatherland, it was determined that its equipment should be of the very first order. The initial outlay for buildings was 14,000,000 marks; this was eventually increased to 25,000,000 marks. The number of laboratories is extraordinarily large and their appointments are altogether admirable. The chief single building is the great lecture hall for the faculties of theology, law, and philosophy. It is an immense and noble structure. Finally, there is the great library, splendidly housed, containing more than 1,000,000 volumes. In 1914 it was the third library of the German Empire, surpassed in size only by the royal libraries at Berlin and Munich.

In short the French have become the possessors of a really magnificent plant for a university. They are fully conscious that it behooves them to make the most of it. The eyes of the world, especially of Germany, will be upon them. With the utmost spirit they have set about to surpass all that has ever been accomplished at Strasbourg. The wonderful array of buildings does not make a university—that is yet to be created. But the French, especially the people of Alsace-Lorraine, feel that what they now possess as the foundation for a university is not the booty of war but their rightful property. The cost of buildings and equipment had been chiefly borne by Alsace-Lorraine, only one-sixth having been contributed from the funds of the Empire. As for the remainder, the French recover no more than had once been taken from them. The spirit with which they have set themselves to the task of building up a great French university at Strasbourg is seen in the fact that in less than two months after their occupation of the city the work of the university was resumed in nearly all departments. All lectures were given in French and all examinations were conducted in French. The difficulties involved in this program were great, but the program was carried through with unwavering consistency.

All six faculties will be retained, but with a very general change of personnel. Perhaps the only representative of the old faculty of Protestant theology who will remain is Fernand Ménégoz, a *privat-docent* of Alsatian nationality. We are especially pleased to note that Paul Sabatier has been appointed to a professorship of theology. His brilliant "Life of St. Francis of Assisi" gave him a large international reputation. As professor it is possible that he may not fall below the high level on which his father stood. Immediately to man all the professorships with scholars of really high rank will be no easy task. Indeed, it is certain that an ideal university cannot be created at once. But with the utmost speed the best available men will be called to the various chairs. And France has many very competent scholars. One may safely prophesy a brilliant development of the new French University of Strasbourg.

Already the University is sending forth to the ends of the earth announcements of its policy and plans. Very special stress is laid upon the fact that Strasbourg is the best place in the world in which to observe the next developments in German thought and life without having to be brought into a disagreeable contact with the German people themselves. The leaders of thought at Strasbourg are quite right in recognizing that all persons who want to understand their own age must keep themselves informed concerning Germany. They have good reason, therefore, to point out that Strasbourg has unequaled facilities for studying Germany without being in Germany. But *all* the problems of the new order—in France, in Germany, and in the whole of Europe—can be studied with peculiar advantage at Strasbourg. The University invites interested parties to make request for more particular information as to its courses and its general plans.

THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE IN WAR-TIME

ONLY in a relative sense has the old saying, *Inter arma musæ silent*, held true throughout the world war. There is perhaps no large and finished work of genius, either in literature or in music, in painting or in architecture, to point to as an achievement of the last four years. And yet everybody knows how powerfully the human spirit has expressed itself here and there in poetry and fiction. Doubtless the mighty stirrings of the period of the world-agony will find adequate expression in the era of the world-peace upon which we trust we are now entering.

How has it been with production in the theological field? The merest glance confirms what we should have expected. Works of great erudition and research have not appeared in the period of the war, except as they had ripened in the years before, and were virtually ready for publication when the war broke out. On the other hand, discussions bearing upon the vital questions of personal faith have appeared in great numbers. So it came about that in the first months of the war there was a flood of essays, pamphlets and books on the general theme of the relation of

Christianity to war. Then kindred themes came in for consideration—such themes as nationalism and internationalism in religion, or the question of “the German God.” A tremendously vital theme was the hope of personal immortality. Another weighty subject has been the future of religion. The longing for a larger and deeper union of Christian believers has found expression in all lands. And, of course, the need of a new emphasis in preaching has been recognized everywhere. Finally, the various aspects of the hope of the Second Advent, of *Christus Consummator*, have been discussed with much zeal and energy.

In these discussions the Christian theologians of every land and creed have participated. The themes are much the same in all lands. And—this must not be left unremarked—the treatment appears to have been much the same. In *theory* the theologians of Germany, for example, expounded the theme, “Christianity and War,” in much the same manner as those of France and England.

Since for many good reasons it is desirable that we extend our knowledge of the religious thought of French Protestantism, special attention is directed to a single typical war-time French theological book, namely, Alexandre Westphal's “*Jesus de Nazareth*” (*Librairie Générale et Protestante*, Paris, two volumes octavo, price 15 francs). It will be of interest to know that an abridged edition of this work was prepared for the French soldiers, and that 80,000 copies of it were sold. Westphal is a writer of much breadth, insight and charm. His book “*Jehovah*” (in English under the title, “*The Law and the Prophets*”) is recognized as one of the most attractive expositions of the growth of the Old Testament religion. The newer book will be found to be no less impressive.

Theologically the years of the war have been years of deep ferment and of a revaluation of values. Without doubt the coming years will be found to teem with fruits which began to form themselves in the time of the war. And we prophesy that the real leaders of Christian thought, at least in such a country as Germany, will not always be those who bore great names before the war. We will also express the further conviction that, while the war has forced Christendom to be ashamed of a narrow sectarianism, it has nevertheless made it clear that no religion can gain the full mastery in men's lives which has not a definable truth to offer as well as a clear program to be realized. Nothing can be more unpractical than a “practical Christianity” without a recognized body of truth.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

JUDAS ISCARIOT

Nothing is known of Judas Iscariot previous to his selection as an apostle of Jesus Christ. He was chosen to that office precisely in the same manner as the other eleven disciples, and is mentioned as such in the lists given by Matthew, Mark, and Luke. John also calls

him one of the twelve. As Peter always stands first in the lists, Judas is invariably named last.

Judas was not only a regular disciple, but was also treasurer of the apostolic band, thus filling one of the most important offices in the gift of his colleagues and his Master. Though little is known of his activities as disciple, it is certain that he continued in his work till the eve before the crucifixion, and as may be fairly inferred, without arousing in the other disciples any serious doubt as to his moral fitness or integrity of character.

John, writing many years after the tragic death of Judas, records the fact that he criticized the act of a certain woman for having, as he professed to believe, wasted about \$50 worth of precious spikenard to anoint the Master's feet, and asserted that this great sum might have been better spent in helping the poor. According to John, Judas objected, not because he cared for the poor, but rather because he was a thief, and having the bag, was accustomed to appropriate some of the money placed therein. Let it be remembered that this statement of John was made long after the event, and as already stated, it is not absolutely clear that Judas, during his apostleship, was suspected of dishonesty. Even on the last night, when our Lord said to him: "That thou doest, do it (most) quickly," not one of the disciples knew for what intent Jesus spoke to Judas.

"It was night" when Judas went out from his brethren, never to return. And what a night! He received from the priests thirty pieces of silver, something less than twenty dollars—or the price of a common slave. For this mean sum he had engaged to lead the priests and soldiers to the spot where Jesus could be apprehended, in the darkness of midnight, when the multitudes who loved Christ were asleep, and thus he could be taken without interference. As a disciple of Christ, he knew where the Lord would be at that very hour; he sells his knowledge to the enemy. He knew the Master would retire to Gethsemane for prayer at a stated time. Thither he leads the hostile band, and with a kiss, as the signal agreed upon, betrays him. A kiss, we should add, was the most common mode of greeting among very intimate friends.

The eleven disciples, thoroughly frightened at the appearance of the soldiers, fled in consternation. Peter and John, however, shortly afterward retraced their steps and followed their Lord to the house of the high priest. The hour proved too much for impetuous Peter. Whether Judas went with the band which led Jesus prisoner, we know not, as no light is thrown upon this point in the Gospels. But we do know that when Judas realized what he had done, and saw that Jesus was actually taken, "he repented himself, and brought back the money to the priests, saying, I have sinned in that I betrayed innocent blood" (Matt. 27. 3). The priests were unrelenting, for they neither heeded Judas's confession, nor did they take back the money. Judas, in utter despair, flung it into the sanctuary, went away and hanged himself. Another account of his death is given in Acts 1. 18, which varies considerably from that given by Matthew. "Receiving both as authentic accounts,

we are led to the conclusion that the explanation is to be found in some unknown series of facts of which we have but too fragmentary narratives."

Though Judas continued as apostle to the night before the crucifixion without, as far as we know, revealing his real nature to his colleagues, it seems that Jesus, "who knew what was in man," had a deeper insight, for we read that he knew from the beginning (his early contact with Judas) that he was going to betray him (John 6. 64, 71).

The story of Judas, at first sight clear and simple enough for a child to understand, is yet fraught with difficulties which have challenged the brightest intellects and have caused much discussion. While some have painted Judas as a traitor in the blackest colors, without one redeeming quality, others have regarded him as a man indiscreetly ambitious, without proper moral and mental balance. Indeed, some have gone so far as to regard him as a genuine patriot. No doubt, if we had a fuller biography of Judas we might arrive at more correct conclusions regarding his real character and motives. But looking at him from any angle, he is to be pitied, for joy and happiness must have been strangers to him. There is a profound truth in what A. B. Bruce says of Judas: "To be happy in some fashion Judas should either have been a better or a worse man." Had he been better he could not have perpetrated the crime attributed to him, and had he been worse, he could not have felt the remorse and despair which resulted in his death. No doubt the guilt of Judas is enhanced in the average mind by the fact that the person he betrayed "was the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, the Best-Beloved of God, and every man's friend."

So inexplicable is the act of Judas, as reported by the evangelists, that many reject its historical character and unceremoniously relegate the story to the realm of myth. "The fact of the treason of Judas," says Kleim, "is so improbable, so incredible, so terrible; it jeopardizes so painfully our faith not only in human nature, but also in the dignity and greatness of Jesus, in his knowledge, his judgment, his keenness of vision and that love of his which could melt even ice." Then adds that a weight would be moved from the heart of Christendom "if the treason of Judas could be proved to have no existence." But such a solution does not unravel nor lessen the mystery; it simply cuts the knot, and it is the least probable of the theories advanced for explaining this difficult case. That there was a Judas, that he was one of the twelve apostles, and that he betrayed the Master cannot be reasonably doubted.

What then could have been his motive for the crime attributed to him?

It will be admitted at once that Judas, in common with his fellow disciples, completely misapprehended the nature of Christ's kingdom. Having expected a temporal rule, he was naturally disappointed because Jesus did not set up a kingdom, drive out the Romans and their representatives and place himself upon the throne of David. Not one of the twelve really understood the spiritual nature of the Kingdom before the cruci-

fixion, nor, indeed, till after they were filled with the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. Even after the resurrection, when assembled together, they asked: "Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts 1. 6). That is, wilt thou at this time free us from Roman dominion? Judas understood the popular feeling, and as far as the people were concerned Jesus might have declared himself king some months before. Instead of yielding to the popular clamor and expectation—shared in by the disciples, too—he withdrew to the mountain for prayer. Judas and the rest, too, were bitterly disappointed when a few days before the betrayal, when the great multitudes attending the feast hailed Jesus as king of Israel, and would have gladly crowned him (John 12. 12ff.), to Judas's disgust our Saviour took no advantage of the situation. The traitor may have reasoned within himself: This is the auspicious moment. The people are ready for a revolution. Jerusalem is now filled with those who regard Jesus as the promised Messiah, who was to sit on David's throne. I shall be doing a good thing if I force him to declare himself. The priests and elders are his enemies. They will gladly deliver him to the Roman authorities and are willing to pay me a goodly sum of money for assisting them in their unholy alliance with the foreign oppressor. This will bring things to a crisis. The multitude will overpower the priests and the Roman soldiers and Jesus will be proclaimed king in spite of himself. Even should the priests succeed in delivering Jesus to the Romans, he will find a way of escape. De Quincey says: "The object of Judas was audacious in a high degree, but for that very reason not treacherous at all. His hope was that when, at length, actually arrested by the Jewish authorities, Christ would no longer vacillate; he would be forced into giving the signal to the populace of Jerusalem, who would then rise unanimously for the double purpose of placing Christ at the head of an insurrectionary movement and of throwing off the Roman yoke." This view, in a modified form, is held by many distinguished men like Neander, Whately and others, who claim that his act was more of a blunder than a crime. His mind was too shallow to fathom the depth of Christ's nature. He had too much of the human in his heart and too little of the divine. Nay, more, in doing evil that good may come, he was influenced by Satanic agencies. Our Saviour is made to say (John 6. 70), in speaking of the twelve, "One of you is a devil." The phrase cannot be taken literally. Alford, commenting on it, says: "The English version, 'a devil,' is certainly too strong; *devilish* would be better, but not unobjectionable." The epithet may have been used much in the same sense as when our Lord on another occasion said to Peter: "Get thee behind me, Satan." Both Peter and Judas, failing to grasp the real nature of Christ's kingdom, became stumbling blocks. By not accepting our Lord's plan of redemption implicitly and without hesitation or without suggestions of their own, they became adversaries and hostile, or, as Westcott in his comments on the passage says: "Judas, by regarding Christ in the light of his own selfish views and claiming to use his power for the accomplishment of that which he had proposed

as Messiah's work, partook of that which is essential to the devil's nature. With this term applied to Judas, we must compare that of Satan applied at no long 'interval to Saint Peter.' Men too often unconsciously substitute their own ideas for God's. When our thoughts are put into action, and when we fail to carry out the divine plan, we may be said, harsh as the term may sound, to act devilishly, even though we may not grasp the gravity of the act. When we substitute our own plans for those of God, it may be as truly said of any of us as was said of Judas, "Then entered Satan into him."

Others treat Judas with less leniency. They, too, readily admit that Judas, in common with the disciples, misapprehended the nature of the Kingdom and the mission of Christ, but that he went much further than that. At first he believed that Jesus was the true Messiah, but gradually changed his views and became convinced that he was a fanatic, if not a downright impostor, like other false prophets and pseudo-Messiahs who had preceded him. To Judas Jesus of Nazareth was a man who had entered upon an enterprise which he could not carry through. Judas felt that he had been duped. His disappointment was changed into disgust, his disgust grew into hatred, and that in turn to vengeance. His only thought now was to deliver his nation from another impostor. Viewed thus Judas became a patriot, who seeks to free his country from another false Christ. Indeed, he may, as a slave of avarice, his master passion, have hoped that his fancied patriotism would receive its reward from either the Jewish or Roman authorities, perhaps from both. This view, though it finds no support in the Gospels, is a plausible theory and finds abundant illustration in the history of politics of every age and nation.

Another theory is that Judas had given jealousy a loose rein. None of the disciples were blameless in this regard. They were all human, probably just as human as the average member of a Conference or Synod in our own time. Judas, by vote of his colleagues and the approbation of the Master, and probably, too, by his own self-seeking, was made treasurer of the little band. This presupposes ability and fitness on his part for the office. From Luke 8. 3, it may be inferred that persons of wealth ministered of their substance to the new society. No doubt a goodly portion of the money received was spent in charity. As treasurer, Judas would be regarded with the respect due his office, which he magnified, too. It is very probable that he realized that Peter, James and John were honored above him (see Matt. 16. 18; 17. 1). It must be remembered, too, that with the exception of Judas, all the disciples were Galileans, and he alone was from Judea. Thus, in some sense, he was a foreigner. Then, as to-day, boundary lines played a most prominent part. Petty jealousies were rife, not only between Jews and Gentiles, but also between different tribes, and even towns and villages of the same tribe. Being a Judean, Judas would naturally feel his superiority; this, too, would lead to jealousy. Ambition and jealousy often go hand in hand, and when combined lead to other sins. Jesus, no doubt, fathomed the mind of Judas, who, too, was keen enough to read

the thoughts of the Master. Thus a feeling of mutual distrust would be engendered in both. Jesus in his preaching lost no opportunity to rebuke sin, especially the sins of covetousness and selfishness. Indeed, it may be assumed that the Master had warned Judas personally against his besetting sin. He rebuked the Scribes, the Pharisees, Peter, John, and others for their lack of spirituality. The object of all such reproof was to produce repentance for sin and amendment of conduct. What Jesus would do for others, he would not fail to do for Judas. Instead of profiting by this, Judas persisted in his evil ways and became more and more confirmed in his greed and avarice.

A very common view is that God, from all eternity, had deliberately planned that Judas should betray the Lord, in order that the scheme of redemption might be carried out. In support of this, appeal is made to passages like John 6. 71 and 13. 11. Much has been made of the phrase, "that the Scriptures may be fulfilled," and also of the passage "He it was that should betray him." "Should" is *absolutely* misleading; a more correct rendering would be "*was going*," or "*was about to*" betray him. The verbal form used is the future participle. There is no suggestion of fatalism or predestination in these passages. The phrase "in order that the Scripture may be fulfilled," can mean no more than that the words spoken by David, Isaiah, or other Old Testament writers find an application or are illustrated in the conduct of Judas. Isaiah, for example, often used certain language which applied to people or things in his day, without any thought whatever of uttering a prediction of what was to happen in the distant future. Bloomfield, commenting on the phrase, says: "The expression sometimes means that such a thing so happened that this or that passage would appear quite suitable or applicable to it." It is impossible for us to conceive that Jesus Christ selected Judas to be an apostle in order that he might be betrayed by him. The idea that God, from all eternity, should have fore-ordained Judas to be a traitor, in order to carry out his plan, is too repulsive for us to accept, even though the object was thereby to save the world. Here we are confronted with the questions: Is not God omniscient? Is not Jesus Christ God? Did he not know the end from the beginning? If we are forced to answer yes, we are also forced to answer: God is love, and to say: Surely the Judge of all the earth cannot do wrong. We may be able to harmonize the free will of a moral agent and the foreknowledge of God. We are children in the dark; nevertheless, children feeling perfectly safe in the hands of our righteous Father. We would say, with Dr. Joseph Parker: "My understanding is at fault, not God's justice. What I know of his method, within the scope of my own life, I know, and am sure that righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his throne and that mercy endureth forever." Dr. McCabe's words are not too strong: "To say that the Redeemer selected Judas on purpose to do the infamous work of treachery and betrayal is not only blasphemous, but shocking to all our moral susceptibilities, and repugnant to our instinctive sense of justice, wisdom, and fair dealing."

Strong words, nevertheless true, for we are forced to believe that our Lord selected Judas because he saw in him fitness for the work. Though he may have discovered early the greed and ambition of Judas, he still hoped that the latter might, by communion with himself and the disciples, overcome his natural avarice. Certainly Judas was not continued in the apostolate without some hope of reformation. How reasonable are Godet's words: "The moment when Judas received the fatal morsel from the hand of Jesus—when he must have felt all the greatness of his crime—might have become for him the moment of repentance and salvation." The very fact that Jesus gave the morsel to Judas on that fatal night should have appealed to him. He could not have failed to grasp its meaning. For as Westcott says: "It was customary in the East for the host to offer the guest he wished to honor a piece of meat." This special act of recognition on Jesus's part utterly failed, and the Prince of Darkness had control of the betrayer's heart. Godet's comment on the passage, "Did I not choose you the twelve, and one of you is a devil?" is worth quoting: "He desires especially to awaken Judas's conscience and to induce him to break with the false position in which he seems to persist in continuing. . . . If in receiving the sop his heart had broken, he could still have obtained pardon. . . . He might have, therefore, returned backward, but would not."

But of the many theories the most common motive attributed to Judas's betrayal of the Master is avarice. This was his master passion, his besetting sin. Judas was elected treasurer because of his business ability. His shrewdness and avarice proved his ruin. It seems that he loved money above all else. He loved it so that he cared not how he got it. He did not hesitate to appropriate some of it from the common chest. John, years later, brands him as thief, who was in the habit of covering his crime under the garb of charity and pretended interest in the poor. Sins usually go in groups. Here we have covetousness, duplicity, hypocrisy, dishonesty and base ingratitude. And all, it seems, from the love of money. "The danger of this passion," says Marcus Dods, "is that it infallibly eats out of the soul every generous emotion and higher aim." Judas, as treasurer of the new kingdom, had constant chance to gratify his avarice. His speculations, though possibly small, had in them all the elements of wholesale plunder. The sin consists not in the amount, but in the act. "He had his fingers in the bag all day, it was under his pillow and he dreamed upon it all night; and it was this that accelerated his ruin." And this, too, in face of the fact that Jesus had constantly warned men against this very evil. He had preached against the deceitfulness of riches, and had said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth." Yes, he had uttered the awful words: "It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Judas, no doubt, had heard all this. He fully knew his own failings and dangers; but alas, like many another since that day, profited not thereby. His fatal blunder was that he did not realize his danger, but kept on pilfering and obtaining more money, thinking, if he thought at all, of reforming at some future day, but not now.

"Covetousness is more the sin of the will than of the flesh, or of a passionate nature; there is more choice in it, it is more the sin of the whole man unresisting; and therefore it, above all others, is called idolatry—it alone, above all other sin, proves the man is, in his heart, choosing the world and not God." If we understand the teachings of Jesus Christ he had less hope of the salvation of covetous men than he had of any other class of sinners. Be that as it may, the love of money played a most important role in the treachery of Judas Iscariot.

Selfishness, the essence of all sin, is the great Baal before which myriads bow. It is the great magnet towards which all forms of evil are attracted, and which repels everything that is good and noble. It was here that Judas fell, and here, too, unless we are born again and are made new creatures in Christ Jesus, we also must stumble. Poor Judas! Back of his avarice there were undue ambition, impatience, bitter disappointment, unrealized unholy expectations, jealousy of the brethren, and worst of all, an unreasonable, rankling rancor towards his blessed Lord, whom he blamed for his unhappy state of mind. Farrar has well said, "Sins grow and multiply with fatal diffusiveness and blend insensibly with hosts of their kindred . . . A turbid confused chaos of sins was welling up in the soul of Judas. . . . Malice, worldly ambition, theft, hatred of all that was good and true, base ingratitude, frantic anger—all culminating in this foul and frightful act of treachery. . . . All rushing with blind, bewildering fury through this gloomy soul."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Thoughts on Things Eternal. By JOHN KELMAN, D.D. Crown 8vo, pp. 340. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$2.00.

DR. KELMAN, author of *Salted With Fire*, *The Road to Life*, and other books, for years minister of old St. George's Church in Edinburgh, recently Yale Lecturer on Preaching, is now pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, following Dr. J. H. Jowett in that conspicuous pulpit. He comes from Scotland decorated with the Order of the British Empire, for distinguished service in the World War. His most attractive volume is *Among Famous Books*, which was noticed in our pages at its publication. Dr. Kelman seems to us more effective in the pulpit than in print. In his preaching the personal presence and action of the man adds much to the impressiveness of what he says, as is true also of Jowett. The book before us contains Fifty-two Studies of Scripture for the Christian Year. In the Preface the author says: "An old author, speaking of the journey of life, has quaintly described Sundays as the inns where the traveler rests for a little while and collects his thoughts, both of the road he has traveled and of the destination whither

it is leading him. Such is the intention of these studies. They are not sermons, but fragments or abstracts of sermons. They are fugitive glimpses of eternal things. While in a general way it has been found convenient to arrange them in the time-honored sequence of the Christian year, only a few of the more important festivals have been selected. In so far as disputed doctrines are dealt with, my desire is to sound a reconciling rather than a contentious note. Far too much has been made of our differences in matters where all theories are necessarily incomplete. The statement of truths of eternity in the language of time must always leave great room for Christian charity towards those who state the same truths otherwise, and the restatement of ancient doctrines in modern terms implies no lack of reverence either for former thinkers or their thoughts. It does imply a profound and deepening conviction that the earlier and the later voices are but different expressions of the same things. The chief characteristic of the thought of to-day is that it finds its way to abstract truth through actual experience. In the history of the race and of the individual there is clear evidence of the way of God with men." That our readers may judge of the book for themselves we present without quotation-marks some samples. The first is on "Behold I thought . . . behold now I know."—2 Kings v. 11, 15. It is the story of a man who went out to seek for a magician and who found a God, exchanging thoughts for knowledge. Naaman's thoughts are enumerated in verse 11. He had rehearsed the scene and planned out all its detail. A lordly set of thoughts they were, and from Naaman's standpoint entirely satisfactory and convincing. The one suspicious element is the completeness of the program. It would seem as if it were not God but Naaman who was arranging this cure. Behind these thoughts of his lay many things. First, his military training. He has the confidence and swaggering arrogance of the popular general of an oriental king. He has the soldier's precision in thinking out schemes of all kinds. His system is exact, detailed, consistent, thorough—only, it is all wrong. "Nothing sits worse on a fighting man than too much knowledge," it has been said, "except perhaps a lively imagination." In dealing with the great facts of life and death we have to put away our habit of command and our delight in arrangement, and to accept an order of things which has been fixed without our being consulted. Then there was the palace life of Damascus. In those dreaming oasis cities of the East, men's minds are drunk with sun and blind with barbaric splendor. Life is half a pageant and half a game, in which the magic of the desert mingles and over which its spell is cast. All these elements are here, and about the story of the jingling calvacade and the costly presents there is the scent of sandal-wood and incense. There was, indeed, another side to Naaman. The affection of the slave-girl, and the friendly talk of the orderlies, show a kindly and humane personality behind the mask of pomp and circumstance. But, like many others, he puts away that frank human nature when dealing with religion, and the figure we see is stiff with the brocade of ceremony. Also, there is the religion of Baal Rimmon, the worship of Nature and the Sun. This worship had not then reached its ideal forms, that gave rise to

the dreams of spiritual light and purity which fascinated decadent Rome in later centuries. It was but a kind of sorcery, the most advanced and daring phase of earthliness masquerading as a religion. It was a religion with all the worship eaten out of it by commerce and pride and superstition. It had no spiritual side at all—no faith, no love, no obedience—but only a glorified commercialism and the spectacular pride of life, in which an elaborately theatrical healing was to be paid for in so much coin. Into the midst of thoughts that rose out of these things falls the leprosy. The world which Naaman's thoughts have constructed about him appears fantastically unreal then, but he will keep up appearances hardily. Whatever chilling loneliness may have invaded his soul in quiet hours, yet to the general he still is the grand seigneur, indignant that a gentleman like him should have to conform to the rough manners of the land of Israel. In spite of the leprosy, God is not in all his thoughts. He simply desires to utilize a local divinity, and enslave him for a price paid. It was a very natural way of thinking. It was what he had been accustomed to, and what every one else about him thought. He was constructing God out of his education and the popular opinions, as most men have always done. It was very natural, but it nearly cost him his healing. The price of thoughts is easy to ignore, but it must be paid. Countless men debar themselves from all life's highest gifts and chances simply because they are so set in their own opinions that they refuse to change them, or even to consider a new point of view. No class of men is more pathetic than that of those who tenaciously and proudly cling to ideas of their own, and cannot find healing for their souls. May not the price of such men's thoughts be too high? Naaman's knowledge comes to him with a rush of new thoughts, supplanting the old. These, the thoughts of a man restored from a loathsome death to fresh and clean vitality, we may well imagine. But better than them all was a new knowledge. Indeed the old thoughts were not knowledge. Religious and secular alike, they played on the surface of things. But there had come one commanding certainty—There is a God. It was not merely a new and brilliant thought among the others. It was a grand certainty founded upon experience. Health quivered through every nerve, and rushed through every vein of his body, and the healed man knew the touch of God. It was experience, the experience of healing, that brought him knowledge. The curse of leprosy had not done this. It had only added other thoughts, more bitter but not more true, than the former ones. But God's healing had done it, for that is the convincing thing that can turn thoughts into knowledge. There are still some whose religion is a mere set of opinions, promiscuously gathered, and others who can say, "I know whom I have believed." And, as a rule, it is not misery but healing grace that has wrought this change. The blind man of Jerusalem knew not this or that of the opinions that men tossed to and fro about Jesus. But one thing he knew, "that whereas I was blind now I see." That is no opinion, but absolute knowledge given by experience. A man knows that God who has pitied his misery and healed his disease. Let us turn from Naaman to ourselves, and see the same contrast between

opinion and knowledge which he found so long ago. Our thoughts are a strange and valuable field for study. A man's opinions rise for the most part unconsciously in him, built up out of his education, his prejudices, his stray reading, his intercourse with other men, and his sense of the spirit of the age. Some, displeased with the confusion of opinion within them, construct a system, which will serve for a more or less elaborate and consistent theory of life. Some very brilliant constructions of this sort will come to every reader's mind: for this is a time in which many clever men have felt called upon to announce to us their newly constructed religious systems. We are startled by the novelty of every page, by the interest and the ingenuity of it all. These men are evidently world-builders, creators of a new universe which is no doubt in many points a vast improvement on this one. Only—it is not so. Theirs is not the universe we have to live in and deal with. We may leave them alone and return to the consideration of our own opinions. There are several sources of error which falsify the opinions of the ordinary man. (1) We do not know all the facts, and the inadequate basis of fact stultifies the whole. Our opinions are but patchwork theories of things, pierced together as it were out of fragments which we have overheard. (2) Self-will intrudes upon our thinking, and we come to believe what we have determined shall be so. (3) Desire, with its thousand earth-born longings and regrets, forms a heated and delusive atmosphere about the mind, in which things are not as they seem. (4) Most of us are tempted by consistency, and enjoy system-building for its own sake apart from truth. But "nothing falsifies history more than logic," and when the facts do not tally with our systems of things as they ought to do, we are apt to cry in our folly, So much the worse for the facts. So we build up and dwell in that cloud-castle of opinions which we call our thoughts. It lasts until some specially powerful fact, like that of leprosy, comes against it. Then all our calculations are upset. Thought falls back in ruins before the impact of something it cannot explain, and further thinking "can only serve to measure the helplessness of thought." There is a great verse in Psalm 119. 113, wrongly translated in our version, upon whose real meaning and mood we are prone to fall back in such an hour—"I hate thoughts." Our knowledge is a very different matter. There is, or may be, such a thing as our knowledge. There is much that can be actually and certainly known in religion, and our minds are capable of receiving and resting in it. In connection with the faith we hold, there are many opinions which may or may not be true, but it is not all like that. There are men and women, not differing in appearance from their fellows, who yet carry with them, about these familiar streets and houses, the indisputable knowledge of some of the most profound and far-reaching secrets of the universe. This knowledge is given by experience, and is "subject to no dispute." It is futile to seek to discover the secrets of the furthest heavens with your field-glass of opinions; but what if some great star were to swim into sight, and discover itself to you? So many have found it to be. While they were speculating among the doctrines, and

discussing the high-sounding questions that it is fashionable to ask regarding God and man, God himself came to them in their hour of need, and they knew his coming and were saved. Before that memorable experience a thousand preconceived opinions flee away, and from the pride of thought men come to the humility of knowledge. This is no disparagement of reason, no attack on reasoning and speculation. It is rather a defense of it, for the danger lies not in thinking, but in mismanaging the work of thinking. It is a dangerous game, this play of opinions, and it may cost a man very dear. Had Naaman adequately and dispassionately thought out the situation, he would have arrived at precisely the same knowledge which experience taught him. But few men ever do thus adequately deal with thought. Their opinions rise, as we have seen, from a wrong basis and upon wrong principles. But let a man deal honestly with God and life, laying his soul quite open to whatever power and love there be for him in God. Then, as the mighty hands reach down for you, draw you up out of deep waters, set you on a rock of firm conviction gained not by speculation but by experience—then you will know. Your opinions about God matter little—your thoughts about religion, your arranged program, your predetermined claim. Much of all that will have to be discarded, all of it will have to be revised, and thought will more frequently discover God by its failure than by its success. But bring your leprosy to God, and let us see him heal it. Bring your shame and not your greatness; your bewilderment and not your fashionable opinions; your confessed folly and not your paraded cleverness. Then need will find him where self-sufficiency must always fail. One touch of healing—a manhood cleansed and wholesome in heart and imagination—sin forgiven, morbidness, tone, freshness and freedom and power returned! Behold you thought this and that and the other clever and ingenious thing. Behold now you know that your Redeemer liveth. This is on a song of the morning.—“And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.”—2 Samuel 2. 3. 4. These were the last words of David, and they tell us his ideal of what a king should be. But the passage is deeply religious, and its import is far more than a conception of royalty. It is a conception of human life with the morning light of God shining upon it. Behind it there were the memories of certain mornings, great in the national history. There was that day when “the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared,” and Israel was free. Farther back in the past there was that other morning when the sun rose on Jacob as he passed over Penuel after his night of wrestling. It was from such passages that pious Israelites drew their thoughts of God, and worshiped with “glorious morning face.” As Israel looked back upon such mornings, so she looked forward to others not less bright. Weeping might endure for a night, joy would come in the morning. The Lord would help her “when morning dawneth.” Her light would break forth as the morning, and her righteous ones would triumph then. It is true that some of her doleful spirits have nothing more grateful to say than “Would God it were evening,” and there are some to whom the morning

is "even as the shadow of death." But that is only their sorrow or their weakness, or the irritation of the pessimist who is aggrieved by any call to rejoice. Israel's usual view of the morning is fresh and healthy. It is a call to labor and to wholesome thoughts. "In the morning sow thy seed," "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening." With the sunrise has come safety; the wild beasts are gone to their dens; the highways of travel and of labor are clear, and the world is open for man. Everything is alive and cool and growing. The ground is fresh with dew, and the young grass is springing. Man, too, wakeneth morning by morning fresh and keen. This morning light is on our Christian faith. We are forever ageing before our time. As the shadows fall upon our work, we begin to feel that we have had our day. Yet when we look for sunset and the dark, it is a new sunrise that is coming:—

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

The note of paganism is the evening light through which it looks back to a golden age far in the past. The worship of Buddha seems to dwell in "a land where it is always afternoon." Christianity is essentially the religion of the morning. This involves many things, but above all others it is the guarantee of health as opposed to sentimentality of all kinds. Religion, even the Christian religion, has been regarded otherwise. It has been draped in close curtains of spurious mystery, stifled with ceremonial, made to appeal solely to the senses and emotions, until it had become hopelessly morbid and decadent. To be bright and keen, to be natural, to be heartily and simply human, has been regarded as a lapse into irreligious secularity. There has been indeed at times such a proud exultation in the mere world and its godless life, that faith has been driven for shelter to the darkness of midnight assemblies. But though Lucifer, son of the morning, is fallen, morning has another Son greater and more abiding. Jesus Christ is the bright and morning star. Ours is not the faith of those who hear only the voices of the night. Its believers are men who are singing in morning light, and that light—sane, clear, and cool—falls on all things earthly, and reveals them as they are.

The Christian view of history illustrates this. There is a dreary scientific doctrine that the world is growing aged and decrepit. It has had its day, but now its powers are dying out, and it "goes dispiritedly, glad to finish." Nor have there been wanting some Christian believers to indorse the gloomy impression. Such Christianity despairs of life in the present, stands, marking time till the Judgment Day or the Second Coming, as if that were all there is to do. But those who have drunk more deeply of the spirit of our faith, discover daily that old things are passing away and all things becoming new. We are standing not at the end but at the beginning of things. We go forth into the world daily remembering that it is morning. We ourselves may grow old without a pang, for "the best is yet to be," and our children shall see still

better days than ours. The times may be precarious and their problems difficult to master, but the night is past and the day is before us. Equally true is this assurance of our individual experience. The Christian feels the stirring of a new creation in his soul. The coming of the new life of God is not merely an event; it is a process, and we are daily being created. As yet we are but in the making. If this condition—this sinfulness and blindness and wavering faith and changeful desire—were the finished product of manhood, it would indeed be profoundly discouraging. But it doth not yet appear what we shall be, though we know that we shall be like him. Every one who, in books or in real life, has had much intercourse with aged saints, has learned that the Christian need never grow old at all. It was this that so arrests the wondering eyes of the Roman in "Marius the Epicurean," and gives to that great book much of its rare charm and clean fragrance. If you know Jesus Christ, you may trust life, and go forward brightly to its latest day. Your Master has the secret of perpetual youth. For further detail, let us set the Christian graces in this morning light: (1) Faith.—There was a period in the nineteenth century when faith was seen by many of the noblest eyes, in an evening light. Watchers of twilight, or of darkness, the cry echoed from poets to prose writers, "Watchman, what of the night?" And the answers that came back were such as this—

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

But the twentieth century is seeing things disentangled, and distinguishing between essential and merely casual beliefs. The morning light is clear and plain, and certain truths are visible in it. Faith is no longer groping and faintly trusting, bewildered among a vast system of beliefs. Its certainties are fewer, but they are absolutely certain. The faith of to-day is not dream but vision. Such also is its vision of good, with clearer if less conventional light falling on moral questions. "Morning's at seven," as Pippa sang. The shutters are open, and instead of the many-colored lanterns of tempting sophistry, moralists are seeing by daylight things as they are. Such is the vision of Christ. We do not demand of men that they shall hold so complete a set of definitions. But the progress of research has made him stand out in clear light among the indisputable and eternal facts, and that is better than any completeness of theory or brilliancy of imagination that may turn out to be a pageantry of dreams. (2) Hope.—There is a hope in evening light; that hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. Such hope that may be a genuine Christian grace. The faintest light set in the future by some promise of God is precious; and beyond all, there is the "one far-off, divine event to which the whole creation moves." Yet for us there is a nearer hope. In the morning, hope is immediate, and it concerns the facts of a day that has already dawned. Christ has not only pointed us toward a distant eternity, that may explain and compensate for a hope-

less present. He has not only assured us that things will come right in the end. He has made us feel that to-day life is worth while. (3) Love, in the evening light, means rest, and sweetness of fireside converse. In morning light, love means labor. As the doors close behind them, the workmen do not love their homes less, but more, because they are going forth from them to labor. So love to God in morning light is a call to service. Do not stay brooding in close curtained thought, searching your soul for love to God:

I love and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart
To love and not to love.

The day has dawned, the workmen of the world are abroad. Go forth and join them, and express your love in labor for God's sake. Let us set our religion thus in the fresh and wholesome light of morning, while the call of life is in our ears. The evening will come soon enough, and with it rest and pensive sweetness and softness of feeling. Meanwhile the sun is risen; let us arise and live. This is on the transformation of language into life (First Sunday in Advent), "The Word was made flesh."—John 1. 14. The one supremely significant fact in the universe is, to quote Dr. Peabody's fine paraphrase, "the transformation of language into life." We see this transformation in three different moments. There was the creation at the beginning, when great vitalizing words of God took form in created beings. Again there is the same transformation in all human work and morality to the end, when man is hearing words of God within him and is transforming them into deeds and finished products. But between these two there stands the stupendous fact of Christ, interpreting the first and inspiring the second. (1) Creation.—It is matter of general consent that the universe as we know it had a beginning. As thought travels backward into the great silence before that beginning, it must needs discover a moment when the eternal thought found expression, and the universe began. The Word became flesh. God spoke, and the thing spoken stood out as a created fact. "The universe is God's language." The unspoken word is all that might be; the spoken word is all that is. This is the meaning of those wonderful stories of Genesis, in which we see all things coming forth in their mighty evolution in answer to the words of God. That is the Christian view of nature and the universe. It is not an eternally grinding machine, nor is it a dream-picture woven of mist. It is a real universe, in which God's language is transformed into life. The great words were spoken, and there are the mountains and the fields and the seas, and the ships upon the seas and the cities of men. It makes all the difference in the world whether as we stand in the midst of all these things we hear only a jangle of meaningless sounds, or whether we hear the word of the Lord. Listen to that word in the summer fields and sunshine, in the winter storms and the voice of the tossing seas. Listen, too, in the crowded streets, the throb of machinery and traffic, the bustle and the gentle speech of homes. In new thought and adventurous policy, in great loyalties to ancient institutions; in the voices of teachers in

schools, of preachers in pulpits, of business men in offices, of shopkeepers in shops; in the heart-beatings of the lonely and the sobs of the penitent—everywhere creation is the Word become flesh. (2) Jesus Christ.—The word had been spoken in an unknown tongue. We heard it, and saw its incarnate forms, but we did not understand. Science was patiently deciphering it, retranslating it back from life to language; endeavoring from the manifest facts of the universe to spell out the meaning of the Word of God. But science finds it difficult, and conscience and love find it far more difficult to understand. The divine Word has seemed to change and suffer in the process of becoming flesh. Its meaning is obscure, and it seems to have been mingled with much other speech that is not divine. Many had tried to interpret it into human speech. Psalmists, prophets, philosophers had tried; but their words died away, leaving fainter and fainter echoes in man's conscience. They had written their interpretation, but God's Word can never find full expression in a book. Language must be transformed into life—and not, this time, the general life of the universe, but our human life—that we might understand. So "the Word became flesh." The meaning of life, the purpose of God in creation, became intelligible in Jesus Christ. His whole speech and conduct and being interpreted the world. When men saw him they said, Life ought to be like that: God is like that. Take three of the words of God, and let us see their transformation into life in Christ:—(1) Holiness.—The word was familiar, for there was abundance of ethical speculation and of conscience too. But holiness was dead and buried in formal rules of conduct, paralyzed by man's universal failure, and hopelessly unattainable. But here was holiness splendidly alive, spontaneous, free, and natural. Here it was not merely attainable but actually attained. Jesus Christ—that was what God had meant by conscience, what conscience had tried to say; that was what ethical science had seen afar off, but never reached. (2) Love—the most fascinating and yet the most elusive word of God. Men heard it in their own hearts and homes, but it was uncertain or sinister, and always precarious, being threatened both by life and death. That was human love, and the divine love was but a remote and dim whisper of possible goodwill, if things turned out to be as one sometimes almost dared to hope. But here was love at once stronger than death and simple as the laughter of a child. Men saw its patience, its responsiveness, its facility. They felt its tenderness, its understanding, its healing power. Here is God's heart, seen in the heart of a man. Here is what all true love actually means. The word Love had become flesh. (3) Death—that last sad word. Every death before had been recognized as a Word of God, but how unfriendly and how harsh! Since Jesus died, men have known what God means by his great word Death, for the death of Jesus has interpreted the whole of life. In the light of its love and sacrifice we look with new eyes upon sin, despair, forgiveness, restoration. And that death has reinterpreted death itself, giving to it surprisingly rich and blessed meaning. All the wonder of the eternal life—its rest, its renewal, its reward, its higher service—all these were included in the meaning of the word death, when in Christ language was

translated into life. Truly man may say to the specter, at the grave of Jesus,

Thou hast stolen a jewel, Death
Shall light thy dark up like a star.

All this, and far more than this, is included in the meaning of "the Word became flesh." Flesh, the tempted and tempting thing, weak and suffering, subject to all contingencies and liable to all risks—flesh was used to express adequately and for ever the meaning of God's word of creation. (3) The third stage of this Incarnation has yet to be considered. The text is a command that the Word shall become flesh again in every Christian life. The translation of language into life is the great act of religion. We are familiar with the idea of the incarnation being perpetuated in the Bible, the Church, and the Sacraments. But besides these, each life around us is a Word of God, a special purpose and design realized in flesh in its degree. This thought surely gives new meaning to our intercourse with those who do business with us or live beside us. "There is but one temple in the world," says Novalis, "and that temple is the Body of Man. . . . We touch heaven when we lay our hands in a human body." Another has said: "The body of a child is as the body of the Lord; I am not worthy of either." How reverently, gently, purely should we treat one another if this indeed be so. But most especially in ourselves must language be transformed into life. We all hear many words of God. The worship of the church, its songs and prayers, its readings and thoughts, and the inward response to these in desire, aspiration, and resolve; these words are to become flesh in us when we return from our worship to our daily life. And also there are other words which our spirits hear from day to day. What has life been saying to you? What has your experience meant? What lessons has God been trying to make you understand? Some of it we cannot understand, and all that is required of us is that we shall walk among these unknown voices of life, erect and brave and self-respecting and gentle. But there is much that we understand quite well. It is the Word of God, spoken clearly and in familiar language by the voice of life. But that word has yet to become flesh. There are countless words of God in the knowledge and conviction of us all which are as yet no more than words. These are waiting for their incarnation in our character and influence, in our daily work and service of man and God. The works of our hands are God's word fulfilled in us. We who can work are born that certain great words we have heard in our secret souls may become flesh in deeds. Rise then and do the work that thy hands find to do. In this living fashion speak out what is in thee. So shalt thou also be a Word of God incarnate, an expression in living flesh of him who "wrought the Creed of creeds in loveliness of perfect deeds." Here is a bit on the character of Gehazi: All contact with holy things is inevitably of the nature of a crisis: familiarity with them is dangerous and exacting. It is the old danger of touching the ark of God; it is the danger which Meredith sees still when he sings:—

Enter these enchanted woods, ye who dare.

When the first touch of awe is on the man, let him take a thorough dealing with his soul, for if he surrender it not then to God he will surely mortgage it to the devil. All the supreme experiences of life have this quality of crisis. At every point where a man feels himself brought face to face with any high trust or responsibility, with any deep sorrow or affection, above all when Jesus Christ confronts a man, and he has to say Yea and Nay to the great question of his life, there has come for him the awful hour of fate. Let him pass through such a moment slightly, and the sequel is sure. He will become accustomed to the most awful and exalted thoughts, and then he will despise them. His will be but the scene-shifter's view of the play, looking down on the backs of the actors, and seeing nothing to thrill his spirit. Doubtless prophets are but men, and there are many things in the best of them to criticize. Doubtless all supreme experiences, of responsibility or sorrow or love, have some earthly elements in them easy to disparage. But the God whom the prophets serve and represent, however faultily, is a consuming fire. We are face to face with a very terrible fact here. All ministers especially, and all who engage in work about religion and its ordinances, must surely stand in awe of the dangers of familiarity. Yet this is a danger also for all who habitually hear or read or think of holy things, or handle them in the Sacraments. If faith be shallow and love half-hearted, if the wonder of this approach be not day by day renewed, and all rival passions that war against the soul suppressed, then will come the sure vengeance of sacred things profaned, and familiarity will sink into contempt. But familiarity needs not thus to sink. If the soul's surrender be complete, the wonder will not only last but will increase, and each day of sacred service will break with the freshness of a new revelation. For the treasures of faith are inexhaustible, and the returns of God to the faithful are fresh as the dew of each new morning.

Daybreak Everywhere. By CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE. 12mo, pp. 217. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, \$1.25, net.

AFTER traveling for many days in the arid desert the traveler is greatly refreshed when he reaches an oasis. Here he gathers strength to continue the journey to his desired haven. We have been overwhelmed by books which sound the depressing note and which show no ability to separate the chaff from the wheat. According to these self-constituted prophets, evil abounds and superabounds with hardly any prospect of relief. It is therefore a source of gratification to come across a volume that has the exuberance of life and which offers the jaded pilgrim courage and hope to scale the summits. Dr. Locke has written such a volume. These sermon-essays breathe the spirit of joyful hopefulness and confident faith, so greatly needed at the present time. Our trial and turmoil are not final but they are ways of discipline, means of grace, sacraments of virtue, opportunities of service. This preacher's outlook is well expressed in the Foreword. "We who are alive to-day have the high privilege of participating in the most thrilling epoch of all history. Never again with

pessimistic tones should we talk about the world's problems and impossibilities, for problems are only opportunities, and impossibilities are only calls to immediate achievement. How can sensible people talk any longer about the world getting worse?" We are reminded of Rupert Brooke, who sang, "Now God be thanked who matched us with this hour;" and of the stirring words of G. Lowes Dickinson to the young men of England and of the world: "Believe in the future, for none but you can. Believe in the impossible, for it waits the help of your hands to become the inevitable." Such a course is possible only in the name and power of the heroic and triumphant Christ. Dr. Locke clearly understands this secret and he accepts the challenge of the new day, fearless and unafraid. Every chapter of this volume has the delicious fragrance of Christian assurance. It is a veritable tonic for distempered souls, and those suffering from the blues will be speedily cured as they read these breezy pages, redolent of the spice and pungency of the Californian pines. One of the finest chapters is "Seeing the Blue in the Sky." This preacher looks at all sides of the situation and so remains unmoved from the stable foundations. "Optimism is the sunshine—pessimism is the shadow; pessimism follows dolefully upon the heels of optimism. Perhaps it is well for optimism sometimes to hear the gloomy prognostications of pessimism, otherwise optimism might fail to comprehend the gravity and strength of evil, and the necessity of incessant vigilance and stratagem. If pessimists were loyal to their own melancholy philosophy, they should go off to the edge of the world and throw themselves over. I would not be a pessimist with the clammy sweat of death and fear always on my brow. I should rather be an optimist, even incurring some danger of fanaticism. An optimist goes out and tries to get something done, while a pessimist stays at home and wonders why he doesn't do it some other way. . . . People worry about the past because of lost opportunity and what they might have been. The past is useful only as it instructs and inspires for the future. We worry about the future and weaken ourselves for the conflict by fearful forebodings which are never fulfilled. The first steamship which ever crossed the Atlantic carried in its cargo copies of Dr. Lardner's famous but useless book, which was laboriously written to prove that it was an utter impossibility for a steamship to carry enough coal to make the voyage from Liverpool to New York." Other chapters are, "The Rebirth of Liberty," "The New Manhood," "Time a Just Retributor," "The New Duty," "The New Gentleness," "The New Morality," "The New Day." He shows insight and fairness in dealing with all the facts of history. He thus looks beneath the surface and speaks a true word for obscure lives without whom the currents of human progress would have been checked. In the chapter on "Monuments" we read: "All great reforms commence with the common people, among the humble and unknown. The pioneer comes out of the lower strata of society. At first he is ridiculed and often put to death, but the truth for which he suffers survives him, and some one else seizes the torch from his faltering hand; but the John Browns and the Lovejoys and the Garrisons are always followed by the Wilberforces and the Lincolns. The pioneers do not usually have the monu-

ments—the humble people are forgotten; but when the monuments are unveiled to the Lincolns, and the praises of the Lincolns are being sung throughout the land, the true student of events knows that as the greater always includes the lesser, so every word spoken or sung in praise of the Lincolns is a word of acknowledgment and appreciation of the Garrisons and the Lovejoys and the John Browns, without whom the Lincolns would have been impossible." Illustrations abound in this volume, and they are well used to establish an argument or to enforce an appeal. This message of cheer has vision and unction and should be widely read by preachers and laity.

The Church We Forget. A Study of the Life and Words of the Early Christians. By PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON. 8vo, pp. 359. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, \$2.00 net.

WHAT Wilson did so well in his volume *The Christ we Forget*, in presenting a refreshingly informal interpretation of the life of our Lord, he has now done in a sequel on the church of the first century. While many academic dissertations appeal only to the few, this realistic sketch will find its way into the hands of many readers and impart the tonic of surprise even to those who are familiar with the wonderful story of the early church. The lessons for the modern church are made with directness by this journalist author, who sees clearly, thinks independently, and writes vividly, so as to compel attention. When we say that this volume represents the scholarship of journalism, we do not mean that it is second-hand or superficial, but that it seizes live issues and emphasizes present interests. The first qualification of a journalist is ability to write what is readable; another is that he must report facts and not theories. Both these tests are met in this volume and the author carries the reader along from chapter to chapter, retaining his interest and also increasing it, as he develops the theme. We are particularly impressed by the skillful way in which Wilson reads between the lines of the New Testament writings and shows unusual insight in understanding the background of these precious documents. He has succeeded in enabling us to see these men and women of Christ, as they actually lived, and struggled, and triumphed. We are thus encouraged to do likewise and set about our tasks, assured of like results, provided we are similarly equipped. The first chapter secures our interest by its title, "The Simplicity of the Early Christians," and it is sustained by its contents. Such was their belief in the immanence of the Divine that, "anywhere and everywhere they expected to meet God. The first vision came to Stephen when he was in the dark. The second came to Paul on a turnpike road. The third came to Peter in a tannery, of all places, and the last came to John in a salt-mine." There is a timely chapter on "The Happiness of the Faithful." "The churches grew because the Christians were happier than other people. The temple gleamed with marble and gold, but it was rent by sectarian controversy. Athens was full of idols, but Athens was frivolous. The first Agrippa dazzled the populace with

his robes, but was eaten of worms. The second Agrippa, despite all his pomp, was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Saul was a rising politician, yet his career hurt him like kicking against the goad. Gallio, who governed Achaia, had wisdom, but it was only the wisdom of the cynic. At mention of righteousness and judgment to come Festus, the viceroy, trembled. [It was Felix.] Nero was—as Paul put it—fierce as a lion, but his only realm was misery. Amid the pomp of circumstances and the unhappiness of a great military despotism, the disciples, with their praises of God, shed abroad a sudden gladness, and this radiance of joy was infectious." Such journalistic summaries are frequent in this volume. Here is one about the experiences of Paul: "During their legal proceedings, he spoke, or tried to speak, four times. First, he addressed democracy, a plebiscite and commune, an electorate. Next, he submitted himself to a conclave, sanhedrin, parliament, congress. Thirdly, he was brought before Festus, the bureaucrat, the justiciary, the civil service, the government machine, the department of state. Fourthly, he faced Agrippa, the king, the royal family, the dynasty. In the trial of Paul all the conceivable authorities in church, state, and nation were involved. It is not possible for any form of political organization to claim that if it had been in force things would have gone differently. Systems are imperfect, but Justice dwells in the hearts of men. They may be many, they may be few, but there is no justice except what springs from within them." From the fact that Paul addressed the people of Jerusalem in the Hebrew language, the writer draws lessons from history and enforces applications to the life of our day. "Here was exhibited the crowning privilege of a proud people hearing of Christ, in no foreign tongue, but in their own familiar accents—Luther speaking to Germany—Tyndall to England—Moody to America. It was the artisan witnessing for Christ in the workshop. It was the millionaire revealing Christ in the bank. It was the doctor bearing Christ to the clinic. It was the clerk showing Christ in the counting house. It was the Buddhist preaching Christ to Hindus; it was Booker Washington putting the gospel to negroes." Indeed, the whole book is well worth reading.

Lay Religion. By HENRY T. HODGKIN. 12mo, pp. 226. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

QUESTIONS of timely interest are considered in this volume by a leader of recognized standing among the British churches. He deals with root causes and offers practical solutions in the spirit of a Christian seer. He recognizes that the modern issue is whether our modern civilization is to be established on a spiritual basis or a material one, and he frankly avows that the difficulty is one of vision and decision. He holds that there is no other institution that is likely to do the work the church ought to do, but if it is to be adequately done the church must have a clearly thought out policy touching national and international affairs. Before this is possible, the church itself should be molded by spiritual ideas big enough to create

a new world. He makes an important distinction between the esoteric and the democratic ideas of religion. The first thinks of religion as limited to the few, and from the nature of the case belies its credentials; the second regards religion as a necessary part of every man's life, touching the whole of life and claiming every sphere of life as its own. It is this latter that he understands as lay religion. He makes a good point that religion, as generally understood, is something that is aloof from the life we all live, and is therefore regarded as "simply irrelevant." But he adds that such a religion is of the second-hand variety and is a "wretched makeshift." He makes several fruitful suggestions how to recover the lost power of religion. The first is the demand for reality. "The glib expression of truths by persons whose lives are manifestly at variance with those truths is worse than the utterance of untruths from the same lips. It is not simply that the truth is denied by the life; it is desecrated, and made to appear as untruth. Such profession debases the moral currency. It largely accounts for the very prevalent conviction that the teaching of Jesus is impracticable. The very people who are responsible for setting forth this teaching in the world are not, in many cases, seriously attempting to live by it." Another need is the demand for adventure. The boldness and joy of the early church should be revived. "The church's failure is not that it has asked too much of men. It has thought too meanly of them. It has been frightened by the world's loud boast of power. It has lowered its flag lest it should be swept away in the gale. Let it be raised again to catch the winds of God in the upper air. Let the church sound forth a note of unhesitating challenge to evil, to social wrong, to pride of place and wealth, to the patronizing philanthropy that masquerades as goodness, to the very structure of a society rooted in class prejudice and national exclusiveness, and it will rally behind it the legion of those who are but waiting to hear the call to battle." The true spirit of adventure has been shown by the missionary enterprise, and what is written on this subject should be thoughtfully considered. Other chapters take up the demands for freedom, for fellowship, for a purpose, for harmony, for righteousness, for power. Particularly valuable is the chapter on "The Demand for a Leader." All the qualifications of mind and heart are perfectly met in Jesus Christ. He lived a common life among men. He asked of men their friendship and their free choice. He offered himself "as one that serveth." He drew out the best in men. "When men met Jesus, they were polarized; the good and bad were searched out; some were repelled and some were attracted. The same influence is still at work, explain it how we will, and it works in people of all races and colors. It is the sword that pierces until it divides soul and spirit, and is 'quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart.'" The next chapter, on "The Demand for a Knowledge of God," deals in passing with some of the prevalent misconceptions about God and shows that the authority of Christ has been so deeply exercised because of his unique revelation of God. The thought is further worked out in the last chapter, on "The Life that is Life Indeed." The final answer is given by Jesus that "this larger life is only to be found in God our Father, and that the broad

highway that takes us into it is love, the love that was revealed to men most perfectly in his own teaching, life and death." Such a life, moreover, meets every demand considered and more besides. This is truly one of the most heart-searching and thought-provoking of books recently issuing from the press.

Religion and Intellect. A New Critique of Theology. By DAVID GRAHAM. 8vo, pp. xx+156. Edinburgh. T. & T. Clark. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$3.00, net.

In these days of muddled thinking and mob action the call to rationality is timely. Those who have a penchant for generalizing often utter the veriest commonplaces which impress the gallery, but their influence is demoralizing. Freedom of thought we must surely have, but we should distinguish between what is eccentric and erratic and that which has intellectual candor and mental clearness, combined with a trenchant purpose of the will to know the Truth and to abide by it. When a congregation recently applauded a preacher, he checked them and said: "I am not trying to get your applause. I want you to think." He realized, in common with other leaders, that the exercise of the reason is most difficult and that the effort is generally avoided in favor of mere emotionalism. And yet Pascal spoke truly when he declared: "Let us labor to think aright; this is the foundation of morality." Those who give themselves to honest thought retain an open mind and have an inquiring disposition and suspend judgment when the evidence is insufficient. This was what Jesus meant when he said: "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment" (John 7. 24). Mr. Graham's volume should command the attention of preachers, who are among the leaders of thought and the molders of public opinion. Referring to clergymen, he says: "Their grand object should be to awaken the people to a living sense of their spiritual needs, and to a clear comprehension and realization of their spiritual potentialities and of the splendor of their calling." A better title for this volume would be "Religion and Reason." The intellect is only one of our faculties; there are two others, the emotions and the will, and all three are better comprehended by the term reason. The prophet's arraignment contained the appeal: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord" (Isa. 1. 18). This implied a consideration of all the facts without passion or prejudice. The author states that "the object of this book (under favor of God) is to stimulate and promote that great moral enterprise, the uncompromising subordination of religion to reason; to separate the true, the intrinsic and holy in Christian theology, from the false, the extrinsic and profane; to teach this healthful and sublime science to as many as will listen, and persuade them to yoke it to everyday life; to induce as many men as possible, of all nations and tribes and tongues and callings, to enter into, and worship God within, the spacious, serene and all-sacred temple of spiritual intelligence." It is really a summons back to the serenity of Jesus, who planted religion firmly in reason and made his appeals to common sense, the general intelligence, which is the

final test of life, both human and divine. Here is a good principle well stated: "No man who knows his business will ever quote another person (however eminent he may be) on any psychological question as a court of appeal and final authority, but only as an auxiliary in his own service. I don't quote Aristotle because I agree with Aristotle, but I quote him because he agrees with me; that is I simply summon him as an excellent witness of the elemental truths for which I may be contending. Better still, I have frequent occasion to summon my adversaries as witnesses against themselves, and as unwilling but implicit and irrefutable witnesses of the same elemental truths. In all such matters a man who knows his business must be his own hope." There is a clear chapter on "Belief, Certainty and Faith," and another on "The Grandeur of the Human Soul." The Appendix, on "Some Serious Documents," has a pertinent quotation from Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*. "He that believes without having any good reason for believing, may be in love with his own fancies, but neither seeks truth as he ought, nor pays the obedience due to his Maker; who would make him use those discerning faculties he has given him, to keep him out of mistake and error." This is a different putting of the words of the apostle: "Always be ready with a reply for anyone who calls you to account for the hope you cherish" (1 Pet. 3. 15). Christianity is neither cryptic nor esoteric, but an open secret, which they who seek in purity of purpose can always find. If the human mind has limitations and cannot go the whole gamut in understanding the full destiny of life, there is surely room for Revelation. This important aspect of the case is ignored by the author. His references to the "Logos" and the "Holy Ghost" show that he is a stranger to the higher realms of spiritual experience, and although the term "spiritual" is used, it is interpreted in too limited a sense. Mr. Graham further fails to realize that there are processes other than intellectual for the attainment of truth, which are not necessarily in conflict with the "rational consciousness," but supplement it. The words of Lord Fisher in his recently published *Memoirs* contain a forcible answer to some of our author's strictures: "Brains never yet moved the masses—but emotion and earnestness will not only move the masses, but they will remove mountains." We hold that what is genuinely religious is finally reasonable and the two constitute a synthesis. This book is nevertheless valuable as a preliminary to the discussion of the verities of the Christian Faith. It will do much to "clear the mind of cant" and to counteract certain modern tendencies which lead their votaries after the mirages of credulity.

A Grammar of New Testament Greek. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, M.A., D.Lit., D.D. Vol. II. Accidents and Word-Formation. Part I. General Introduction, Sounds and Writing. Edited by WILBERT F. HOWARD, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Imported by Scribners. Price, paper cover, \$3.00.

A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research. By A. T. ROBERTSON, M.A., D.D., LL.D. Third Edition. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$7.50 net.

The Vocabulary of the Greek Testament. Illustrated from the Papyri and other non-Literary Sources. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, D.D., and GEORGE MILLIGAN, D.D. Part III, By GEORGE MILLIGAN. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, stiff paper cover, \$2.00.

It is superfluous to write in praise of the Prolegomena, Vol. I, of Dr. Moulton's notable grammar. It is in the hands of nearly every scholarly student, who has been helped by it to receive a larger understanding of the New Testament. Volume II was practically completed by Dr. Moulton before he went to India; and the work of editing it has been well done by Mr. Howard, who lectured last year at Drew, and has since been appointed a tutor at Headingley Wesleyan College. The first part of Volume II has been published. The General Introduction of thirty-four pages is in further elucidation of positions maintained in the Prolegomena, as a result of fresh material from papyri and other sources. With regard to the unity of N. T. Greek we read: "That N. T. Greek is in general the colloquial *lingua franca* of the early Roman Empire has been made clear by the facts presented already, and we need not even summarize the case. With all the difference that there is between the writers of the N. T., we can say of them collectively that they stand apart from literary Hellenistic monuments, the LXX excepted, in eschewing vocabulary, grammar and style which belonged to the artificial dialect of books, and applying to literary use the spoken Greek of the day. Their differences are comparable with those we notice between English speakers of varying degrees of education. Except for literal, and to some extent conventional translations, the N. T. contains no element which would strike contemporary Greeks as the archaic English of A. V. or R. V. strikes us to-day." The section on Contacts with literary Greek points out the distinctive traits of the N. T. writers, and indicates that their purpose, even in the case of those who showed a consciousness of style like the authors of II Peter, Hebrews, Luke, and Paul, was studiously to keep "within the range of popular vocabulary and colloquial grammar." The section on Semitic coloring makes out a strong case for the influence of Semitism and of the "translation Greek" of the Septuagint. We are also reminded that "in the N. T. we have free composition in Greek, based frequently upon the Semitic which had no fixed or authoritative form." In illustration, there are several paragraphs on the distinctive characteristics of the N. T. writers, which throw much light on their respective messages and the conditions under which they were produced. The part devoted to grammar is on "Sounds and Writing;" it is very readable, which of course is to be expected, coming from Moulton, whose humor and humanity appear in delightful ways. Let one paragraph stand for illustration, to whet the reader's appetite for more. It is on Accentuation. "The accents with which Greek has been written since the Hellenistic age are the invention of the great grammarians who tried to preserve a record of the classical language when it was in danger of obscurity. In their time the character of the accent was changing from pitch to stress. The M. Gr. accent, which remains with few exceptions on the

same syllable as in the ancient language, is just like our own; and, as in English, the stress affects the quality of all syllables, stressed or unstressed. Thus *ἀνθρωπος*, *man*, has stress on the first syllable, and the second and third syllables in consequence have the same vowel: *ω* becomes long again in the plural, where the accent falls on the penult. In classical Greek there was a 'musical' accent, the tone involving a higher note but no sort of stress. We have this musical accent in English, and it plays a very important part. But it is perfectly free, depending on the shade of meaning intended by the speaker, and differing very much with different individual speakers; in Greek the tone was tied to the word or word-group, and was capable of no variation. It was a fixed element, almost as much as a similar but more elaborated tone-system is in Chinese. We recall the well-known story of the actor Hegelochus, who, in declaiming a line of Euripides ending with *γαλῆς ὀψῶ* ('I see a calm') pronounced a circumflex instead of an acute, and sent the audience into roars of laughter; *γαλῆς ὀψῶ* = 'I see a weasel.' Surely grammar is no dry subject when handled in such a fashion. There is much else, in this strain, on pronunciation, punctuation, syllabification, vowels, aspiration, consonants. We shall impatiently wait for Part II on "Accidence" and Part III on "Word-Formation;" and then lament again, as we do now, that the most important section on Syntax will not be forthcoming with the stamp and authority of Moulton. For this section, dealing with words and ideas which throw light on the history of thought, we must turn to Robertson's Grammar, written with a deep sense of its importance. The fact that this grammar has just appeared in a third edition, since 1914, is sufficient testimony to its intrinsic merit. This latest edition contains much new material. It has a full table of contents of 42 pages; greatly enlarged indices of subjects, Greek words, quotations from the N. T. and O. T., the Apocrypha, inscriptions, papyri, and Greek literature; addenda with references to the latest articles and books; and, over forty statistical tables on Syntax, prepared by H. Scott, of Birkenhead, whose technical knowledge of Greek was hardly surpassed by his patient industry and passion for accuracy. A word about Scott is timely, now that death has claimed him. He was a retired banker, but had made the Greek New Testament his hobby and passion, and there was hardly any question bearing on it, with which he was not familiar at first-hand. We are thankful that he gave his services *con amore* to the improvement of Robertson's Grammar, which has thus become a product of Anglo-American friendship and scholarship. We are confident that, please God, yet larger results will follow on the lines of this unity, to bless English-speaking peoples and all the world. The reception given this grammar by preachers is most gratifying. It is to be hoped that the third edition will find its way into the hands of a still larger number of preachers. It is difficult to review a work like *The Vocabulary of The Greek Testament*. We can only acknowledge, with gratitude, the benefit received from its use, on account of the light it throws on the meanings of difficult words, on figures of speech and allusions to social customs, and on aspects of life which had experienced the spiritual and ethical

rebirth of Christianity. Dr. Milligan alone is responsible for Part III, but he has made good use of the references and notes which Dr. Moulton had gathered for this work, and also of Vol. II of the grammar. "Greek is marked, like English, by the very free use of prepositions." So wrote Moulton in his *Prolegomena*. The Vocabulary has full articles on prepositions and their compounds *eis, ex, epi, en*, "maid-of-all-work." Other articles which bear on grammatical, social, ritual, and religious usages, are *ethos, eimi, ekdikew, ekklhssia, ekpistw, eulaberos, ellagw-ew, dwis, embatew, energeia, exomologw, hkonw, epaggellomai, epakolouthw, epechu epigwskw, epistosis, episkopos, epifaneia, epos, eudaisia, zw, zhthsis, hlikia, theos, thes, theatew, theoria*. The careful research and accuracy and clear printing of Parts I and II are seen here also; and it is a pleasure to know that Part IV is in the press. The preacher is surely to be congratulated who takes advantage of these original sources for stimulus and guidance in interpreting and expounding the gospel of Redeeming Love to a world of disorder and despair.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children. Edited by JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP. 8vo, pp. x+240. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00, net.

THE many-sided character of Theodore Roosevelt grows on one. His extraordinary versatility was a constant marvel. Even those who disagreed with him were constrained to acknowledge that he was one of the finest exponents of Americanism and always a knight errant of righteousness. When the cable announcing his death was made known to a company of three hundred men in Russia by the "Y" secretary, there went up a sob as though these doughboys had lost a personal friend. In this volume of letters we see one of the most attractive sides of his character. He believed that the home occupies a place of the greatest importance in national welfare and he maintained that "for unflagging interest and enjoyment, a house full of children, if things go reasonably well, certainly makes all other forms of success and achievement lose their importance by comparison." Fathers and mothers are not merely men and women with children. They are parents with a specific mission to build and keep a home for themselves and their children, so that its influence will be beneficially felt in society and the nation. Mr. Roosevelt rightly held that the relationship between parents and their children is one of companionship, so that both are educated by a contagious moral idealism. The father who is stern and selfish and the mother who is nervous and irritable inject the poison of discord and discomfort and make the fellowship of the home irksome. In these days, when we are threatened by atheism in the city, by paganism in the country, and by materialism everywhere, the call is imperative to hold up high ideals of the home in the name of religion and patriotism. The editor declares that the dominating passion of Mr. Roosevelt's life was a "deep and abiding love of children, of family and of home." He had the child's heart to the end and once gave expression to his emotions: "I wonder whether there ever can come in life a thrill of greater exaltation and

rapture than that which comes to one between the ages of say six and fourteen, when the library door is thrown open and you walk in to see all the gifts, like a materialized fairy land, arrayed on your special table?" We are not surprised that he said he would rather have this book published than anything that had been written about him. It is a volume for parents and children and especially for fathers and boys. On the merits of civil and military life he wrote to Ted: "I have great confidence in you. I believe you have the ability and, above all the energy, the perseverance, and the common sense, to win out in civil life. That you will have some hard times and some discouraging times I have no question; but this is merely another way of saying that you will share the common lot. Though you will have to work in different ways from those in which I worked, you will not have to work any harder, nor to face periods of more discouragement. I trust in your ability, and especially your character, and I am confident you will win." To the same son, in another letter, are these timely sentences: "Do not make the mistake of thinking that the men who are merely undeveloped are really the best fellows, no matter how pleasant and agreeable they are or how popular. Popularity is a good thing, but it is not something for which to sacrifice studies or athletics or good standing in any way; and sometimes to seek it overmuch is to lose it." A letter to Kermit concludes: "Don't worry about the lessons, old boy. I know you are studying hard. Don't get cast down. Sometimes in life, both at school and afterward, fortune will go against one, but if he just keeps pegging away and doesn't lose his courage, things always take a turn for the better in the end." He believed in athletics but constantly guarded his sons against going to extremes: "I don't want you to sacrifice standing well in your studies to over-athleticism; and I need not tell you that character counts for a great deal more than either intellect or body in winning success in life." It is easy to understand what were his compelling ideals which he always set forth in public and often in these letters. After a paragraph of timely counsel he pulls himself up: "There! you will think this a dreadfully preaching letter! I suppose I have a natural tendency to preach just at present because I am overwhelmed with my work. I enjoy being President, and I like to do the work and have my hand on the lever. But it is very worrying and puzzling, and I have to make up my mind to accept every kind of attack and misrepresentation. It is a great comfort to me to read the life and letters of Abraham Lincoln. I am more and more impressed every day, not only with the man's wonderful power and sagacity, but with his literally endless patience, and at the same time his unflinching resolution." But there is a great deal of humor and rollicking fun and entertaining anecdotes in these letters. Not the least valuable parts are his discerning observations on history, life and literature, and his reflections on current events, both national and international, from the standpoint of the President. His criticism of Dickens is somewhat scathing, but it expresses the genuine protest of his stalwart Americanism. The lover of nature and wild life will find many eloquent descriptions written in the finest of picturesque prose. The gorgeous

splendor of May in the garden of the White House is described in pen pictures that rival the best of its kind. What a scene is that of the President reading each evening the stories from the Bible to little Archie and Quentin during the absence of their mother from home! Altogether this is a memorable volume. It might also be regarded as a memorial volume, for by it Theodore Roosevelt will be gratefully remembered for many a long day.

Outspoken Essays. By WILLIAM RALPH INGE, C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's London. 12mo. pp. 261. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$2.25, net.

We do not like the manner of Dean Inge, but his matter is worthy of serious consideration, even though there is an excessive strain of pessimism in much of it. Some of his conclusions are startling, but even when we differ from them, the feeling remains that they cannot be lightly treated. He is a man of deep learning and his knowledge of classical history is marked by the accuracy of exact and extensive scholarship. His Gifford Lectures on *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, noticed in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for November, 1919, constitute a distinctive contribution toward the understanding of both ancient and modern thought. His appreciative insight into the values of spiritual Christianity, as distinct from ecclesiastical Christianity, is seen in his Bampton Lectures on *Christian Mysticism*. In several essays of the present volume he returns to this subject and presents the strong claims of Christianity upon the modern world with prophetic vigor, critical acumen, arresting courage, and in a style of writing at once lucid and brilliant. The fact that such a volume was reprinted four times in as many months bears a significant testimony to its importance. It has a great deal that challenges the thought of the theologian, the sociologist, the student of philosophy, and especially the preacher. He is nothing if not fearless, but it is far better to speak out one's convictions with assertive independence, even at the risk of being misunderstood, than to utter evasive platitudes which no one takes seriously. The first essay, on "Our Present Discontents," criticizes several accepted positions and produces a sense of uneasiness. "Human nature has not been changed by civilization. It has neither been leveled up nor leveled down to an average mediocrity. Beneath the dingy uniformity of international fashions in dress, man remains what he has always been—a splendid fighting animal, and self-sacrificing hero, and a blood-thirsty savage. Human nature is at once sublime and horrible, holy and satanic. Apart from the accumulation of knowledge and experience, which are external and precarious acquisitions, there is no proof that we have changed much since the first stone age." He makes more of the weakness than the strength of democracy and seems to show a personal ill-will toward it, characteristic of a certain type of Englishman, censured by him in the essay on "Patriotism," of which he himself is an unfortunate illustration. To be sure, democracy in ordinary times does not bring the best men to the top; it is a ready victim of shibboleths and catchwords; it is guilty of rash iconoclasm, obstinate

conservatism and obstructiveness; it is exposed to the dangers of vexatious and inquisitive tyranny, and to the two diseases of anarchy and corruption. "Who, then, are the friends of this *curieux fétiche*, as Quinet called democracy? It appears to have none, though it has been the subject of fatuous laudation ever since the time of Rousseau. The Americans burn incense before it, but they are themselves ruled by the Boss and the Trust." And yet we positively cannot give it up and return to the worse fate under autocracy, which even in its present decadent condition shows an intolerable toughness. Are there no compensating features? The Dean sees none, but there are many, as one who knows our national life from the inside has shown. We refer to the two volumes on *The American Commonwealth* by Viscount Bryce. Our author speaks more persuasively in what he writes about Christianity, that it presents a standard of absolute values whereby the wealth of the world is increased. "The soul's wealth is the only real wealth." In a later essay on "The Indictment Against Christianity," he forcefully exposes the seat of our malady, and insists that "the Christian cure is the only real cure." "Whatever forms reconstruction may take, Christianity will have its part to play in making the new Europe. It will be able to point to the terrible vindication of its doctrines in the misery and ruin which have overtaken a world which has rejected its valuations and scorned its precepts. It is not Christianity which has been judged and condemned at the bar of civilization; it is civilization which has destroyed itself because it has honored Christ with its lips, while its heart has been far from him." On a previous page he maintains that "the future of Christianity is in the hands of those who insist that faith and knowledge must be confronted with each other till they have made up their quarrel. The crisis of faith cannot be dealt with by establishing a *modus vivendi* between skepticism and superstition. That is all that modernism offers us; and it will not do. Rather we will believe, with Clement of Alexandria, that *πιστις ἡ γνῶσις, γνῶστις δὲ ἡ πίστις*." Again, "a profound reconstruction is demanded, and for those who have eyes to see has been already for some time in progress. The new type of Christianity will be more Christian than the old, because it will be more moral," to which we would add—and more spiritual. In the essay on "Institutionalism and Mysticism" he emphasizes the failure of institutional religion and makes a strong plea for the better expression of the idealism of the gospel message. This argument and appeal are repeatedly expounded and enforced in the essays on "Bishop Gore and the Church of England," on "Roman Catholic Modernism," on "St. Paul." Concerning the great apostle he writes: "He is absolutely indifferent whether his mission will cost him his life, or only involve a continuation of almost intolerable hardship. It is this indomitable courage, complete self-sacrifice, and single-minded devotion to a magnificently audacious but not impracticable idea, which constitute the greatness of St. Paul's character. He was, with all this, a warm-hearted and affectionate man, as he proves abundantly by the tone of his letters. His personal religion was, in essence, a pure mysticism; he worships a Christ whom he has experienced as a living presence in

his soul. The mystic who is also a man of action, and a man of action because he is a mystic, wields a tremendous power over other men. He is like an invulnerable knight, fighting in magic armor." This essay is a valuable study of the development of the apostle's faith and throws much light on the atmosphere of early Christianity. "The receptiveness to new ideas is one of the most remarkable features in St. Paul's mind. Few indeed are the religious prophets and preachers whose convictions are still malleable after they had begun to govern the minds of others. St. Paul had already proved that he was a man who would 'follow the gleam,' even when it called him to a complete breach with his past. And the further development of his thought was made much easier by the fact that he was no systematic philosopher, but a great missionary who was willing to be all things to all men, while his own faith was unified by his strength of purpose, and by the steady glow of the light within Protestants have always felt their affinity with this institutionalist, mystics with this disciplinarian. The reason, put shortly, is that St. Paul understood what most Christians never realize, namely, that the gospel of Christ is not a religion, but religion itself, in its most universal and deepest significance." The essay on "Cardinal Newman" is a balanced and sympathetic analysis of the character of one of the most elusive leaders of the church. "There are no cheap effects in any of Newman's writings. He is the most undemocratic of teachers. Such men do what can be done to save a nation from itself, its natural enemy. They are not indifferent to fame, because they desire influence; but they will do nothing to advertise themselves. The public must come to them; they will not go to the public." This is a fine characteristic of Dean Inge's ideal of leadership, as illustrated in his own writings. Mention should be made of the chapters on "Patriotism," "The Birth-rate," "The Future of the English Race," which will plunge the author into controversy, but a man of his type is familiar with such an experience and he is skillful in the arts of defense and silence. The concluding essay, on "Survival and Immortality," is a timely tonic for those who are being dangerously impressed by the pseudo claims of spiritualism. The misguidance of this cult is in proportion to its so-called "revelations" which are really erratic and ecstatic vagaries. "The moment we are asked to accept 'scientific evidence' for spiritual truth, the alleged spiritual truth becomes for us neither spiritual nor true. It is degraded into an event in the phenomenal world, and when so degraded it cannot be substantiated. Psychical research is trying to prove that eternal values are temporal facts, which they can never do." The thoughtful reader will receive much stimulus from this volume.

My Generation. An Autobiographical Interpretation. By WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER, President Emeritus of Dartmouth College. 8vo, pp. xv+464. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, \$4.

In his sympathetic and discriminating study on Progressive Religious Thought in America, Professor Buckham bears a glowing testimony to

the contribution made by President Tucker. "He has been one of the spiritual statesmen of his time. By spiritual statesmanship I mean something akin to prophecy, yet more definite and effective, discernment of the leading issues that confront men of the Kingdom and the way in which they are to be met. While other men have been more conspicuous in ecclesiastical and educational leadership and in popular following, few have equaled him in clear and far-sighted sagacity. His gift of statesmanship, developed by constant exercise, has shown itself, not in one direction only, but in many. Upon whatever front he has served—and he has served on not a few—he has had the faculty to detect the strategic points of attack and defense." The life of this mediator and reconstructionist deserves careful study. This volume of confessions, reminiscences, and interpretations is all the more valuable because it deals with many of the vital questions for which we are seeking satisfactory answers. As pastor, theological professor, and college president, he always emphasized the true inwardness of things and he was constantly guided by ultimate values. We think of President Tucker as one of the heralds of the new day in interpreting the spiritual meaning and value of the unity of humanity, with a penetrating insight of the relation of modern social and intellectual movements to Christianity and the church. He went to the Andover chair from the pastorate of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York city, and he carried with him deep impressions of city problems. It seems a story from the world of spirits to read about his city church. "The general characteristic of the congregation was its mental and spiritual accessibility. Individuals and families came to church imbued with the spirit of worship, and in a mood to be appreciative of such further help as might be gained from the service. The degree of this desire for help was unexpected. It was especially noticeable among men in public life and in the more exacting forms of business." His conception of the task of the modern minister was catholic in the richest sense, as is seen from his Andover courses in homiletics and pastoral theology. Among his subjects were "The Social Evolution of Labor" "The Treatment of Crime and the Criminal Classes," "The Treatment of Pauperism and Disease," discussed during 1889, 1890 and 1891. Dr. Tucker's Christian chivalry and love of liberty were nowhere more evidenced than in the part he took during the painful period of the Andover controversy, of which a full account is given in this volume. That struggle continued for eight dreary years until the Supreme Court of Massachusetts finally disposed of the case. One outcome of it was an enlargement of the range of Christian faith and a quickening of its hope into confident expectation, such as glows in the Epistles of St. Paul. "The greatest advance of Christian doctrine within the generation has been in its humanity. The humanizing process has been at work in many ways, but in all those ways that are most accessible and most easily recognized, it has been stimulated by that larger hope for humanity which is the outcome and expression of the newly acquired freedom of Christianity Under the intense individualism of the Protestant faith, the churches of that faith have never caught the large vision, or felt the

deep sense of humanity. We, who profess that faith, have hardly recognized, certainly we have not felt, the solidarity of the race. But the Christianity of the New Testament and of the early church was conceived and announced in universal terms. Nothing has yet been accomplished, taking full account of the glorious work of the past in some transformations of life among some peoples, nor is anything in immediate prospect, which can be accepted as satisfying the spirit, or the purpose, or the capacity, or the prophecy of Christianity." The larger part of this volume is devoted to educational problems. His reflections of college life and influence are the outgrowth of the extensive experience of a successful pioneer. During his presidency of Dartmouth College, covering sixteen years, many notable progressive changes were made in matters of administration and curriculum. What he writes about the imperative need for adequate material equipment, in order that a college or university might effectively discharge its mission, should be seriously taken to heart by our Methodist laity, on behalf of our own schools which are so seriously handicapped for want of funds. The erection of new and large buildings and the encouragement given to the faculty bore fruit in the increased enrollment of students, numbering between fourteen and sixteen hundred every year. President Tucker's wise advocacy of college sentiment as against college authority was justified by the splendid results. The section entitled "The New Morale" should be thoughtfully read for the discriminating interpretation of leadership. One of the places where President Tucker exercised a most pervasive influence, productive of unique ethical and spiritual benefits was at the Sunday Vespers in Rollins Chapel. The addresses never exceeded fifteen minutes, but they touched the depths of the life of the student body and helped the young men to become masters of circumstance, sending them forth with a warrior spirit, to take their responsible share in sacrificial service for the world. "The college chapel, as I believe, should allow the spirit of the philosophical classroom, but it has its own atmosphere. It seeks not only the demonstration of truth, but the impression of truth. Religion has its times and seasons which may properly be utilized. I never hesitated to observe the seasons of Advent and Lent for direct religious impression. Academic religion has its limitation, but it is not straitened in itself, or in any use of rational means for the development of the religious sense. The college environment may not shut out that larger environment of the human world; much less may it shut out that far greater environment which corresponds to the 'eternity' set in every human heart."

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Canon Barnett, Warden of the first University Settlement, Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, London. *His Life, Work, and Friends*. By His Wife. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. xxiv+392, xii+415. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, \$8, net.

THESE two volumes introduce us to one of the greatest social reformers of modern times. In spite of the handicap of ill health, he

labored for over thirty years in the destitute neighborhood of Whitechapel, East London, living for twenty years in a tiny house and all the time on a self-imposed limited income. He was without worldly ambitions, cared nothing for credit, and was dominated by the "never-sleeping desire to help people live their lives in relation with God." He combined idealism and common sense in a unique way and proved that he was an ideal leader by being a mystic who was practical. The guiding principle of his life was expressed in the motto: "The best for the lowest," and in his endeavors to bring the treasures of art, literature and history within the reach of the poor he was able to enlist the personal services of people who were illustrious in their several professions. While he was keen in furthering social and other reforms, he realized that the supreme problem is "how to spiritualize the forces which are shaping the future, how to open channels between eternal sources and every day's need." In one of the early years of his ministry he put out a poster in bold type on *The Buried Life*, in which occur these sentences: "Your lives are busy, useful, honest; but your faces are anxious, and you are not all you want to be. There is within you another life, a buried life, which does not get free. In old days it got free through the forms of religion, and then men had peace, and were not afraid of anything or anybody. We cannot go back to the old forms—they are gone with the old times and in presence of the new learning of our days. Many, therefore, have given up religion altogether, and carry about a buried life. It is buried but it is not dead. When it really hears God's voice it will rise. Men will live spiritual as well as honest lives. They will rest on some one greater than themselves and have peace. I don't think this life will be stirred by excitement or by irrational preaching—and not always by rational preaching; I believe that in the quiet of a place full of good memories, in the sound of fine music, in the sympathy of fellow-seekers, we may better wait God's call. St. Jude's Church in Commercial Street will thus be open from 8:30 to 9:30 on Sunday evenings. Will you come and give yourself even ten minutes? It may be that, as you listen to the silence, to the music, or to the worship of others, God will speak, that the buried life will arise, and that you will have peace." This method of appeal deserves the earnest consideration of evangelical Protestantism, for we certainly need to revive the spirit and practice of worship, without which we cannot have real spiritual progress. What is this but a question of atmosphere which should be deepened in order that the encroachments of the world might be effectively resisted? Barnett knew that "it is only the passion of patience which effectually reforms abuses." While at the first he was a voice in the wilderness, at last he was heard all over the land, and his pioneer labors opened avenues which hitherto had been closed. He taught that "Christ did not come to give commands, but to infuse a spirit," and in his many-sided career he showed how it could find expression in the exercise of wholesome influences. When Founder's Day was observed in 1917, to celebrate the Toynbee Settlement, Bishop Paget reminded those present that the spirit of the founder "was still with us calling on his men to make the supreme sacrifice, as he had called them

on countless occasions to make the sacrifice of ambition, ease, inclination and time, for the service of the saddest and weakest of our brothers." When Barnett died, Dean Ryle said from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey: "He was no visionary, no fanatic, but from his early manhood he was moved with a genuine love for the people. He yearned to show that the Church of Christ belonged to the true heart of the nation—beating in sympathy with its sufferings and its needs, its aspirations and its hopes, with its struggle for fairer conditions and purer environment. He refused to be discouraged, and was hopeful, prudent, and fair-minded, a lover of truth, a man of intellectual humility and religious honesty. He insisted that if the Church of Christ preached religion and virtue to the toiling millions of our great cities it must contend for the establishment of a Kingdom of God on earth, and promote the removal of those conditions by which clean and virtuous living is rendered most difficult, and which too often are the fertile seed plots of vice." These two large volumes are an illuminating exposition of the career of this militant prophet of righteousness and truth. There is hardly a chapter that could be omitted or abbreviated, and what gives such unusual value to this record is the fact that it was written by his wife, who was his colleague in all the undertakings. Referring to his life she wrote: "His whole being was dominated by religion. He talked very little about it, positively disliked abstract discussions on the unknowable; but his normal attitude was one of worship of God." His voluminous correspondence throws light upon the deep and passionate temper of this man, and we are thankful that so much of it has been preserved in these volumes. His crowning achievement was the establishment of Toynbee Hall, intended to further the educational and social life of Whitechapel in harmony with the best university ideals. It is worth noting that Hull House, Chicago, was started by Miss Jane Addams under the inspiration which she received from Toynbee. Indeed, the whole conception of institutional church work received its impetus from this center of light and leading. One is amazed to read about the manifold forms of work conducted by this Settlement, and it is with gratitude we note that several of the best workers in the various departments gave their services without any remuneration. When he was appointed Canon of Bristol in 1893 he resigned the living of St. Jude's but continued as warden of Toynbee Hall, and he found a large sphere to advocate the cause that was dear to his heart from the Cathedral pulpit. After thirteen years he was offered a deanery but felt he could not leave London, where he had inaugurated new forms of work which required his presence. He, however, accepted a canonry at Westminster Abbey, because from this central place he could speak of his religious faith and turn men's thoughts to the condition of East London. As we think of the work which Canon Barnett accomplished, we are not surprised to read that M. Clémenceau, when he visited England in 1884, should have declared: "I have met but three really great men in England, and one was a little, pale clergyman in Whitechapel." These pages offer great inspirational values to the preacher and suggest how rich are the undeveloped resources of Christianity and the church.

A Labrador Doctor. The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M.D. (Oxon.), C.M.G. With illustrations. 8vo, pp. 441. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, \$4 net.

"RELIGION is action, not diction," says Dr. Grenfell. The thrilling story of his life is a vivid commentary on this sentiment. The name of this well-known missionary doctor is held in the highest respect for the sake of his unusually successful work in Labrador and Newfoundland. This autobiography reveals a heroic spirit, and it discusses quite a number of interests which our modern life considers of vital importance. Grenfell came from good stock. "My mother was born in India, her father being a colonel of many campaigns, and her brother an engineer officer in charge during the siege of Lucknow till relieved by Sir Henry Havelock. At the first Delhi Durbar no less than forty-eight of my cousins met, all being officers either of the Indian military or civil service." In explaining his decision to take up medicine he says, "My forbears were all fighters or educators, except for an occasional statesman or banker." It seems as though all these callings were more or less united in Dr. Grenfell, whose missionary service was distinguished by a variety of gifts. His father was chaplain of a large London hospital while he was a medical student, and most of his spare time was given to mission work among the dwellers of the underground lodging houses. The social problems he confronted and the adventures in this nether world served as a good preliminary preparation for his life work. It was also a liberal education to come under the influence of Sir Andrew Clark, Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Stephen Mackenzie, and Dr. Sutton, who were the leading lights of the medical profession in those days, under whom Grenfell had the happy fortune of studying. After recounting several of his experiences with patients, he writes that in this way he was able to understand, as he never could otherwise have done, "about the seamy side of life in great cities, of its terrible tragedies and pathos, of how much good there is in the worst, and how much need of courage, and what vast opportunities lie before those who accept the service of man as their service to God. It proved to me how infinitely more needed are unselfish deeds than orthodox words, and how much the churches must learn from the Labor Party, the Socialist Party, the Trades Union, before tens of thousands of our fellow beings, with all their hopes and tears, loves and aspirations, have a fair chance to make good. I learned also to hate the liquor traffic with a loathing of my soul." It will come as a revelation to many to read of the settlement work of such men as Hensley Henson and Winnington-Ingram, now well known bishops of the Anglican Church. It included debates with atheistic propagandists. This is part of the educational mission of the church, of which we need a great deal in the United States if we are to counteract the rampant aggressiveness of Bolshevism and other undermining creeds. Grenfell next undertook work among the North Sea fishermen. The spirit of the true Christian hero is seen in the reasons he gives why this field of service appealed to him: "It seemed to promise me the most remunerative returns for

my abilities, or, to put it in another way, it aroused my ambitions sufficiently to make me believe that my special capacities and training could be used to make new men as well as new bodies. Any idea of sacrifice was balanced by the fact that I never cared very much for the frills of life so long as the necessities were forthcoming." When in the midst of these activities he was invited to consider the needs of the fishermen of the Northwest Atlantic. A visit of inquiry captivated him as he saw remarkable possibilities for the Kingdom of God in this region. The chapters on "The Lure of the Labrador" and "The People of Labrador" contain graphic descriptions of the beauties of nature and of the sore necessities of human life, exposed to the severities of the climate; the cruel exploitations of the Eskimos and the white fishermen, and the miseries of impecunious living. "Obviously the coast offered us work that would not be done unless we did it. Here was real need along any line on which one could labor, in a section of our own empire, where the people embodied all the best of our sea traditions. They exhibited many of the attractive characteristics which, even when buried beneath habits and customs, the outcome of their environment, always endear men of the sea to the genuine Anglo-Saxon. They were uncomplaining, optimistic, splendidly resourceful, cheerful, and generous—and after all in one sense soap and water only makes the outside of the platter clean." Numerous instances of these traits are given in the volume. Dr. Grenfell saw and he was conquered. He soon began his mission to heal the bodies and to care for the social and spiritual needs of the people. In a later chapter he writes: "Ours is primarily a medical mission, and nothing that may have been stated in this book with reference to other branches of work is meant in any way to detract from what to us as doctors is the basic reason for our being here, though we mean ours to be prophylactic as well as remedial medicine." The chain of cooperative stores which he established brought relief to the fishermen, but bitter opposition from the exploiting traffickers, who had hitherto kept the unfortunate people in a state of practical servitude. In his fight against these conspirators, Grenfell accepted the office of a justice of the peace and later he served as a magistrate. "As a magistrate on this coast I have been obliged more than once to act as a policeman, and though one hated the ill-feeling it stored up, and did not enjoy the evil-speaking to which it gave rise, I considered that it was really only like lancing a concealed infection—the ill-feeling and evil-speaking were better tapped and let out." There were many compensations in his arduous labors. A strong chapter on "The Cooperative Movement" strikingly relates how he fought the evils of the barter system. Other chapters deal with industrial and economic enterprises, such as "The Mill and the Fox Farm," "The Children's Home," "Problems of Education," "The Reindeer Experiment." The chapter entitled "New Ventures" includes a description of the institute. He pays many a tribute to his helpers and to his far-seeing supporters in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States. "The real test of education is its communal effect; and no education is complete which leaves the individual ignorant of the things that con-

cern his larger relationship to his country, any more than he is anything beyond a learned animal if he knows nothing of his opportunities and responsibilities as a son of God. But though example is a more impelling factor than precept, undoubtedly the most permanent contribution conferred on the coast by the many college students, who come as volunteers every summer to help us in the various branches of our work, is just this gift of their own personalities. Strangely enough, quite a number of these helpers who have to spend considerable money coming and returning, just to give us what they can for the sole return of what that means to their own lives, have not been the sons of the wealthy, but those working their way through the colleges. These men are just splendid to hold up as inspirational to our own." Throughout his career he had learned the lesson that "no human life can be perfect, or even be lived without troubles," and he certainly had his full share of them. But he also made the happy discovery that "if protest breeds opposition, it in turn begets opposition, and a good line of demarcation—a no-man's land between friend and foe—and gives a healthy atmosphere in so-called times of peace." The secret of his large success is explained in a brief sentence: "The only real joy of possession is the power which it confers for a larger life of service." Adventures and hairbreadth escapes from danger, deeds of mercy and works of healing, crowd these pages, and their recital is the more impressive because of the author's disinterestedness and composure. He regarded his achievements in the face of difficulties as being all in the day's work, as though they merited no special commendation. This story of apostolic courage, unselfishness, self-sacrifice, and accomplishment deserves to be widely read.

A READING COURSE

The Missionary Outlook in the Light of the War. Edited by the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook. New York: Association Press. Price, \$2.00.

THE missionary enterprise has assumed such vast proportions that it is not possible for any one man to cover the entire field and write with authority on the many phases of its progressive activities. This undertaking of the Church has received large recognition since the war. In common with all other movements, within and without the Church, it has entered upon an era of reconstruction. We therefore welcome this first-hand investigation and interpretation; its purpose is to place the imperative business of Christian missions at the center of the Church's work. The missionary movement has been an instrumentality of peace and good will, and a great agency of righteousness, human unity, and concord. "We need not less to-day, but more than ever, the shuttles of sympathy and service that fly to and across the chasms of race. The misunderstandings of the world are a tragic thing. We little realize how

deep and terrible they are; the innumerable millions of men on the other side of the world whose minds are unknown to us and to whom what we are thinking is unknown, in whose thought there has never entered the conviction of our unselfish interest in the whole human family, and of our desire not to injure but to benefit both ourselves and with us all mankind. As never before in the history of the world, we require every possible agency of interpretation, of international fellowship and brotherhood to be thrown across the chasms that separate the races and nations of men." So writes Dr. Speer in the Introduction. His own book, *The Gospel and the New World*, recently published, is a remarkable survey of the manysided interests of Christian missions. It deserves a careful study and finely supplements his previous volume on *Christianity and the Nations*, which showed a grasp of the statesmanship of missions for the days before the war, as this latest one does for these post-war times. We are greatly indebted to the Association Press for the volume we are to discuss this month. Its conclusions demand our most careful consideration, and it will help more than any other volume to carry forward the work of the Centenary.

Part I is on "The Enhanced Significance and Urgency of Foreign Missions in the Light of the War." Strong arguments support the claim made in Chapter I that foreign missions have prepared the way during the past century for the new internationalism. Note what is said in this and the succeeding chapters on the direct contribution of missions in training native leadership, in making clear the ideal of a league of nations, in awakening the backward nations and races to a sense of power, of which they had hitherto been unconscious. In later chapters these questions are taken up from a different angle, as the writers discuss with illumination the relation of business, economics, and international politics to foreign missions. In this connection, it is well to be reminded of "the prevailing hazy and timid thinking of vast sections of American churches," with reference to these and other kindred matters. "The prejudice against missionary work can be removed by more adequate missionary education and by the wider use of the channels of popular publicity." Here is the preacher's opportunity and responsibility. In the final analysis he it is who stands between the Church at home and the Church in the making on the mission field. In the chapter on "The Enlarged Outlook of Foreign Missions," a strong case is made out for the need of Christianizing the corporate life of nations. Note the points on the Christianizing of nations and of internationalism, and on nationalizing and internationalizing Christianity. Part II, on "The Effect of the War on the Religious Outlook in Various Lands," is a veritable encyclopedia of indispensable information. The evidences of the weakening and revival of the non-Christian religions, as a result of the impact of Christianity, are a challenge to larger initiative and a more vigorous prosecution of missionary work. "The world war has produced stirrings of new life, not only in Christendom, but also in practically every organized religion in the world. Many of these advances in other religions have received their impulse from Christianity, but they lack

the complete ideal and the dynamic which Christians prize preeminently in the Lord Jesus Christ. *However, it is now, as never before, a race between religions for the possession of the world.* Some of the signs of revivification which have appeared in the non-Christian religions may seem alarming. Yet may we not be reassured and stimulated by realizing that in these signs of revived vitality we can see the Holy Spirit of God working in quarters where previously people had not been attentive to the divine call to go forth into all the world and preach to every creature the best gospel which they themselves have received? Never has the situation been so complicated, so solemnizing, so hopeful for the worldwide establishment of the Christian religion evidenced both by revivifying and weakenings in the non-Christian religions" (p. 66). Note especially the sentence in italics. The chapter on "The War and the New Influences Among Oriental Women" is nothing short of a stimulating revelation. This is followed by a series of chapters on the war and the missionary outlook in India, China, Japan, Korea, Africa, Latin America. The long chapter on Moslem Lands is by seven writers, each one taking up a significant phase of this crucial theme. Its undue length is justified by the fact that Islam is the greatest rival of Christianity in Oriental lands. It remains to be seen which of these two faiths will ultimately win in the race for the heart of that large portion of the world now awakening after the sleep of many centuries. All these chapters consider vital problems touching national traits, tempers, and traditions, which appear not only on the surface but in the subterranean recesses of life. For instance, who suspected that Africa has been as much of a powder magazine as the Balkans? How many knew that when the war began some of the bitterest campaigns were waged in Africa? Who realized that strikes were instigated by the I. W. W. on the Rand among the natives? And yet this is the kind of information that the Church at home must have, to get rid of its provincialism and prejudice. We should recognize that missionary work is a comprehensive campaign, which cannot be neglected or supported after a penurious fashion, without serious peril to our own work and to the interests of the Kingdom of God. Indeed, we can formulate an adequate program for the Church, only as these and similar facts are courageously, intelligently and patiently accepted.

Part II logically follows with a statesmanlike discussion on "Missionary Principles and Policies in the Light of the War." The chapter on "The Effect of War on Missionary Activity" is a historical survey of the aftermath of war during the centuries. "Every missionary development has three stages: first, that of the sending of the individual and of individual conversions, the gathering of comparatively small churches; second, that of organized work by the native forces and the cultivation of the Church life; third, that of the Christianizing of masses, which is generally connected with the occurrence of specially great historical events, political revolutions, and the acceptance of Christianity by reigning chiefs. May this great war through which we have passed, and these political and social revolutions now raging bear rich fruit in the

evangelizing, not only of individuals, but, according to Christ's own words, of the nations!" Very suggestive to the preacher is the chapter on propaganda for missions. What is written in another chapter on the training of missionaries applies with equal force to the training of the missionary preacher and pastor at home. Attention is also given to such questions as evangelism, education, medical work, social service, administration, the development of the indigenous church, Christian literature, work among students from mission lands in our schools. They clearly indicate the imperative need for a reconsideration of missionary methods. "What after-war conditions seem to call for most insistently is a method of general 'speeding up' in every department and operation. The war has opened up undreamed-of opportunities. It has discovered untold resources. It has put at the disposal of the Church new machinery and new methods. The time has come for immediate and boundless expansion. The world is moving at a tremendous speed and the forces of missions must be ready to keep pace with unwavering faith, undaunted courage, unflagging zeal, and untiring patience. . . . Finally, let us recognize that it is the missionaries on the field who must reconstruct missionary methods, evolving such as will serve the new day. It is for the Church at home to cooperate to the utmost of its powers in making these methods possible and effective" (p. 245+). The preacher who catches the far-seeing vision set forth in this volume will be well qualified to instruct and inspire his people, in helping to bring in the Kingdom of God for the redemption of the world.

SIDE READING

The Gospel and the New World. By Robert E. Speer (Revell, \$2.00, net). A discerning interpretation of the missionary task of the Church in witnessing to the gospel of life, through such forms of work as are demanded by the pressure of past missionary achievements and present world needs.

The Spread of Christianity in the Modern World. By Edward Caldwell Moore (University of Chicago Press, \$2.00, net). A clear recital of the manifold beneficial results of Christian missions, beginning with the Reformation, with more attention to what has been done during the last great missionary century down to our own day.

For information about books and subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

